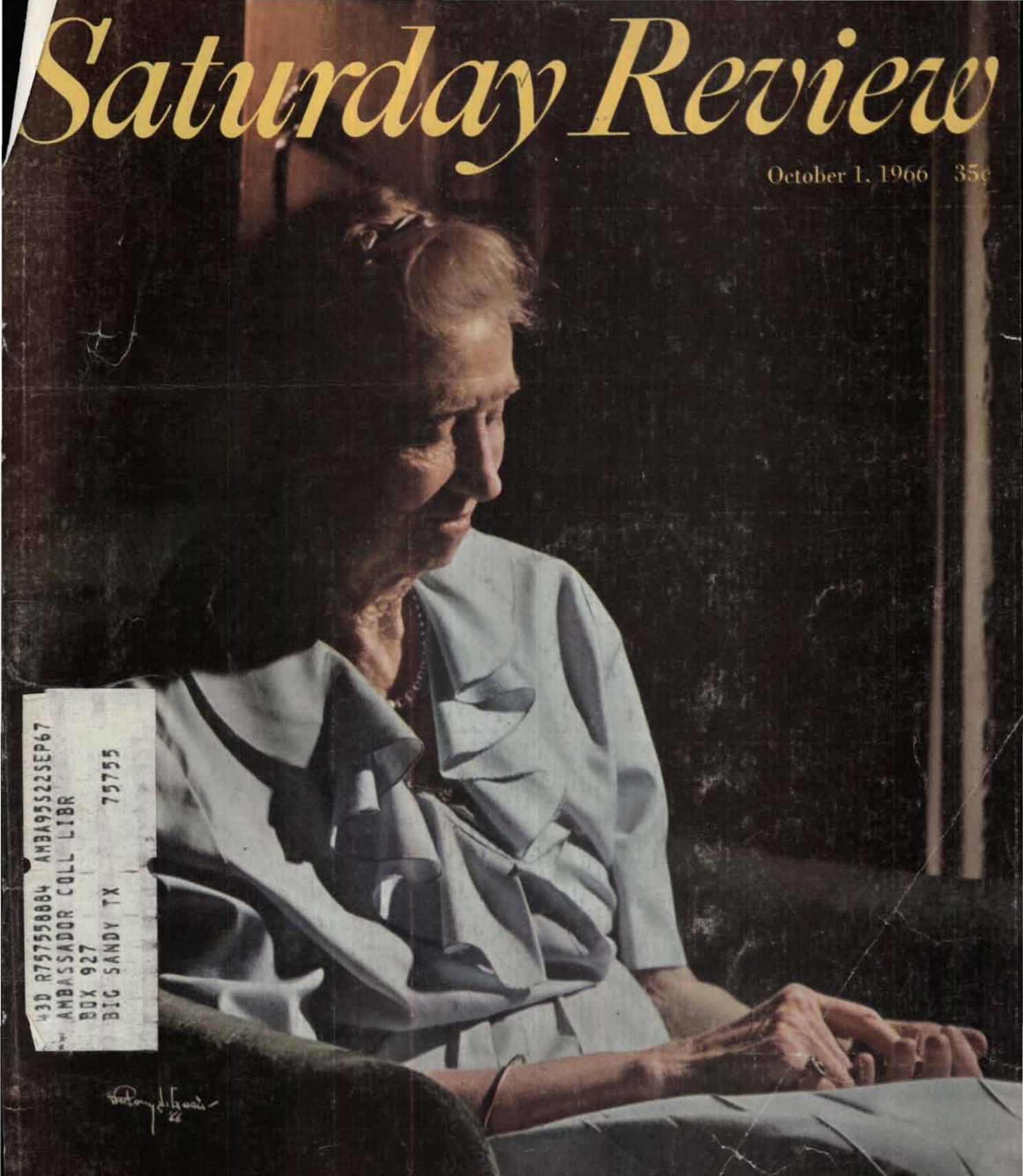
Saturday Review

October 1, 1966 35¢



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Marianne Moore, author of "Tell Me, Tell Me: Granite, Steel and Other Topics" (see Books)

BOOKS FOR AUTUMN READING

THE ELUSIVE CODE OF LIFE

Is DNA Really the Master Key to Heredity?

By Barry Commoner • John Kendrew • Lancelot Law Whyte

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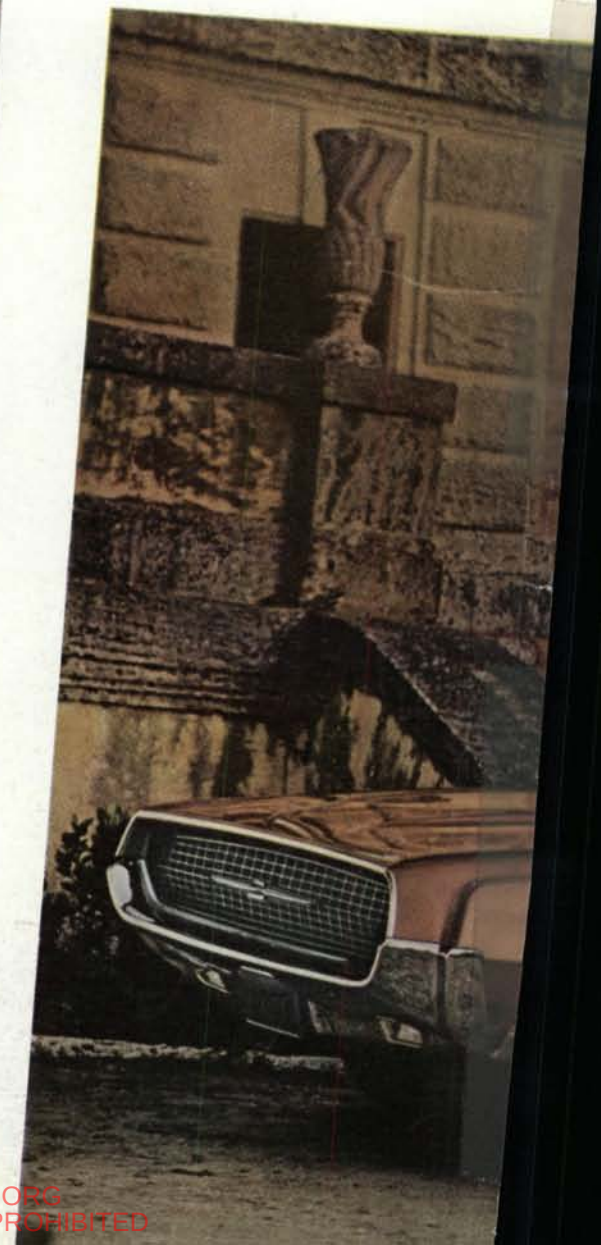
Uniquely Thunderbird
Uniquely '67

Elegant new two-door, historic first four-door



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Better ideas for '67 make Thunderbird, more than ever, America's Personal Luxury Car:

The new four-door Thunderbird. Now two great doors open wide from center to ease you into America's most-imitated luxury car. The four-door Landau is the newest Thunderbird innovation, and it is quite likely the most elegant performance car now in production.

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Tilt-Away steering wheel: it moves over and up to ease you out of the driver's seat, and can be adjusted to nine different driving positions. Mannerly.

Riding comfort. New computer-tuned separate body-frame construction for greater strength, quiet, lower vibration levels; new, soft all-coil suspension system; longer wheelbase, wider tread.

Articulated windshield wipers of a new and unique design virtually eliminate unwiped areas, give you broader visibility in rain or snow.

Wrap-around sound. The Bird's optional stereo tape player gives you more than an hour of superb hi-fi music from four speakers, on click-in self-winding tape cartridges.

The Bird flies with its impressive standard 390-cubic-inch V-8 engine, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission (use it as an automatic or play through the gears). And this year you can choose one of the most authoritative engines Ford makes, the 428-cubic-inch V-8, for your Thunderbird.

Thunderbird's convenience control panel option is your own private data-control center. It flashes red lights to remind you if a door is ajar, to fasten seat-belts, or if fuel is low. A four-way Emergency Flasher sets exterior lights blinking should you have to stop by the roadside at night. Doors lock automatically at 8 m.p.h.

Thunderbird '67
Unique In All The World.

Thunderbird for 1967 has the Ford Motor Company's safety features as standard equipment.

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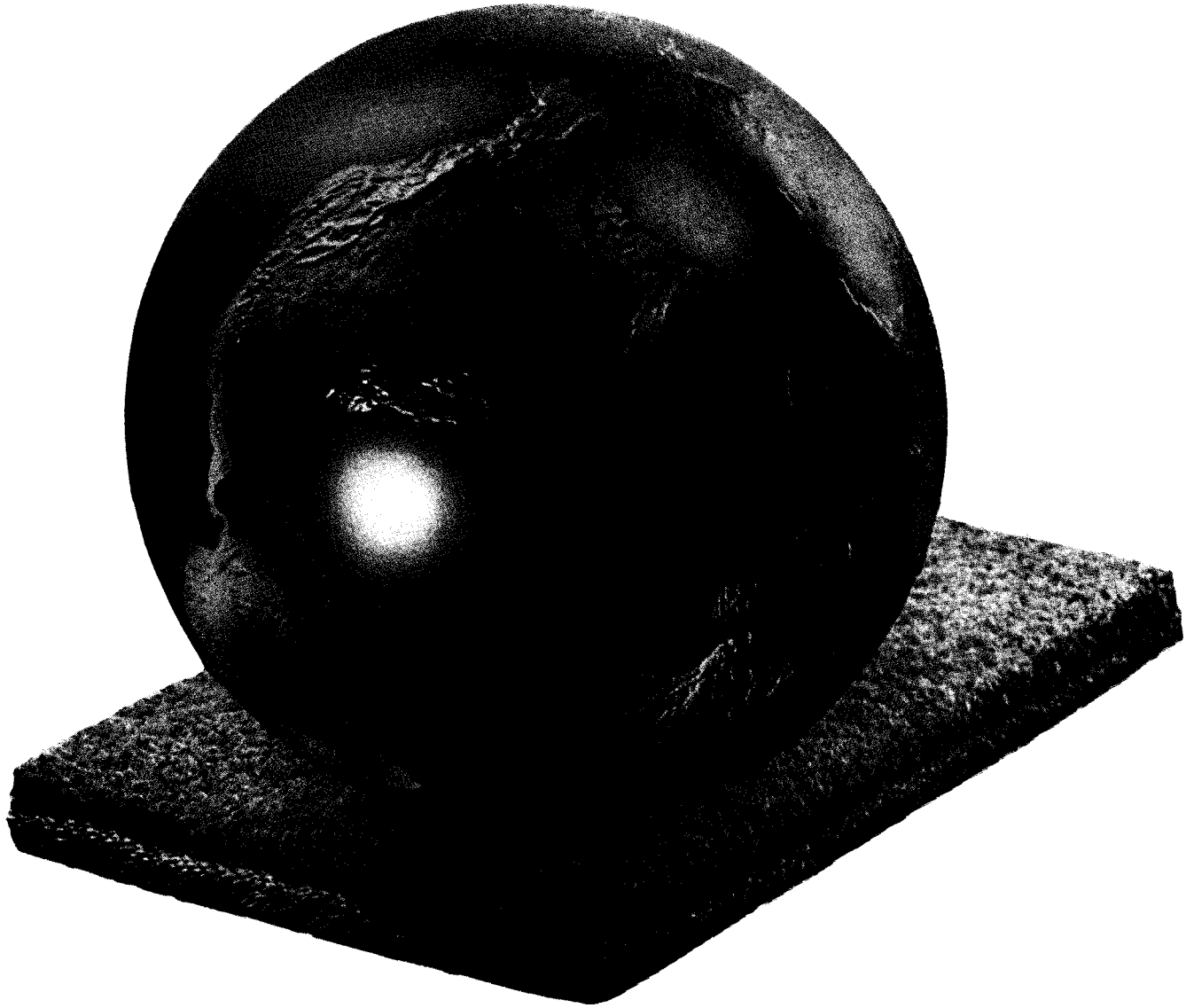

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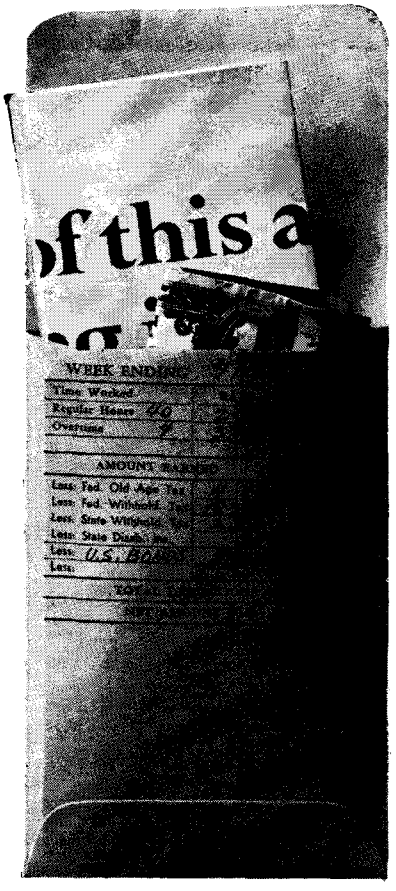
A copy of this ad is going into every Avis pay envelope.



So they can't miss it.

People in this country don't believe everything they read in ads any more.

And with good reason.

Most advertising these days is long on the big promise-a promise that the product doesn't always deliver.

And at times Avis is no exception.

A shiny new Plymouth with mud in the trunk or a spare tire with no air in it makes a liar out of Avis ads.

We can't police all the other advertising in this country. But we can live up to our own.

In our next ad we're going to promise customers that we'll get the rental form filled out within 2 minutes.

You can do it, girls. You've been trained to.

Let's see if we can keep Avis ads honest.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

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(*Advertisement*)

"Children aren't very childish," said a famous children's author the other day. Mary O'Neill should know. Her *Hailstones and Halibut Bones* is not only what others might call a sophisticated child's book on the connection between words and color; it has sold over 70,000 copies; it has brought in letters from over 2,000 admirers, all the way from heads of English Departments at universities here and abroad to small children themselves, including those branded "non-learners" until they found they could understand *Hailstones* and wanted to read the rest of it themselves.

"I'm not very good copy," says Mrs. O'Neill. This is one of her few mis-uses of language. Blond, blue-eyed, Mary O'Neill was born of French parents. Along with a gentle wit flashes the trap-door sharpness of a Gallic mind. She grew up in Berea, Ohio where her parents gave her no encouragement to speak French. Instead she concentrated on the native tongue, but it was the *English* English her father and mother had learned. At school one day a nun scolded her for saying *been* instead of *bin*. "Must I say *sin* then?" she wondered.

At school, too, she remembers thinking: "This could be so lovely if they used nicer words." One of her books, *Words, Words, Words* is the exact title of her first love. Another, *Anna Amelia's Apteryx*, the story of a child's alphabet, was published Sept. 2nd.

At one stage in her career, Mary O'Neill made her living as partner in an ad agency, shifting words about to create reaction and response. These days, as the mother of three grown children, she watches her grandchildren get involved with words. Two of them take French lessons every Saturday morning. One day a friend of their mother's, from England, came to visit. After she had gone, Paul remarked to his grandmother: "She speaks a foreign language. It's not French, though; I can understand it quite well."

What Mary O'Neill notices, she whisks into her books. Perhaps because of her ability to notice with the fresh eyes of a child and then write about it with her own brand of grown-up wisdom, her books take their place in the most beloved realm of all: children's books adults love to read too.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Mary O'Neill's *Hailstones and Halibut Bones* ($3.25), *Words, Words, Words* ($3.25), and *Anna Amelia's Apteryx* ($2.95) are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. 19004.

Saturday Review

October 1, 1966

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Commsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIX, No. 40, October 1, 1966. Second class postage, paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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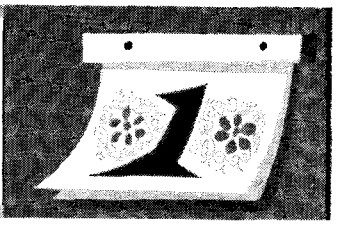
First of the Month



SEPTEMBER was the month of a new Met and a new Whitney Museum, of the elections in Vietnam and the rendezvous in Space, of the Red Guards in Peking and the bulls against the wall on Wall Street. It was also the month when in New York, at last, the *World Journal Tribune* made its appearance—complete with eighty pages and eighty-two columnists. All of which left for the new paper's first front page, one eight-line story, before continuation, under the headline, NEW RIOTS EXPECTED IN ATLANTA.

• • •

Now, we're not singling out the *WJT*—we wish the paper well and are ardently sick of having spent the summer without it. But we do wish to point out that it's high time all papers took a brand-new look at their policy of reporting "expected" trouble. It seems to us there's entirely enough violence in our daily lives without going out of the way to predict it in our daily news. That only causes more.

And while we're at it, we might take a brand-new look also at the whole idea of playing up crime to begin with. In the old days the papers used to say they had to do it to sell papers. Nowadays there is so little competition that this is hardly a valid excuse. We buy the paper anyway—for better or for worse—so why not for better?

If you don't believe it, take a look at the papers which really still do have a competitive battle these days – that incredible group of "national" scandal sheets which includes the *National Enquirer*, the *National Mirror*, the *National Chronicle*, the *National Close-Up*, *Limelight*, *Midnight*, etc. Here are some of their recent headlines picked at random: I RUN A CHURCH FOR HOMOSEXUALS; FARMER EATS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE; MAN PUTS WIFE IN BOX—SELLS HER TO PAL; MIDGET POSES AS 3-YEAR-OLD TO PEDDLE DOPE; BOY, 3, PREGNANT WITH TRIPLETS; 124-YEAR-OLD MAN WANTS TO DIE BUT HIS FRIENDS WON'T LET HIM.

• • •

Apart from the fact that life isn't easy nowadays for three-year-olds, we could discern no definite trend from these headlines. They dealt with apparently authentic stories. The farmer who ate his neighbor's wife, for example, was evidently a tenant farmer in Tuscany, Italy, and the lady was last seen carrying to his hut a large bowl of soup—which was, at least in retrospect, certainly a poor idea for such a man.

As for the fellow who put his wife in a box and sold her to his friends, he was a man in Heflin, Arizona, who surprised his wife and his friend while they were carrying on. In the ensuing argument, when he was offered $1,000 by his friend for his wife, he decided, in a falling market, to take the deal. So he put his wife in an empty washing-machine crate and wheeled her over to his friend's front porch.

Finally, the 124-year-old man who wants to die is a man named Le Han Kouny, and he lives in Kakut, Laos. "I have more than 1,400 descendants," he was quoted as saying, "but do you think they come to visit me? No." His friends want to keep him alive because a man in the neighboring village of Mong Phu, which apparently has a spirited rivalry with Kakut, once lived to 136. "Kouny's got to live to be 137 whether he likes it or not," a spokesman for the village declared. "Our village's honor is at stake."

• • •

On the business front, one headline during the month caught our eye—that the furniture business is now experiencing "A Renaissance of Renaissance." And, we suppose, in our architecture we'll soon be faced with a Revival of Revival. Which is all very well with us if only, elsewhere on the business scene, they'll give us in return *The* Return, say, of The Return to Normalcy.

• • •

In line with this trend we saw political signs all over New York reading GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER FOR GOVERNOR. Governor Rockefeller for Governor, for heaven's sake! Well, we suppose they couldn't very well say, NELSON ROCKEFELLER FOR NELSON, could they? After all, what would you think if, on the other side, you saw KENNEDY FOR KENNEDY?

• • •

Meanwhile, in Washington during the month came the resignation of Eric Goldman, intellectual-in-residence at the White House. The resignation, he said, was because he "could not promote real cooperation between President Johnson and segments of the intellectual com-

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The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one.

We cannot blame anyone who swore they would never buy another Renault.

When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the skin of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

More than a fair share of things went wrong with our cars. Less than a fair share of our dealers were equipped to deal with what went wrong.

Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

After all, Renault has a reputation to protect as one of the finest and oldest (1898) and largest (7th) manufacturers of automobiles in the world.

So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rust-proofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

We improved also the quality of our quality control, and we added another 25% of fine inspectors.

The next step was to improve our dealers. So before we sign on any new dealer, we require that he use only Renault-trained mechanics.

And we make it certain that not one of our cars is sold in this country unless every part for it is available.

And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe first. And then very quietly on a small scale we brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

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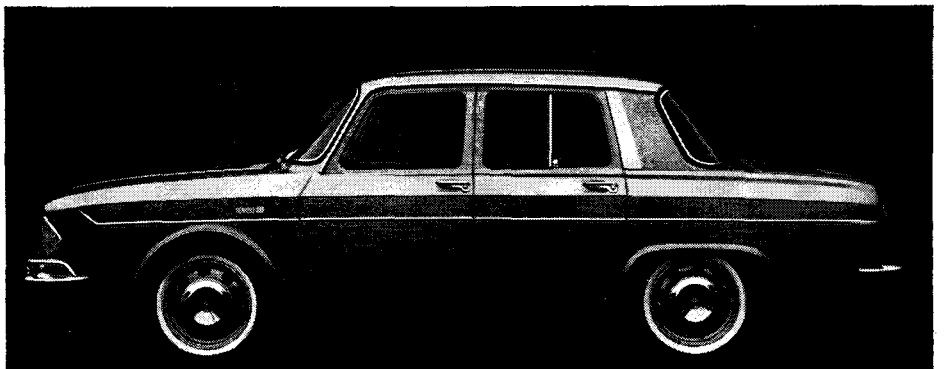

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The Southern Review

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munity." Segments aside, we distinctly remember awhile back, when Professor Goldman was going around the country soliciting support for Mr. Johnson at meetings of editors, writers, etc., that he firmly told us that the President was "particularly sensitive to criticism from Northeasterners." We tell you that's where those segments are the toughest —just north of East Texas. Anyway, from here on, the way it looks to us it's going to be, for all intellectuals, Segmentation without Representation.

• • •

The oddest book of the month was a work edited by Charles Preston called *The Jokeswagen Book*—full of nothing but jokes about Volkswagens. Our favorite was, of all things, a Texas one—about the Texan who drives a Volks instead of a Cadillac and is asked if his Volks is air-conditioned. "No," says the Texan, "but I always keep a couple of cold ones in the refrigerator."

• • •

Finally, our favorite sign of the month was one in the window of a Manhattan store called the Petit Musee—a sign written by the store's proprietor, Mr. Charles Walker. We quote in its entirety:

> An executive has nothing to do—that is except—to decide what is to be done —to tell somebody to do it—to listen to reasons why it should not be done—why it should be done by somebody else—or why it should be done in a different way—to prepare arguments in rebuttal that shall be convincing and conclusive—to follow up to see if the thing has been done—to discover that it has not been done—to inquire why it has not been done—to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it—and did not do it—to follow up a second time to see if the thing has been done—to discover—that it has been done but done incorrectly—to point out how it should have been done —to conclude that as long as it has been done—it may as well be left as it is—to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing correctly—to reflect that the person in fault has a wife and seven children—and that certainly no other executive in the whole world would put up with him for another moment—and that in all probability—any successor would be just as bad—and probably worse—to consider how much simpler and better the thing would have been—had he done it himself—he would have been able to do it right—in twenty minutes—but that as things turn out—he himself spent two days trying to find out why it was that it had taken somebody else three weeks to do it wrong—and then realized that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief that - - - - - An executive has nothing to do.
>
> —CLEVELAND AMORY.

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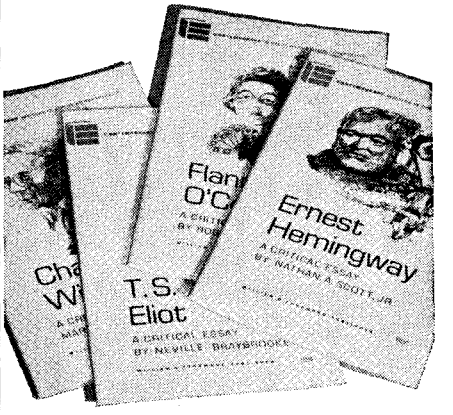

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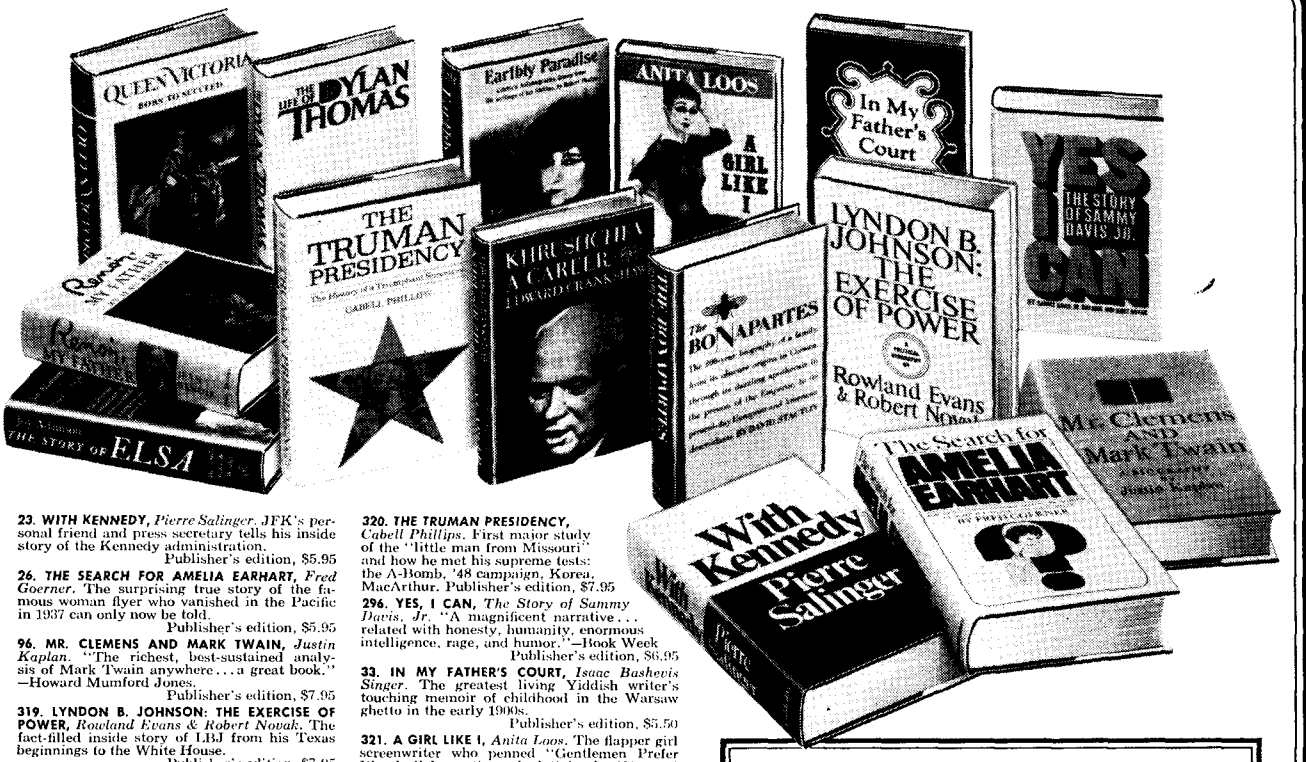

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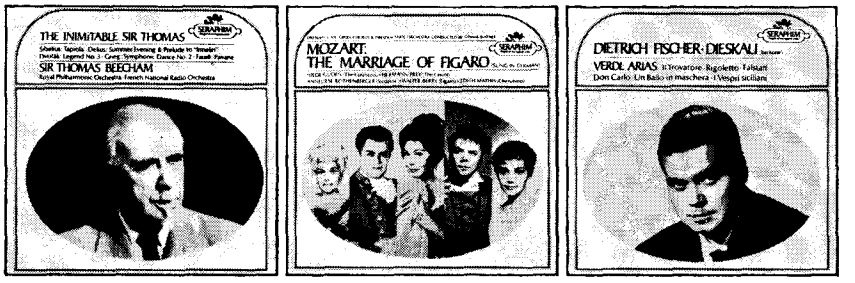

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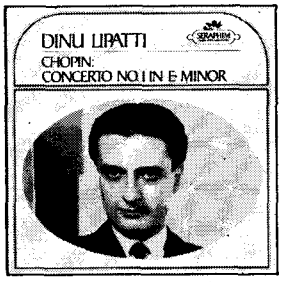
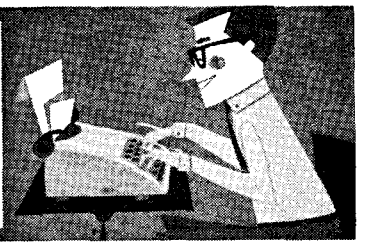


Top of My Head



Southern Discomfort

NOW THAT Governor George Wallace has his wife practically entrenched as Governor of Alabama, he's looking through the want ads and he's found an opening—President of the United States. He announced that, "unless the Republican and Democratic parties can give us someone we can vote for," he is going to run for the job in 1968.

"You can put Robert Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, and Lyndon Johnson on one hand," he said, "and Earl Warren, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Governor George Romney, Richard Nixon, and Jacob Javits . . . you can put them all in a sack and shake them up and it won't make any difference which comes out first because they are all alike."

This pronouncement has to be accepted with some credence, because down his way they know all about putting people in sacks. But one wonders how he broke to Mrs. Wallace the news of his plan to go to Washington.

"Honey," said the Governor, "I've gotta run up to Washington on some business. I'll be back in four or eight years. You take care of things around here. OK?"

"Four or eight years?" said Mrs. Wallace.

"Yes. I'm gonna be President of the United States."

"But George, while I was running for governor you promised to stay here with me and help me run the state. I don't know anything about being governor."

"What's to know? And besides, I'll be in constant touch with you and tell you everything you have to do to run the state."

"Oh no you don't, George! The one thing you taught me is not ever to brook any federal interference. If you're President you'll be federal and I won't brook."

"But honey, this is different. I'm your husband."

"That's a poor excuse. No, sir. You told me yourself I have to protect the sovereign rights of this state. I will not brook."

"But you don't have to worry about brooking me. I'm from the South."

"Yes? So was Johnson until he became a Yankee. Forget it, George, I will not let you be President. I need you here. Who's going to tell me what laws to pass? Who's going to tell me how to segregate the schools? Who's going to take out the garbage?"

"Listen, dear, I've heard the call. I must answer it. I promise I will help you run this state from the White House. I'll put a direct phone right into your office. Better than that. I'll take the hot line away from those Commies and give it to you."

"I'm sorry, George. I can't. You'll be federal. I can't brook."

"Will you stop saying that? All right. I promise you won't have to brook."

"Like you promised to stay home and help me? You broke that. How do I know you won't break this brook?"

"But don't you see the country needs me? I've searched my soul. I've racked my brain to find a man who could bring some sense to our government. And this morning I found him. While I was shaving."

"But George, this is breaking up a home. This is not easy—like segregating a school. Eight years is a long time."

"Eight? Most likely twelve. They'll love me. I'll take a third term."

"Oh George, even I know that's illegal."

"That's another law I'm going to change. And if it comes to the worst I'll run you for President."

"Well, I must say that's not a very flattering way of putting it, George."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way."

"And besides, what makes you so sure of me that you think I'll still be around waiting for you?"

"I will not brook that kind of talk."

"I'm doing the brooking around here. I may run for a second term for governor, and then on to Congress—and who knows?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to stand in your way, honey. As some great American once said, 'My only regret is that I have but one wife to give to my country.' So is it OK if I become President?"

"Well, I don't know. We'll talk about it in the morning."

"OK, let's go to bed."

"I'm not sleepy."

"But it's late. Come on."

"There you go interfering with my sovereignty. I will not brook . . ."

"Honey, you're the strangest bedfellow I was ever in politics with."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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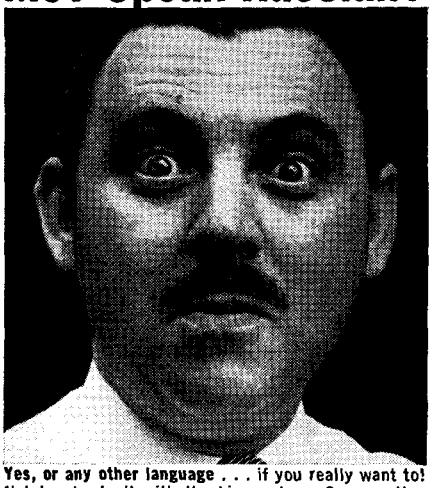
Me? Speak Russian?



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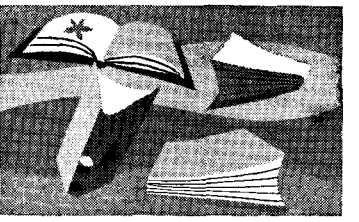
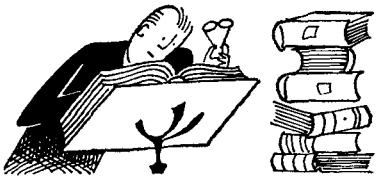


When Ambrose Bierce defined a dictionary as a malevolent literary device for cramping the growth of language and making it hard and inelastic, he was indulging in wit at the expense of fact.



By itself, Isaac D'Israeli's "History of New Words," available to Bierce, was an excellent treatise on the mutability of language.

In the six or seven dozen dictionaries I have been dabbling in, going back to those published centuries ago, rigidity is evident chiefly by its absence. Not merely do the various prefaces express diverse etymological points of view, but in no two dictionaries have I found the identical definition even for the word *dictionary,* though practically every definition does include the word *lexicon.* Valiant efforts are made by compilers to describe the same thing in different words, no doubt to avoid any cry of plagiarism.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Collier's Encyclopedia* appeal to me as presenting the most interesting and informative sections on dictionary history. Charles Richardson's *A New Dictionary of the English Language,* published in 1875, struck me as being the most literary; and the multivolume Oxford as the most scholarly and formidable.

The impulse to become more familiar with dictionary background was prompted, as one might assume, by publication of the stunning Random House *Dictionary of the English Language,* which instantly earned a stand next to my *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, Unabridged,* with which I never could bear to part company. We have been friends too long.

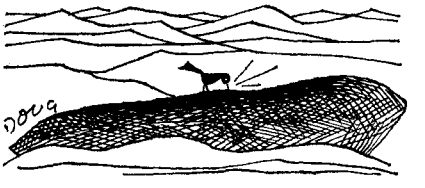
Because *irregardless* is a pet abomination, I turned to it at once in the Random, and quickly disagreed with the statement that, though it is nonstandard, redundant, and poor style, "it has crept into the speech of good English speakers, perhaps as a result of attempting greater emphasis." I do not concede that good English speakers ever use it except in derision and to condemn it.

The Random dictionary contains 260,000 entries, a few more than I have need of at the moment; the Webster contains more than 500,000. When Noah Webster produced *his* dictionary, in 1828, he said: "This dictionary, like all others of the kind, must be left, in some degree, imperfect; for what individual is competent to trace to their source and define in all their various applications, popular, scientific, and technical, *sixty* or *seventy thousand* words!" The italics and exclamation point are Mr. Webster's.

Dr. Johnson's masterpiece of his time provided enough variations from its predecessors to belie Mr. Bierce's jocularity, though the former's famous definition of our simple word *network* could throw anybody into a state of confusion. *Network,* observed Dr. Johnson, is "any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Messrs. Sarnoff and Paley, take note!

Now that I am into the subject a bit, it would be easy, it seems to me, to find oneself suddenly a dictionary buff; to devote one's time and energy to an immersion in vocabulary lore. I'd dearly like to have someone write "The Story of the Dictionary," somewhat in the manner of Hendrik Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind.*

Van Loon opened his book with this graphic description of eternity: "High up in the North in the land of Svithjod,



there stands a rock. It is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. Once every thousand years a little bird comes to this rock to sharpen its beak. When the rock has thus been worn away, then a single day of eternity will have gone by."

Charles Chadman, who seems determined to provide me with an elementary education, now submits another poem, *Grammar in a Nutshell,* that he remembers from school:

Three little words you often see
Are Articles—A, An, and The.
A Noun's the name of anything,

(*Continued on page* 16)

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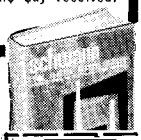

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Continued from page 12

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Her head, His face, Your arm, My hand.
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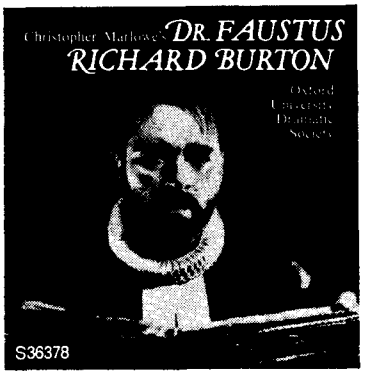

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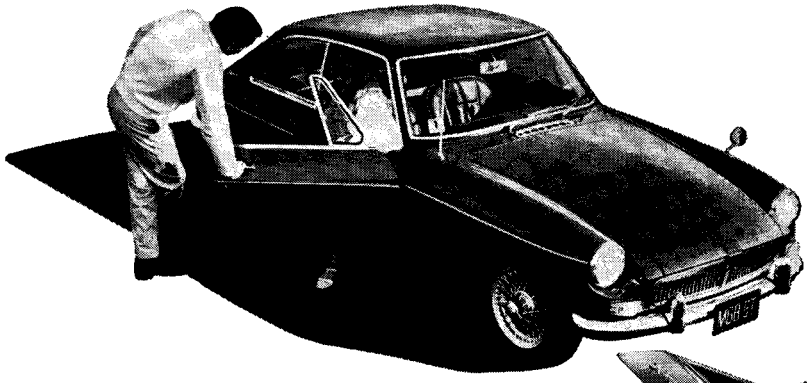

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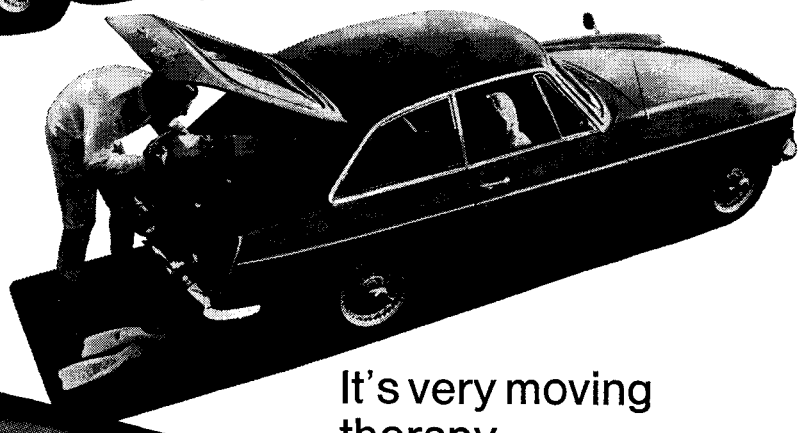

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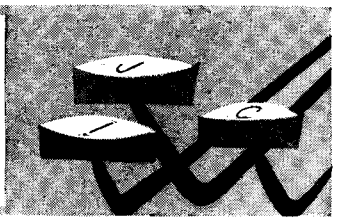
Manner of Speaking



You Can't Send Whiskey Through the Mails, But: I was brought up in the Italian tradition that no table is set unless there is wine on it. My fathers had taken St. Paul seriously when he told them to take a little wine for their stomachs' sake; and good stuff it certainly is, though among the benefits of a liberal arts education at several good colleges, I acquired a patriotic taste for applejack, which I still drink with nostalgic pleasure at times, and for good, corny, sour-mash bourbon (which soon became my soul's chosen tipple).

It rattled my psyche, therefore, to have my fat doctor put me on the fat-fifty ration [see MANNER OF SPEAKING, *SR*, Sept. 10]. In a sense he was paraphrasing St. Paul, that I should take a lot of Tab instead, for my waistline's sake. I am still at it, alas, though only, let me say, at dismal moderation and not, certainly, at soulless teetotality. And, yes, there have been certain satisfactions in my dull flirtation with virtue. At last count, I had shed 18 pounds, made my doctor confess he was a fatso, and discovered three perfectly good suits I haven't been able to zipper up for years. (Do you think these lapels will ever come back?)

And yet the psyche stays rattled. I have no taste for living carefully. When I was twenty, I found myself, in a bull-session with my philosophy professor, defending unobsessive appetite as a natural good. It was my position that a man should not be run by his appetites but that he should never neglect them, if he could satisfy them without harm to others. Never mind parsing the argument: Just call it junior-year Epicureanism hybridized to the gold-plated rule. By the time I was through I was arguing that I meant to live my life in such a way that I would be a used-up pod by the time I was forty. I'm not sure but what I did it, too, though ten years later the pod is still clinging to the vine. In any case, I gave it a good try, even if it had to come at last to penuries of moderation.

For all these reasons, I was glad to find that my written account had rattled a number of liquor cabinets in much the same way the experience had rattled my psyche. I am glad, and for sound patriotic reasons, that Americans still feel strongly about bourbon. It was only as an evil symptom of the prohibition days that Americans began to drink scotch. It was the gangsters who smuggled it into the American tradition, and I am not sure the country has been equal to itself since—if I may run in an Irish Bull and so get to rye, which is also an inferior substance. Let there be no qualification to great principle: I suspect all men who drink rye of being wife-beaters; and all who drink scotch of letting their wives beat them.

I think I understand, therefore, the exhortation that reached me on a handsome letterhead of the State of New York Executive Chambers in Albany, without date and with no signature but the initials SS or LS. I feel I should be able to identify the writer, but let me hope he will someday identify himself to me, for my psyche goes with him, though my new commitment to this waistline shrinker has grown nastily stubborn. The letter said:

> It shocks me to learn that you are abstaining from J. W. Dant because of advice from a doctor. You are old enough to know that the medical profession—at least in America—*doesn't* know a blank blank about food. I have said as much to doctors of my acquaintance and they have all, privately, admitted it.
>
> Look—in the course of a long and misspent life 3 (three) doctors have urged me to go on the wagon permanently. They are all dead and I am here taking my daily 6 or 8 ozs. of Dant (bonded).
>
> P.S. In the Vermont licker stores bonded Dant is $4.40 a fifth.
>
> signed SS (or LS)

I gather LS or SS is not in the New York State tax department, but let a veil of discretion fall across who carries what jugs across those state boundaries. I like to think of him as ninety, and evil, and vaguely lecherous, and cackling happily as he dances a jig over the graves of all those doctors. I think I might like to join him there, but first I am going to have to beg his indulgence until I get down to a good dancing weight, say about 15 pounds down the line. I begin to like my psyche better without a pot on it.

It is that preference for the unpadded psyche that finds me in sympathy with Mrs. R.L. of Schroon Lake, New York:

> I am a poor housewife with six children, and because I am poor and a housewife I very seldom got with the

(*Continued on page* 22)

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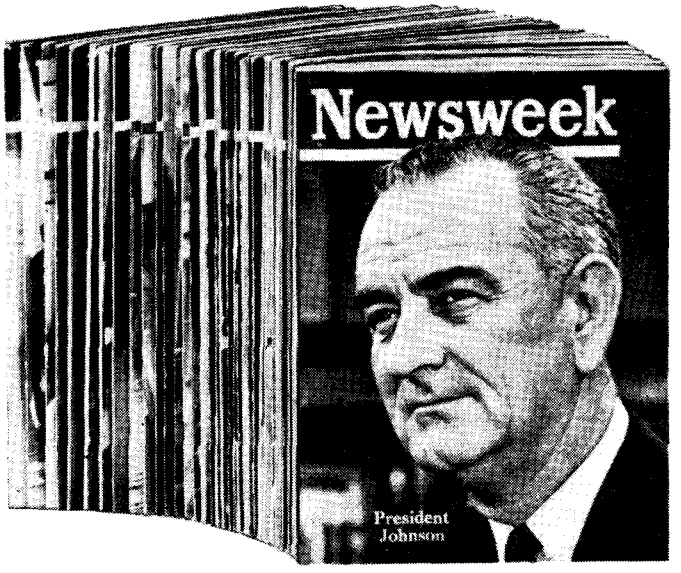

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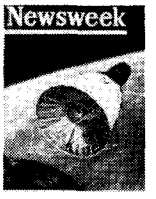

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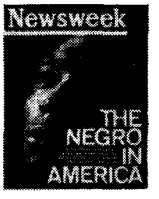

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Continued from page 18

cocktail-drinking crowd. So every day I have looked forward to my afternoon shot of rye. It was a shot in the arm, a morale booster, a pick-me-up, etc. Now you and that poker-playing doctor have ruined it all. I was under the illusion it was practically calorie-less, like black coffee, if taken straight. I'm not yet pushing fifty; I admit to a modest thirty-plus. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *The lady did mention a specific number but the generalization is as much as any decent soul will ask for.*] But still, I like to remain thin so that people can "wonder how she does it with six kids." Besides, my rye tastes pretty raw (price has a lot to do with it) and it takes a real trooper to swig more than one shot. Eighty-six calories isn't too much. It's less expensive than tranquilizers. So the heck with your doctor. I hope you win the poker game, but I still wish no one had told me of the True Menace of Liquor.

Good for you, Mrs. L., don't let it spread. Remember what Yeats said in "Adam's Curse" (he has a woman speak the lines):

To be born woman is to know,
Though it's not taught to us in school,
That we must labor to be beautiful.

I'm with you in saying to heck with my doctor (we haven't had the game yet). And with you again on the calorie count, and still again in your distaste for rye. But why waste even 86 calories on the stuff? I've been through Schroon Lake. That's not far from Vermont, and I hear you can get J. W. Dant Bonded (100 proof) for $4.40 in the state liquor stores there. That *has* to be cheap enough in this economy. Enjoy your daily pick-me-up, but it is a little dangerous to take it as a shot in the arm. Just try sipping it, especially if you can get next to the real thing. Perhaps I can even persuade Admiral Marshall to send you a sample of the real thing.

Admiral W. J. Marshall, USN (ret.), is president of the Bourbon Institute. Appalled by the thought that I was ruining my constitution by drinking Tab when it yearned for bourbon, he not only wrote me a letter of fine community concern but sent me a handsomely boxed package with samples of eight 2-ounce nips of choice bourbons. I like his letter, and I think I like him for writing it:

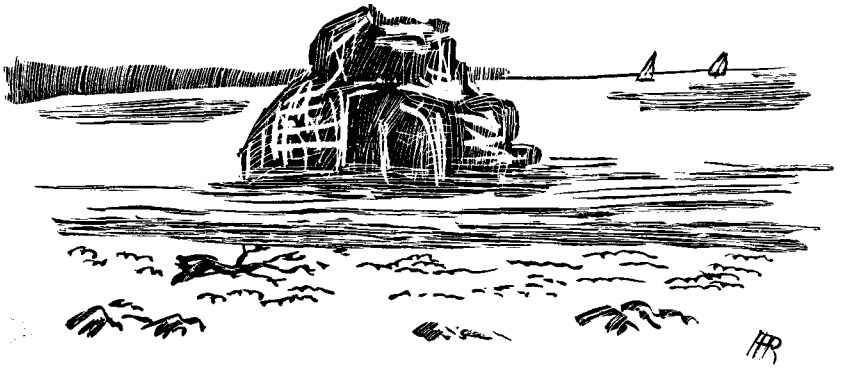
> Your article caused a wave of depression to sweep over the bourbon industry. The mere thought that Tab is taking the place of bourbon in the heart, and other innards, of one of our best customers [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thank you, Admiral, but, shucks, I was never really up there with the best.*] is just cause for an agonizing reappraisal of our marketing methods.
>
> We immediately started a research project and found to our amazement that most of the calories in alcohol are collected above the bar of the H in the (OH) radical of $C_2H_5(OH)$. By a fairly simple process applicable only to bourbon whiskey, we were able to turn the OH radical upside down, thus spilling out most of the calories. Of course, we cannot give you the same guarantee that Tab can of 1 calorie per 6-ounce glass. However, I am sending you under separate cover a sample box of these new low-calorie bourbons. We hope we can influence you to return to our list of influential bourbon customers.

Thank you, Admiral. The sample box is a jewel case and you may consider me influenced. I shall have to watch my ration a bit, but you may be sure I never entirely deserted, nor ever meant to. Do you think I could persuade you to send one of those sample boxes to Mrs. R.L.? I gather from her letter that she is neither influential nor affluential, but this is a cause of souls. Could you really feel at ease with yourself knowing she is sitting there drinking rye? It would be a pleasure to supply her full name and address and to have you bill me for her sample box and shipping. Or if those sample boxes can be bought, tell me where and I'll pick one up for her.

And I am overjoyed to hear you managed to turn that radical upside down. John Lear was speechless at the news but managed to tap out, in Morse code, that he is planning a special issue to salute your scientific breakthrough. I *think* that's what he tapped. My dit-dit-dit-dits are a bit rusty these days, but he certainly was dithering.

P.S. If there is such a thing as a Rye Institute, would you mind answering the letters I get from it? Thank you again.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

BUTTON, BUTTON. By Holly Roth. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

A CHANGE OF HEIR. By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

EVERY BODY'S READY TO DIE. By Jocko Frederics. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

ONE FALSE MOVE. By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE KUBLA KHAN CAPER. By Richard S. Prather. Trident. $3.95.

THE MAN WHO STOLE PORTUGAL. By Murray Teigh Bloom. Scribners. $5.95.

THE MORNING AFTER DEATH. By Nicholas Blake. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED. By Peter Van Slingerland. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE SPY IN THE OINTMENT. By Donald E. Westlake. Random House. $3.95.

TREE FROG. By Martin Woodhouse. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE DOCTORS. By Martin L. Gross. Random House. $6.95.

THE FIFTEENTH WARD AND THE GREAT SOCIETY. William Lee Miller. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

MUST THE WEST DECLINE? By David Ormsby-Gore, Lord Harlech. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.50.

THE MYTHS OF AUTOMATION. By Charles E. Silberman. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE ORDEAL OF DESEGREGATION: The First Decade. By Reed Sarratt. Harper & Row. $7.95.

VIETNAM! VIETNAM!: In Photographs and Text. By Felix Greene. Fulton Publishing, Palo Alto, Calif. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $2.95.

Fiction

THE ABSORBING FIRE. By F. W. Kenyon. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

ANY GOD WILL DO. By Richard Condon. Random House. $5.95.

THE BEASTS. By Leslie Garrett. Scribners. $3.95.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1966. Edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS. By Alexander Ramati. New American Library. $4.95.

THE BIRDS FALL DOWN. By Rebecca West. Viking. $5.95.

BROTHERS OF THE SEA. By D. R. Sherman. Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By David Caute. Macmillan. $7.95.

THE FOURTH HORSEMAN OF MIAMI BEACH. By Albert Halper. Norton. $4.95.

A GLIMPSE OF CANAAN. By Robert P. Hansen. Morrow. $4.95.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN: Stories and Tales. By Sean O'Faolain. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

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JIMMY'S PLACE. By R. L. Duffus. Norton. $4.95.

THE LAST BRIDGE. By Brian Garfield. McKay. $4.95.

THE MAHOGANY BATTLESHIP. By David D. Lewis. Luce. $5.50.

NAMES. By Erih Koš. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE OBSERVATORY. By Carl Jonas. Norton. $4.95.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BRUNISTS. By Robert Coover. Putnam. $6.95.

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY. By the editors of *Playboy*. Playboy Press/Trident. $5.95.

A SMUGGLER'S BIBLE. By Joseph McElroy. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

Government, Politics

DIRTY POLITICS. By Bruce L. Felknor. Norton. $5.95.

MODERN INTERNATIONAL NEGOTIATION: Principles and Practice. By Arthur Lall. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.95.

NEITHER LIBERTY NOR SAFETY: A Hard Look at U. S. Military Policy and Strategy. By General Nathan F. Twining. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

STEADY WORK: Essays in the Politics of Democratic Radicalism 1953-1966. By Irving Howe. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

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Literary History, Criticism

THE CRYSTAL SPIRIT: A Study of George Orwell. By George Woodcock. Little, Brown. $6.95.

FAULKNER: The Major Years; A Critical Study. By Malvin Backman. Indiana Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5.75. Paperback, $1.95.

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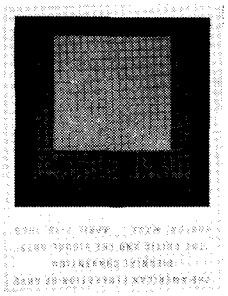
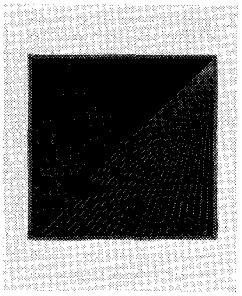


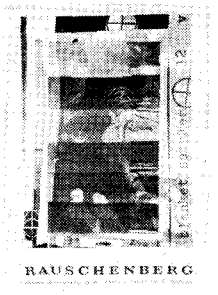
1. Albers, 40 x 30″
Blue-purple, blue-green green



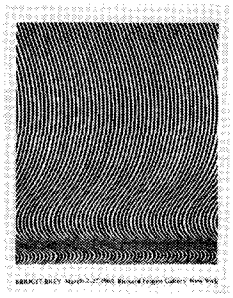
2. Anuskiewicz, 40 x 30″
Red, aqua, green, blue

6. Frankenthaler, 24 x 16″
Yellow, blue, orange

9. Lichtenstein, 21 x 28″
Yellow maroon, black

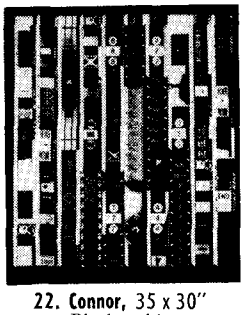


11. Rauschenberg, 37 x 25″
Blue, yellow, orange



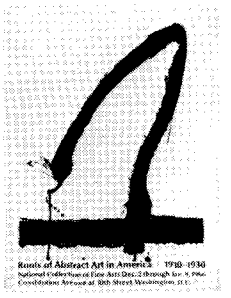
12. Riley, 21 x 17″
Black, white

13. Stamos, 22 x 22″
Red, orange



22. Connor, 35 x 30″
Black, white

30. Kline, 27 x 22″
Black, white



33. Motherwell, 38 x 26″
Black, white

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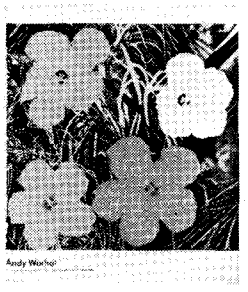
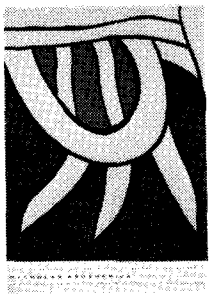


15. Warhol, 28 x 25″
Fuchsia, yellow, orange, red



19. Krushenick, 43 x 30″
Red, blue, yellow, black

32. Lichtenstein, 39 x 27″
Black, crimson

35. Johns, 35 x 20″
Black, white

39. Indiana, 32 x 24″
Blue, green, red

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Saturday Review
October 1, 1966

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—VII

How I Bet My Life

Man tends to seek and idolize the One. But is not diversity the essential reality?

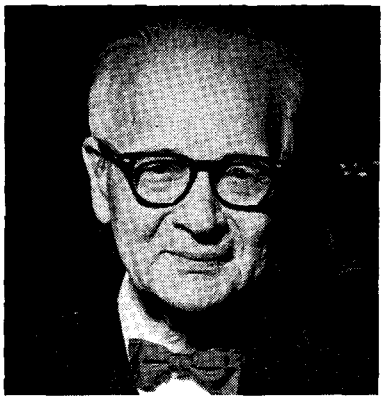
By HORACE M. KALLEN

WHEN I ASK myself what, over my too many years, I have learned, I find that I'm not asking what it is that I have come to know beyond any doubt, but what it is that I have come to believe in enough to be willing to bet my life on it, aware that no bet can be a bet on a sure thing. I find that I owe the articles of my faith far more to the give and take of direct experience with places and persons, with their thoughts and their things, than to the discourses of the schools or the writings of the scholars, whether ancient or modern; and I find that I have a certain pleasure in examining the latter's writings for confirmation of my own credo—particularly if the confirmation defeats its author's intentions.

This may impress today's many—who cultivate "analysis," "semantics," or "philosophy of science" in order to grow the certainties which their Beat Generation no longer harvests from their elders' "perennial philosophy"—as another fall into the meaninglessness which they allot to meanings they do not accept. My meaning may figure for them as but another absurdity vainly interposed to delay their infallible deflation of the philosophies of the great tradition. Perhaps they imagine rightly, for I am, I believe, by disposition and habit, a philosopher, and I have been by training and lifelong occupation a professor of philosophy. The latter does not necessarily follow, not to say follow from, the former. I have been lucky.

I am not sure when I recognized that one learns as one lives, and that the consummation of learning is more like undergoing a conversion than reaching a conclusion; the challenge, the anxiety, the travail are in unlearning the old far more than in learning the new. I became convinced of this early in my personal history, and it has stayed a gradient for my thinking about learning and teaching ever since. That which I found myself unlearning was a configuration of professions and practices embodying beliefs about Man, his world, his role, and his destiny in it, which I had become committed to, unknowing. I had grown up somehow living by them, yet feeling ever more troubled and afraid. What I learned and became converted to is the philosophic faith I have been confessing, reasoning about, and trying to give effect to in words and works these fifty years. It identifies me as a libertarian who had been a determinist, a temporalist who had been an eternalist, an individualist and nominalist who had been a universalist, a pluralist who had been a monist, without being alienated from what he had been. The sum of it: a Spinozist who became a pragmatist.

What I now believe about Man and how he got to be what he is in his becoming, about the ends and means which give form to his struggle to keep on struggling—that some call "existence" and others "survival"—is confluent with this philosophy; it orchestrates, I trust, the articles of this faith. With them, I am able to acknowledge the singularity of each event of experience as it passes,



Horace M. Kallen

The author: One of America's elder statesmen of philosophy, Dr. Horace Meyer Kallen was born in Germany in 1882 and came to this country with his parents five years later. He was graduated magna cum laude from Harvard and did postgraduate work at Princeton, Oxford, and Paris before returning to receive his Ph.D., from Harvard in 1908. He taught at Clark College and the University of Wisconsin, then became a member of the first faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York City. He now is professor emeritus of philosophy and research professor in social philosophy at the New School, as well as distinguished seminar professor at Long Island University. His many awards and citations include election as a Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters and of the Jewish Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Among his writings are: *The Book of Job as Greek Tragedy*; *Art and Freedom*; *Modernity and Liberty*; *The Liberal Spirit*; *Democracy's True Religion*; *Cultural Pluralism and the American Idea*; and *Freedom, Tragedy, and Comedy*. His newest book, *Liberty, Laughter and Tears: Studies of the Role of Tragedy and Comedy in the Freedom of Man*, soon will be published by the University of Utah Press.

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yet to find it as meaningful as the Christian drama of salvation which renders the banal flatness of the communion wafer for the true believer. Yes, any philosophy lived as well as spoken can effect a like transvaluation. Only the perennial ones must needs reduce events to unrealities, and then, in order to render them meaningful, each must needs practice its own mode of transubstantiation on them, while the analytic and semantic ones go on debunking every such transubstantiation into nonsense and futility.

As I see our life now, it is of the singularity of Man's manhood to practice transubstantiation. Everybody's doing it, everywhere. Everybody's creating his peculiar fetish, which shall secure him against his peculiar insecurity. Among the most highly relied on is "reason." The transubstantiation of the facts of reason into the diverse fetishes of rationalism and supernaturalism and scientism are among the most approved and emulated of human ways. The practice endows the passing experience, whatever it starts and ends as, however in itself banal, with saving power on which the true believer bets to win for himself the future he wants. Although to me it discloses the illusions that men's hopes generate, I may not grudge them those illusions, precious and real in that they are felt to guarantee the hopes. Willy-nilly, men live on by betting their lives and thereby investing what they bet on with the role of a magic engine of victory in their struggles to keep on struggling. This I have learned by unlearning.

Learning it has been an ongoing initiation, a *rite du passage*, from the dogma that the real is the One: One God, One Universe, One Humanity, One World, One Law of Nature, One Rule of Life for All Mankind; that the foreordained consummation of the last would be, "under God," universal brotherhood and universal peace. These onenesses comprised, in essence, the articles of faith of the orthodox Jewish household of my childhood and youth, which cleaved unto them regardless of their daily repudiations by events.

Repudiations were diverse. A pervasive one was anti-Semitism: My father, a Russian subject, serving as under rabbi in the small Silesian town where I was born, was *ausgewiesen* by Bismarck's Prussian government as an alien Jew. He found his way to Boston, where he brought me up in the faith of the fathers from my fifth year. In Boston, on the streets and in the schoolyards, the Christian kids taught me what they had learned the Jew should receive in payment for the salvation from eternal death which the death of their crucified Savior brought them. I could endure, and on occasion even overcome, because I knew that I belonged to God's Chosen People and that my pangs and pains were linked in some salubrious way to the divine election.

BUT the Christians ganged up not only on the Christ-killers; they ganged up on one another, however Christian—as Protestants, as Catholics, as Yankees, as Micks, as Wops, as Polacks, as Dutchies (there didn't happen to be any Niggers; these appeared later)—all, even as I, innocent carriers of the ways and views of their elders into the streets and the schools. At school, ever and anon, there came ceremonial occasions when the entire miscellany of pupils had to stand up and intone: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." I don't recall whether the pledge was pledged "under God"—that phrase was added after my time as a student. I do recall how more and more puzzled I became each year I grew older.

THE natural sciences which were a part of my schooling—physics, chemistry, biology of a sort—only deepened my puzzlement. For they seemed to subordinate unlike and incommensurable happenings to identical law; they seemed to digest the changes and chances we experience into a sequence of necessary connection which dissipated freedom in fantasy and novelty in illusion. The sciences, assimilating all differentiation into a system of eternal and universal Identity, always and everywhere One and the Same, yet refusing to identify this One as God in any form, I imagine, both confirmed and confuted the ancestral faith.

However, one day I chanced upon a German rendering of Spinoza's *Theologico-Political Tractate*. It set me free. I began to read English versions of his works and English commentaries on them. It was in the year of my graduation from high school that I became enamored of the man and convinced of his philosophy. His image, his thought, and his story became the point of no return in the ongoing alienation from my father and the ancestral religion. I identified with Spinoza. The reader may, if he wishes, write "unlearning" for "alienation from" and "have been converted to" for "identified with."

At college I was made aware of monisms other than Spinoza's, each purporting to be the only true one and to expose any alternatives as mistaken in fact and false in reason. They made up a diversity of competitors to be recognized as the unique revelation of the One which is, beyond every doubt, always and everywhere alone the Same. What I was reading and learning about religion and science disclosed a like rivalry. Both told of ongoing struggles for the establishment and continuation of beliefs—each at one time taken for true by some minds and false by others; all sooner or later displaced by different ones which had been rendered more acceptable to the same minds or others of their kind. The "body of knowledge" I saw was an ever changing body in which truths of the past become errors of the present, and truths of the present are struggling not to be reduced to errors of the future. How, then, could anything "real" be always and everywhere the same—

"I don't know where we'll go next year now that Fred's broken off relations with de Gaulle, Wilson, and Franco."

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even Spinoza's substance, his *deus sive natura*?

What I had painfully learned is that the condition of fallible people was the condition of their infallible truths, no less! It made no sense. And how could one keep up the struggle to keep on struggling unless one could make sense of it? William James, who "gave up logic" and developed reasonableness, showed me how sense might be made of it. All I have learned since the time I first came under his influence has its vital root in the man and his teaching.

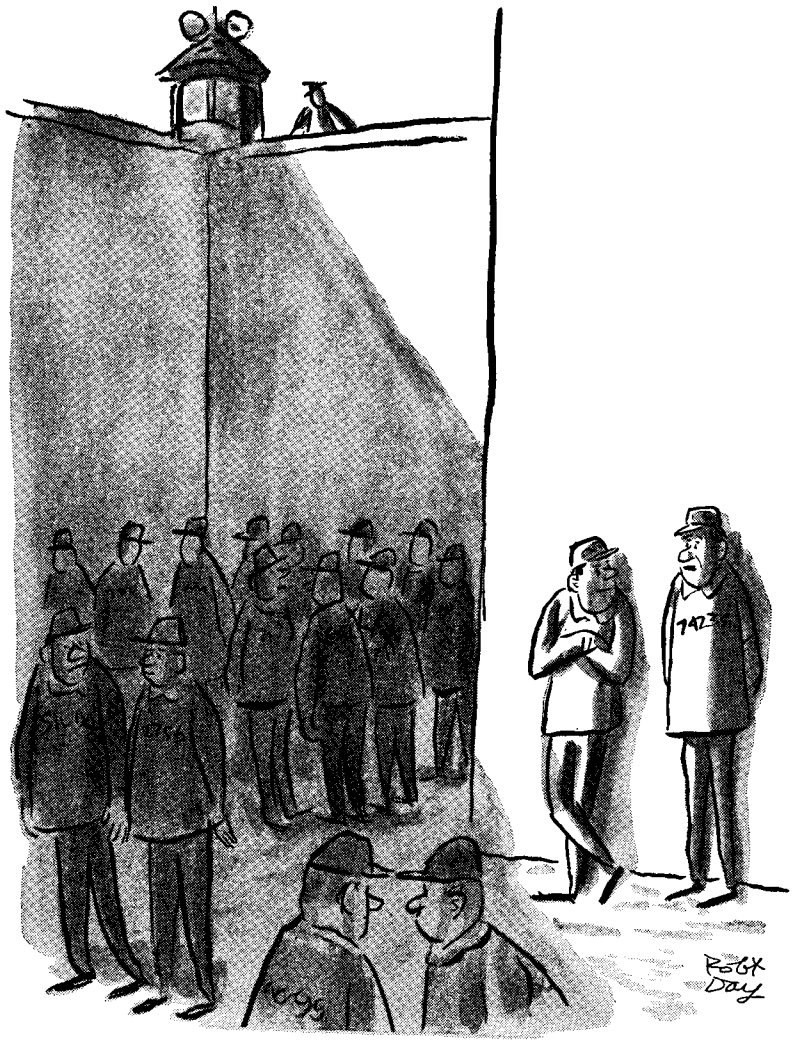
The empiricism I learned from James is "radical." It takes not only the events of experience as they come, each with its own singular presence; it also acknowledges the reality of the multiple ways the singulars join together and move apart, no less identifiable than the presences they relate. To perceive any is at the same time to perceive its helping or hindering the struggle to keep on struggling which from birth to death compounds into the person that one goes on becoming. An event's role in the struggle makes its value for the struggler as he strains to assimilate it into all else that he has already appraised as true, false, good, bad, right, wrong, beautiful, ugly, rational, absurd, reality, appearance, meaningful, meaningless. He labors at an ongoing identification of the diverse; and everywhere in the world, every variety of Mankind's endeavor is a striving to transvalue the diversities they encounter into some One they choose to take for the one Real, and for the harmonizing ground and goal of the embattled manynesses—the One which somehow guarantees their everlasting safety and well-being.

That no inquiry has yet disclosed such a One, that each quest adds one more figure to those already demonstrated and advocates one more way of reaching it, seems not to abate the ardor of the quest. Let the seekers be Albert Einstein hot for his Unified Field; let them be his epigones striving to overcome the ongoing multiplication and diversification of their briefly ultimate particles by means of an overruling "symmetry"; let them be Julian Huxley projecting an Evolutionary Humanism, or Teilhard de Chardin spanning creation between the Alpha and Omega of his transcendentalist evolutionism; let them be Norbert Wiener and his epigones, with their cybernetic grounding of the computerization of human relations and of the scientific, religious, political, and cultural economies they shape up: Each envisions some singular unity responsive to his particular business and desires. The unity continues to be a hidden unity, ever a *deus absconditus*, ever believed in, never encountered; an article of faith, not a fact of life.

Men know from birth how much of life is a war of the faiths, each becoming different as it struggles to master or destroy the different ones that beset it and to attain incarnation as fact by itself alone. Each unity is at once the end and the means of the warfare. The earliest fact, and the latest, is differences increasing and multiplying, with *Homo sap* struggling to lasso and harness their circumambience for the varying uses of his struggle to keep on struggling. And when a harness is believed so to serve, the user changes its status, giving value precedence over existence; he translates his tool into an idol and worships it exclusively for the goods and services he hopes it will provide. So *Homo sap's* inveterate fetishism has until this day transvalued his pecking orders and his gods; so the priesthoods of the present age transvalue the arts and sciences. The fetishism sprouts from what William James has called "a certain blindness in human beings."

He started me toward a cure of this blindness, and it began where I lived. My unseeing had come with a dumb anxiety over my Jewish identity. Non-Jews were troubling my days and nights because, through no fault of my own, I happened to be different from them. My difference diminished me, shackled me, deprived me of my liberty and subjected me to injustice. I must needs rid myself of it and make myself the same as my apparent betters. I must needs change from Jew to—what?

None of the people I was encountering were, in each other's esteem, themselves undiminished by some differences; and all, even the weakest and most humble, seemed to be penalizing others as they could for not being the same as themselves. Following Spinoza, I had come to believe that difference, seen clearly and distinctly, made no real difference; that in substance all the families of Mankind are one. What I had learned about the faith which shaped the Republic at first reenforced this belief. Did not the Declaration of Independence tell the world that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," among them "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"? That men institute govern-



"Well, among other things, my amount on line twelve was larger than my payments on line seventeen and I forgot to enter the balance due on line eighteen."

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ments in order to insure the unalienable against alienation? That the just powers of government rest upon the consent of the governed who institute it? So what could "equal" mean, save what it used always to mean—"the same"?

Yet in the business of living, "equal" signified not sameness perceived or achieved but scorning and fleeing some particular difference—by an individual, scorning and fleeing whatever keeps him, with all the self-diversification that growth is a word for, *this* one and no other; by a group, a style of living, thinking, working, and fighting together —a culture, a self-altering tradition of faith and works which joins the group's members to one another. As it obtains, the group's association is a process of union, not a state of unity. Some unions are shotgun marriages, enforced by preponderant power, as among racist and other totalitarian formations; others get their shape from the free teaming-up of their members, and grow more cohesive and powerful as their uncoerced participation prolongs — which is the case among the freer societies. I have learned to qualify the varieties of the latter as orchestrations, and to signalize education as the vital center of their survival and growth, which indeed it continues to be in every society.

DURING my youth "Americanization" became, here at home, the word for manifold ways of dissipating differences, all directed to self-alienation by the different. One favored way was unquestioning conformity to requirements of those who claimed to be the nation's élite and used their power to enforce their claims. Another, not a little resisted by the claimants, was to emulate them, more widely signalized as "keeping up with the Joneses" or "bringing up father." Still another was willy-nilly melting the Joneses together with oneself into an undefinable new super-identity in Israel Zangwill's "melting-pot": The true American of the future was to be this unique homogenized new *Homo sap.*

As I pondered such often violent divergences, it came home to me that the different signers of the Declaration could never have meant their "laws of nature and of nature's God" to intend "the same" and write "equal." For thus, the divine intention eliminates no differences; it only sanctions one kind of difference, taking privileges and laying penalties on other kinds. So, what is not the same cannot be "equal"; what is different is required, *as different*, to stay unequal. No person, no faith, no occupation, no way of life, no culture might sustain its identity and be equal in those human rights declared to be self-evidently unalienable, and against whose alienation Americans declared their Revolution. Was not this Declaration discounted as "glittering generalities," "self-evident lies," or held to be valid only for "superior races"? Does it not continue to be so appraised, everywhere in the world?

The revolutionary meaning of "equal," however, repudiates such appraisals. This means by "equal" equal *as different*; it affirms the parity of the different; it recognizes that their equality does not abolish their diverse natures but preserves and liberates them, jointly and severally to live on and to grow, to succeed or to fail, by their own power, on their own merits, at their own risk. "Equal," I came to believe, intends the right to be different as *the* unalienable right — so long, so cruelly, and so diversely subjected to alienation—of which all other rights declared to be unalienable develop as diversifications. I learned that, at least for *Homo sap,* "to be" and "to be different" are synonyms for the reality of his struggle to keep struggling; that my Jewish difference could be no less real, worthy, and honorable than any other I might be fleeing to; that unlearning it might more greatly diminish me than living and orchestrating it.

And if this were true of my Jewish difference, how not of my friend Alain Locke's Negro difference, which had presented this poet, scholar, man of letters, and philosopher with a challenge of identity far more poignant and critical than mine? We talked much about answers to it the year we both were at Oxford. And if my Jewish and his Negro difference are ours of right and not by sufferance, then, in the nature of things, so are all such differences. It was, I recall, during my talks with Locke that I first used the phrases that have become clichés: "right to be different," "cultural pluralism," and "pluralistic society."

My experience elsewhere than in my field nourished the perceptions which the clichés named, and the reasonings they crystallized. I found that my pragmatist pluralism shaped my reflections about persons and peoples, nations, religions, arts, sciences—their economics, and their rivalry and cooperation with

one another. Their *de facto* diversities, not their *de jure* onenesses, stayed in the foreground of my sentiment and the reasonings it prompted. I came to judge the onenesses as either imaginative aspirations compensating for lived actuality, or projects to reshape actuality closer to the heart's desire. *E pluribus unum* became for me the directive agreed upon by a configuration of individuals and companies whose communions joined them into communities of culture as diverse, and as diversely associated, as themselves. The generations of them somehow pledge themselves, as they come, to maintain their union of differences in such wise that all together undertake to assure to each separately equal liberty and equal safety.

SUCH undertakings would, if successful, be the actuality of peace. As things are, peace is a multitude of struggles short of war. Like war, it suggests a search for a moral equivalent. I have come to believe that the Republic must, among other things, be also such an undertaking, which its citizens covenant to advance and protect from ongoing aggressions within and without, old and new; aggressions which keep on testing, as Abraham Lincoln observed at Gettysburg, whether a nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

To date, the nation *has* endured. So far, from the Civil War on, the American people have, against no little resistance, tugged and pushed, bullied and bawled their country into less imperfect actualizations of the declared rights of the different to equal liberty and equal safety. Someone's always doing it with regard to the economy at home and the circumambience abroad.

Since the turn of the century, disputes among Americans have mostly concerned the doubted means, not the declared ends, of the world wars, hot and cold, and of the local wars between and after. Few, if any, have challenged Woodrow Wilson's great design "to make the world safe for democracy," or Franklin Roosevelt's projection during World War II for "survival" of his "Four Freedoms"; or John Kennedy's reformulation of both as struggling "to make the world safe for diversity"; or no-less-utopian Lyndon Johnson's recent: "We have learned to despise the witch hunt, the unprincipled harassment of a man's integrity and his right to be different." Few, if any, have challenged the manifold specifications of the right to be different that compose the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, whose professors purport to represent almost all the peoples of the world. Not a little in consequence of the American experience, even the Roman hierarchy, through Pope John XXIII's Ecumenical

(*Continued on page* 80)

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QUESTIONS ASKED ABROAD

(SR editor-at-large Theodore C. Sorensen has just returned from a trip around the world, occasioned by a visit to New Zealand as the first Kennedy Memorial Lecturer.)

WHOEVER coined the phrase "it's a small world" never tried to go around it. Even in the jet age, the distances to be traversed are enormous, the time spent sitting in airplanes seems endless, and the damage done to one's "internal clock" is more telling than surface appearances may indicate.

Yet it is a small world in the sense of those similarities of trait and tradition that link this planet's inhabitants. In the dozen or so countries in which I have in recent months held forth at lectures or press conferences and talked with Prime Ministers, publishers, and everyday people, I have been struck by the recurring patterns of questions, answers, and attitudes that I have encountered. Indeed, both newspapermen and students in different corners of the globe inevitably ask the same three questions I am asked by newspapermen and students in this country:

1) Would President Kennedy have acted as President Johnson has acted regarding Vietnam? (No one can say with certainty, the situation having drastically changed from the comparatively low-level insurrection for which Kennedy had refused American combat troops.)

2) Will there be another Kennedy in the White House? (Not before 1972, very possibly thereafter, possibly more than one—but neither of the Senators Kennedy is counting on it, knowing better than most the unpredictables in politics.)

3) Do you accept the conclusions of the Warren Commission Report? (Yes.)

Other questions are repeated in different lands and languages, but it is interesting that these three almost invariably arise. John Kennedy is still widely mourned and missed, his historic views and victories in some ways appreciated more in other countries than in his own. Robert Kennedy, like his older brother and Adlai Stevenson, has a world-wide following, a self-appointed constituency that cheers his every utterance and overlooks any possible errors. And millions of free-world citizens—because it would seem more meaningful to them if John Kennedy had been the victim of a right-wing, left-wing, racist, or political plot—refused to accept the harsh verdict that the course of the world was senselessly changed merely by a lunatic with a rifle.

I do not claim to have visited enough countries or spent enough time therein to be an expert on any of them. But I have been left with other impressions of similarity. Almost no one I met likes the war in Vietnam, but almost no one has any constructive alternative and almost no one is as interested in it as are we Americans. Almost everyone is critical of American race relations—and yet almost every country I have visited has a racial problem of its own, and few, if any, are making the progress we are. Barriers against certain immigrants, prejudice against certain inhabitants, attitudes ranging from patronizing to hostile—all are encountered in countries openly critical of America's slow progress toward equality. Victims of this injustice include Maoris and Polynesians living among New Zealanders, Asians living among East Africans, Chinese in South Asia, and Lapps in Scandinavia and Italians in Western Europe. (On the other hand, a club exclusively for American women in Tunis hardly sets an example.)

THERE are other unpleasant similarities in world travel. Entry into most nations I visited—or even passage through most air terminals—is delayed by the same kind of petty bureaucracy, with its endless forms, queues, stamps, and counter-stamps, that foreigners complain of encountering here. And too many of the world's newspapers concentrate on crime, sports, and provincial detail to the detriment of adequate foreign news coverage. An American abroad this summer might well have wondered whether anything other than mass murders and race riots was taking place in this country until he had an opportunity to read an American publication.

Two special notes of hope remain vivid from my latest trip. At "Operation Deep Freeze" headquarters in Christchurch, New Zealand, I learned in depth about the effort conducted by this nation in cooperation with the Soviet Union and a dozen or so other nations in exploring the mysteries and treasures of Antarctica. By treaty, that vast and potentially valuable continent is preserved for peaceful use and scientific inquiry. No territorial claim or Iron Curtain divides it; the continuation of total disarmament is assured by reciprocal inspection; and men of many nations—however disparate their political ideologies and social systems—are concentrating on unlocking secrets more constructive than military.

IN Kenya, too, men of all races and nations have forsaken another traditional use of firepower—the useless slaughter of wild animals. The big game preserves offer the sportsman, armed only with a camera, all the thrills of the search, but produce photographs instead of stuffed heads for his trophy room.

In a sense, Antarctica is a "human-being preserve" where men have renounced their habit of killing other men. Perhaps in time we shall have more such preserves—until one day this entire planet can be a "human-being preserve." For the world traveler who despairs of both the differences and the similarities he witnesses cannot help being reminded of President Kennedy's words at American University:

> If we cannot now end our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity. For, in the final analysis our most basic common link is the fact that we all inhabit this planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal.

—THEODORE C. SORENSEN.

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U Thant

REPRESENTATIVES of many sovereigns have called on him and sought to persuade him to continue to serve. Heads of the world's religions have tried devoutly to move him. Philosophers and poets and artists of the earth have sent messages.

He is one of a small handful of men who occupy a new station in human history. Their job is to prevent nations from coming into violent collision. It is an extraordinarily difficult undertaking, for no creature on earth possesses greater stubbornness and falser notions of what constitutes reason and justice than the absolute sovereign state.

U Thant has said he would like to retire from his post. But many of the same nations that have made it impossible for him to do his job well are now imploring him to continue. A grotesque double standard, in fact, exists in the attitude of some of the nations that constitute the U.N. The moment representatives of these nations walk through the doors of the U.N., they abruptly reverse the principle which alone makes it possible for their own national governments to function. What is absolutely indispensable in the operation of their governments are adequate authority and the assured means of support. They know the alternative is anarchy. Yet they themselves represent the prime elements of anarchy on the world level. They reject totally the concept of compulsory taxation in the world community, though they would not countenance a situation in their own communities in which individual citizens remained the judges of whether or not they should pay and how much. Nor would they permit their citizens to set aside the peace-keeping functions of their governments, yet they constantly block effective peace-keeping machinery on the world level.

It is unreasonable to expect any man of purpose, intelligence, and understanding to accept a responsibility without the means of discharging it. When U Thant says that the United Nations cannot carry out its basic purposes without authority or revenue, he is not dictating the conditions for his own continuation as Secretary General. He is calling attention to the basic principles of survival for the organization itself. Whether he or another man occupies the office, the principles remain the same. And if the principles are not respected, neither he nor anyone else will be able to save the U.N. The issue as he sees it, therefore, is not how long he remains, but how soon the United Nations can be made to take its underlying problems seriously.

Only recently, he has traveled to the capitals of certain nations and talked to the heads of governments in an attempt to win their adherence to a policy of adequate moral and financial support for the peace-keeping functions of the U.N. He has been unsuccessful. Some of these same nations are now imploring him to stay in office.

He feels profoundly the impotence of the U.N. in the Vietnam war. Even more deeply is he dismayed by the gap between the proclaimed willingness of nations to negotiate and their refusal to do so when confronted by opportunities to engage in exploratory talks for which he himself helped to set the stage.

He is not embittered. Despite all reversals and difficulties, he retains a rock-like belief in the future of the United Nations. He knows there is nothing else on which the future of the human community can be built—nothing else that gives greater promise of protecting human beings from the holocaust-producing weapons now in the hands of an increasing number of national sovereignties. He is a man of limitless good faith and good will. He has incredible qualities of patience and personal serenity. He comes from the East but he is equally at home in the West.

He has extraordinary intellectual and spiritual endowments but they are not infinite. He has known—increasingly often in recent years—the terrors of fatigue. His formal working day begins early in the morning and continues to nine at night. Even then, the telephone and the work pursue him at home. Saturdays are full working days. On Sundays, the locale but not the intensity of the work changes. He is a man who loves the life of the mind but in the past nine years he has found the time to read fewer than a dozen books. On two or three occasions during those nine years, Adlai Stevenson almost bodily lifted him out of his office to take him to a movie or to the theater.

Not all of the problems of his job are the historic ones. He is expected to endure an incalculable amount of pettiness. Not long ago, he was asked by a delegate for an appointment, and he promptly fixed a date. On the day of the appointment, he was virtually anchored to the chamber of the Security Council. He sent a message to the delegate, suggesting that they meet in a room adjacent to the Security Council chamber. Later, the delegate complained bitterly that it was only because he represented a small nation that the Secretary General did not see him in his office.

Apart from all problems, puny or prodigious, there is the yearning to return home. Family life in Burma is close-knit. He would like to spend time with his mother. She is eighty-three.

The most powerful arguments for him to remain at his post have come not from officialdom but from everyday people all over the world. The letters have arrived by the hundreds from people who understand his ordeal, yet who beg him to stay on. He now knows he has a constituency of common folk; they have made him a custodian of their hopes. If he finally decides to stay, it will be not just because a way has been found to enable him to perform more fully and effectively the duties of his office, but because of the manifest public support that might enable the U.N. to become what it has to be. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Eisenhower Interview

I FIRMLY BELIEVE in full and free communication between the two sides of the Iron Curtain, as General Eisenhower stated in the article, "What I Have Learned" [*SR*, Sept. 10]. For if the people of Russia would talk face to face with Americans, there would be less world tension. Further, if there is one thing our young people should learn, it is to adopt a friendlier, more open attitude toward people about whom they know nothing. It is the fault of misguiding adults and many school textbooks that the young assume that the people of a nation are represented by its leader's ideology.

EDWARD SCHAICH.

West Chester, Penn.

HAVING READ SEVERAL of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's histories (*sic*) of the Middle Ages, I share with President Eisenhower a regard for them as the most memorable and most pleasurable journey through history written, except, of course, for the Bible. So I suggest that you publish the title of one of the books referred to: *The White Company*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ROBERT N. ROGALA.

Chicago, Ill.

The Historian and the Negro

WITH ALL ITS VIRTUES as a scholarly presentation of materials and a point of view still largely unfamiliar to the white culture structure, Benjamin Quarles's "What the Historian Owes the Negro" [*SR*, Sept. 3] is nevertheless flawed. It is not merely the Negro to whom the historian owes an overdue debt; it is also to the white community, whose residual racism is as much concealed behind the sincere good intentions of the pained white liberal as it is flaunted by the defenders of Chicago neighborhoods and Boston and New York schools.

The whites who believe falsehoods about the past of the Negro race are victims of the "trained historians" in a double sense. They have suffered because of the corrosive effect of myths and stereotypes on their personalities, on their attitude toward intergroup relations; and they have suffered as well because of the catastrophic effect of a century of post-slavery racism on their nation, its morals, its international policies. There is a need for what I have called "remedial history," on a massive scale, to pay the debt that the historian owes the white man.

HOWARD N. MEYER.

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

The Wild Angels

REGARDING HOLLIS ALPERT'S review of *The Wild Angels* [*SR*, Sept. 10] and the inappropriateness of its selection by the Venice Film Festival, I feel that closer inspection will reveal that the film is not so morally irresponsible as its critics claim.

The Angels want one thing—to be free. Free from what? Certainly free from the "straight" world, but more generally free from all the limitations and conditions of existence. The means they use are drugs, alcohol, sex, violence, and motorcycles—all devices to free the mind, all unsuccessful. Man cannot be free from life; and what finally brings this realization to Blues (Peter Fonda) is his inability to save his friend from death.

Protests [against this film] on moral grounds are no more relevant than those directed at *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

JOHN H. DORR.

Lancaster, Mass.

WHAT DIRECTOR Roger Corman has done is to *present* the story of the Angels. He doesn't whitewash what they do. But neither does he condemn them as one-dimensional villains.

The Wild Angels is an important statement on a very real, though admittedly unpleasant, minority segment of American life.

ROBB BAKER.

Elgin, Ill.

"Of course I'm contradicting what I said a few minutes ago. A foolish consistency is the bugbear of small minds."

Label-Reading as Sport

THE DELIGHTFUL and surprising dissertation on label-reading by John G. Fuller in TRADE WINDS [*SR*, Sept. 10] unhappily omitted mention of one of the greatest devotees of this indoor sport, the late John McNulty.

He became so fascinated at dinner one night by the label on Tabasco, commonly called "hot sauce" and found in almost every restaurant, that he impulsively hopped aboard a plane and went down to New Iberia, Louisiana, where the McIlhenny family has been the sole producer of "the genuine article" since 1868. There, he confirmed the almost incredible claim that the pepper sauce's ingredients are only vinegar, salt, and red pepper—but a very special pepper developed and grown on the McIlhenny island farm.

Out of his unplanned trip came one of his best articles. Thus, his addiction to one form of literature led to his valuable contribution to another.

M. C. BLACKMAN.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Gibraltar Remembered

WHAT NOSTALGIA I enjoyed upon reading Joan White's "Gibraltar Revisited" [*SR*, July 30]!

Years ago I lived across the Algeciras Bay from Gibraltar, and the Rock was glamour. "Let's go over to Gib," someone would say. We would board the little ferry and watch capering dolphins in the glistening bay for half an hour. Then, a narrow street, shops piled with fascinating, tax-free things from everywhere, polite voices, and the aroma of English cigarettes. Later, tea and muffins, and we would yawn our way back to Spain with our bundles.

Thank you, Joan White, and hats off to the Gibraltarians for their loyalty to an erstwhile regime of peace.

LLEWELLA LOUDERBACK.

Veracruz, Mexico.

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The King John Version

AS SEVERAL recently published emendations of the Bible might remind us, the task of creating a modern version that will prove acceptable to everyone is just short of impossible. The traditionalist wants nothing changed, while the critics challenge the slightest alteration. Surely, John Huston was aware of this when he, with Christopher Fry, prepared a three-hour screen adaptation called *The Bible . . . In the Beginning*. Aware, but undaunted.

As their title suggests, the film-makers limited themselves to the earliest book of the Old Testament—actually, from the Creation up to the story of Abraham and Isaac. Even more, they have chosen from it only those stories and passages that best served their purposes, both filmic and philosophic. Here are the Garden of Eden and the Flood, the Tower of Babel, and, inevitably, Sodom and Gomorrah. Here, too, are Nimrod's proud defiance of God, the sinister punishment of Lot's wife for, at best, a minor infraction of His rules, and, finally, the unquestioning, unflinching response of Abraham to the cruelest test that any despot ever had put to a loyal subject.

What Huston and Fry have attempted to do is something far more challenging, far more difficult—and, ultimately, far more rewarding—than any previous biblical spectacular that has been brought to the screen. Some have mined the Bible for moral fables thinly disguised as entertainments, others for sexual extravaganzas thinly disguised as moral fables. Huston and Fry have created on celluloid a vivid, sometimes painful, but wholly consistent approach to the God of the Old Testament. He is not the kindly Father beloved by Sunday School teachers, nor even the stern old patriarch with the flowing beard so popular with painters. This is the jealous God who would tolerate no idols before him, the arrogant God who could wipe out the entire population (Noah and his family excepted) of a world that displeased him, the tyrannical God who demanded nothing less than blind and total obedience from His people.

Credit the film-makers for not truckling, for not presenting an easy, Jolly Green Giant of a Jehovah. But credit them still more for a version of the Bible that retains both the poetry and loftiness of vision, plus the immediacy of image and the incisiveness of narrative that have kept it the best seller of all time. Their Creation, with its swirling mists and turbulent waters, its multicolored lights and suggestive shadows, forms a suitably impressive prelude to the drama that follows. The Garden of Eden, exquisitely photographed in the pearly haze of earth's first morning, states the film's dominant theme: God the Father has given His children a Paradise—but with it, one injunction that must be obeyed. The eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for all its symbolic implications of Man's aspirations, was an act of defiance; and the Lord's punishment was swift and terrible. Similarly, when Cain slew Abel, he was challenging God's law—and the mark of Cain has been upon His people ever since.

LIKE the Bible, the film makes no pretense to a smooth and consecutive unfolding. After the "begets and begats," it climaxes its first half with a mighty, yet appealing, re-creation of the Flood, with Huston himself impersonating both Noah and the Voice of the Lord (surely a director's dream). As Noah, put upon by his wife, disparaged by his neighbors, doggedly following the strange directives delivered him by God, Huston creates a wry, sympathetic, even amusing character—particularly when urging on the turtles or wrestling an obstreperous ostrich aboard the Ark as the skies darken. But it is the Voice that is his special triumph. Whether speaking the words of Fry or (more often) of the Old Testament, it is rich and comforting, with an acute feeling for the sound and meaning of each phrase, and with a tang that makes everything warmly personal.

Inevitably, the whole of this *Bible* does not remain on the same high plane. The Tower of Babel sequence, which opens the second half, is elaborately, even sumptuously staged, but seems arbitrarily placed and without organic connection to what follows. The story of Sodom and Gomorrah, on the other hand, is scamped, although salvaged to some extent by the mystical performance of Peter O'Toole as the Three (and sometimes Two) Angels sent by the Lord to punish the people of the plains. And the climactic story of Abraham and Isaac, while the most moving and personal in the picture, lacks scale in comparison to all that has gone before.

But no matter. This is probably as fine a version of the Old Testament as we shall ever see in movies, combining the child's freshness of vision with the deep-rooted understanding of two mature men to provide a satisfying and disturbing quasi-religious experience.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

QUICK, WATSON, THE ANSWER!

Sherlock Holmes solved these cases—can you? Robert J. Halcomb of Van Nuys, Cal., asks you to recall how each of these victims met his or her death, and in what story. (The words "The Adventure of" are omitted from titles to save space.) The docket is on page 64.

Julia Stoner ( )	Suffocation ( )	1. The Lion's Mane
Ronder, the showman ( )	A swamp adder ( )	2. Black Peter
Enoch Drebber ( )	Air gun with expanding bullet ( )	3. The Devil's Foot
Capt. Peter Carey ( )	A club fashioned like a lion's paw ( )	4. The Sign of the Four
Hon. Ronald Adair ( )	A sealing-wax knife ( )	5. The Musgrave Ritual
Fitzroy McPherson ( )	Powdered poison root ( )	6. A Study in Scarlet
Bartholomew Sholto ( )	Indian arrow poison ( )	7. The Empty House
Brenda Tregennis ( )	*Cyanea capillata*, a jellyfish ( )	8. The Speckled Band
Brunton, the butler ( )	A harpoon ( )	9. The Golden Pince-Nez
Willoughby Smith ( )	A poisoned thorn ( )	10. The Veiled Lodger

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Barber's "Antony," after Zeffirelli

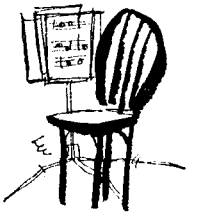
ALMOST EVERYTHING about the opening of the Metropolitan's first season in its new Lincoln Center house was unfamiliar to the regular operagoer—the place, the work, many of the attendants. What provided the heat to forge a firm link from the past to the future in the first hearing anywhere of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* (after Franco Zeffirelli and William Shakespeare) was the quality of the performance itself—an old reminder of the best the company can accomplish when it puts forth a major effort.

It was a measure of the uncertainties and the apprehensions that hung over the occasion that the loudest applause of the evening went not to the composer, or any of the other participants, but to Rudolf Bing. Lest this seem a fantasy wrapped in a delusion, it was not who said it, but what was said. This was the assurance that a long chess game between the management and its musicians had been resolved, that the next three seasons can go forward without further threat of a stalemate.

Whatever the outcome of this issue, an even more important one was resolved well before Bing appeared prior to Act III. That is, that all the planning and the money have produced what New York has sorely lacked for decades —a clean, bright, spacious surrounding in which the stage can be handsomely set, voices can ring out clear and pure (provided, of course, they were clear and pure to begin with), instruments have their natural timbre, and a sense of theater is present from the moment one walks into the handsome auditorium, designed by Wallace K. Harrison. That, after all, is the core of an opera house, and, in this one, it is sound (plus or minus a pun). We can, for the debt of gratitude he has earned, even charge off the obtrusive, intrusive, irrelevant blob of metal by Mary Callery which he commissioned to hang over the proscenium, the excessive brightness of the box faces, and some other decorative details that are more splashy than elegant. But traditionally it takes years, even decades, for a major opera house to find its "traditional" decor, and the new Met is no exception.

As was almost predictable, the new work was all but overwhelmed by the pomp and the panoply of the evening. But, taken as a whole, in his elaboration of the libretto evolved by Zeffirelli from the lengthy text of Shakespeare, Barber has produced an occasional work of more than occasional quality. It takes up, in sureness of procedure and certainty of direction, where he left off in *Vanessa*, and has the smell and taste of the stage from the start. But it repeatedly encounters obstacles erected by a collaborator who is eye-minded rather than ear-minded. The swift moving, verbally economical adaptation of Zeffirelli is, for the first two acts certainly, a series of opportunities for pageantry, spectacle, and movements of masses of people. They serve his purposes admirably, but leave the composer panting after him in pursuit of objectives that are much more cinematic than operatic. A "cast of thousands" may be suitable billing for a film, but it does not match the needs of the musical theater.

Zeffirelli rarely provides Barber with such opportunities for exposition and musical elaboration as the ending duet of Act I, Iago's Credo, the "Honor" duet of Othello and Iago, etc., in Arrigo Boito's adaptation of *Othello* to the needs of Verdi. But, after all, Boito was himself a composer, and knew that the operatic stage makes demands different from those of spoken drama. The paradoxical result is that as one strives to make out words and phrases that tell a



story—and never have so many noble words been heard by so few—one is irrationally denied the flow of a sustained line that makes for characterization, operatically speaking.

Spectacular as it is, and full of eye-filling ingenuities (the basic scheme of scenic designer Zeffirelli is a series of tubular elements that rise and fall, part and come together, in an absorbing use of space and light), the net result of the first two acts is of visual values that distract from, rather than complement, the aural ones. The evocation of a Roman forum for Scene 2 of Act I is brilliant, as are the marshaling of the legions before the battle of Actium, but they tend to reduce the music to soundtrack status.

In the midst of this play of movement and mass, the scenes in Egypt sometimes get lost because Leontyne Price, for all her qualities as a singer, is, for me, no Cleopatra. A thoughtful costume designer might have sought to minimize her physical size and accentuate the positive possibilities of her personality, but Zeffirelli, a merely clever one, has unfortunately surrounded her by billowing skirts and an Aunt Jemima kind of headdress which add bulk where lightness is desirable, inhibiting movement and dispelling illusion. Even the stageworthy idea of transposing the incident of her first appearance before Antony, in the magical moment of the Cydnus, to make the first act curtain, loses potency because we have, after all, already seen her in closeup and at no little length, in the preceding scenes. The reminiscence thereby conveys little mystery and less magic in the theater, sound as it seems on paper.

It is only in the third act, when Cleopatra has retired to the monument and Zeffirelli has run out of opportunities to ring changes on the scenic side, that Barber rises to a surge of music that represents him at his best. Here, finally, the composer is no longer fighting the librettist-stage designer-costume conceiver-action supervisor for supremacy. It is still no inconsiderable problem, for the final setting, with its rising tiers of pyramidical steps (suggested by still more tubular elements) crowned by the throne on which Cleopatra awaits her lover, and her end, is a stunner. But at least it doesn't move, it stands still, and remains the same through the lamenting and the sorrowing.

Here, too, Miss Price is finally triumphant through the beauty of her vocal art and by release from the need to suggest something she is not, a hot-blooded siren, all movement and allure. She is, rather, any woman (or all women) lamenting a lost lover—Iseult over Tristan, Brünnhilde over Siegfried, agony over agony. In the spirit of the poet he essentially is, Barber has embalmed this emotion in a pensive essence of elegy, with a rich intersticing of instrumental silver among the vocal gold. Wagner visits the scene, and also Mahler, but the personality that prevails is Barber's own. The levels of vocal reference he has arranged for the dying queen and her "women" range from Rosalind Elias's magenta (as Charmian) and Belén Amparán's heliotrope (as Iras) to Price's own imperial purple, with the blend of them a radiant resolution of all.

It would have been better in the interests of contrast for Antony to have been a strong-voiced tenor rather than a rolling bass-baritone, but Justino Diaz took a long stride forward in his rising career by the solidity and the substance of the effort he delivered. This was not facilitated by the part Barber has written for him, because it infrequently offers

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extended musical statement, and very little character development. Ezio Flagello, as Enobarbus, was working against a part which was similarly non-dimensional, but he has one moment of emotional revelation ("O Antony") which aroused a warm response. This was not so much because it was especially eloquent or powerfully sung, but merely because it put the verbal content into an operatic context.

Among others in the cast energetically, vibrantly, and understandingly directed by Thomas Schippers were Jess Thomas as a rather fatuous Octavius Caesar, Mary Ellen Pracht as his sister Octavia who becomes Antony's spouse if not his wife, and Andrea Velis as the eunuch Mardian. They, and the chorus (plus such bit players as Paul Franke, Lorenzo Alvary, Clifford Harvuot, Raymond Michalski, et al.) contributed to a company effort that rated high for selflessness, however small appeal it might have had for the casual viewer.

It is, in the aftermath of the dress rehearsal and the first performance, instructive to hear a tape derived from the broadcast, and perceive how much the musical proceedings gain in interest without the distraction of the scenery and staging. Moreover, the microphones convey vastly more of the verbal detail than was audible in the theater, suggesting that the singers have not yet learned where to concentrate their effort in these still new surroundings, or else there was overmuch seepage of detail through Zeffirelli's wide-open scenery.

In the aggregate, the inscription over *Antony and Cleopatra* might read, "Here lies an opera overproduced and underdirected," followed by those lines of Whittier reading, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been.'" In his concentration on getting the scenery right, adjusting the costumes, and putting the supers through their paces, Zeffirelli's shaping influence on the individual performers was rarely as apparent as it had been in his much admired *Falstaff*.

It is, perhaps, asking overmuch of a composer who has committed time to two operas without achieving a whole success to persevere on behalf of a third. But certain considerations intrude to justify the urging. In *Vanessa,* Barber had one kind of collaborator, Gian Carlo Menotti, who pushed the outcome in a particular direction. In *Antony and Cleopatra,* he had another kind of collaborator, Zeffirelli, who nevertheless exerted an impetus all his own. In neither case, it seems to me, did Barber occupy the position of primacy that should be the composer's. Perhaps with two such experiences behind him, he can be both more demanding and more discriminating in shaping a text to his own requirements next time. —Irving Kolodin.

Mr. American Music

WHO HAS EVER WRITTEN a show-stopping musical comedy song at the age of seventy-eight? Even those who haven't seen the wonderful current revival of *Annie Get Your Gun* [see *SR,* June 18] at the Broadway Theater will probably guess the right answer. For the entire career of Irving Berlin seems a continually astonishing effervescence of simple successes that defy fashion and confound analysis.

His show-stopper, "An Old Fashioned Wedding," was added to the musical when Berlin and librettist Dorothy Fields decided to do away with the secondary plot, and thus had room for another Ethel Merman number. Berlin decided upon a counterpoint song to strengthen the relationship between Annie and Frank Butler, played by Bruce Yarnell. "I always like to write songs that come out of a dramatic situation," says Berlin.

"An Old Fashioned Wedding" is the songwriter's eighth counterpoint song. His first was written in 1914 for the Vernon and Irene Castle musical, *Watch Your Step.* Berlin entitled it "Play a Simple Melody," and wrote it with no technical knowledge of harmony. He had a pianist play him the song's straight melody, and then by ear Berlin juxtaposed a contrasting ragtime tune and lyric. "The musical part didn't give me any trouble," he says. "The difficulty was getting two lyrics so that they didn't bump into each other." "Play a Simple Melody" wasn't a show-stopper in 1914, but several years ago Bing Crosby and his son Gary made a hit recording of the number and the song is now a standard.

The same counterpoint idea served Berlin well in subsequent musicals. "When I Get Back to the U.S.A.," from *Stop! Look! Listen!* in 1915, took "America" as its straight melody and counterpoised in ragtime a livelier tribute to the qualities of this country. Later, when the show played in England, the lyrics were changed to "Get back to London town," paralleling "God Save the King," which luckily had the same melody.

In *The Music Box Revue of 1922,* he altered the formula in a song called "Pack Up Your Sins and Go to the Devil," which attempted the more difficult task of using rhythm against rhythm. It worked well in the show, but was too special to become a song hit on its own.

"I write to suit a show, and try not to think about making it general enough for it to work outside the show," he says. In *As Thousands Cheer,* for instance, Berlin and the late Moss Hart agreed that every song and every sketch should tie in with a part of the newspaper. Thus he used such a special word as "rotogravure" in one song. To some people's surprise this didn't cause "Easter Parade" to fade into obscurity.

In *The Music Box Revue of 1923,* his "Climbing Up the Scale" counterpoised trilling the scale with a rhythmic lyric. *The Music Box Revue of 1924* combined Stephen Foster's "Swanee River" and a ragtime lyric. The straight phrase, "everywhere I roam," was accompanied by the bouncy mouthful, "and then when I deliver the kiss I'm gonna give her/ Trouble will drown way down in the Swanee River." Berlin says he was feeling pretty proud of his ability to write this kind of a song until his conductor, Frank Tours, reminded him that Gilbert and Sullivan would have had *four* songs going at one time.

Twenty-six years elapsed before Berlin came up with his next counterpoint song, "You're Just in Love," which Ethel Merman and Russell Nype sang together in *Call Me Madam.* Here, the straight melody dealt with the emotion of love, and the rhythmic lyric "explained" it. A succeeding counterpoint song, "Empty Pockets Filled with Love" (*Mr. President,* 1962), balanced the contradictions between love and money. "The trick," says Berlin, "is to find opposing ideas."

Fortunately, this trick found its perfect combination in Merman's comic

(*Continued on page* 80)

Irving Berlin.

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The well-rounded box.

On television in October you can see an original drama with Arthur Kennedy and comedy-variety with Carol Burnett.

You can follow the candidates and the issues in November's elections and hear the artistry of Van Cliburn.

Go to the World Series and examine the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe.

You can spend a howling evening with Peanuts and a harrowing one with an air medical team in Vietnam.

Television this month could round out your thinking on a lot of subjects.

The Hat

A group of clergymen view and discuss an animated film on the theme: can men meet on a common level?
Sunday, Oct. 2 (10-11 A.M.)

Segregation in the North

Examines the causes of racial tensions in Northern cities.
Sunday, Oct. 2 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

The National Sports and Physical Fitness Test

Audience involvement broadcast examines what Americans should know about keeping fit.
Tuesday, Oct. 4 (10-11 P.M.)

The World Series

The annual climax of Big League baseball.
Tentatively set to start Oct. 5

The Kennedy Wit

Jack Paar is host as Stage 67 reviews the late President's wit.
Wednesday, Oct. 5 (10-11 P.M.)

Carol & Company

Carol Burnett with guest stars Rock Hudson, Frank Gorshin and Ken Berry.
Sunday, Oct. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

Crazier Than Cotton

Chrysler Theatre: Jean Simmons in a drama about a sculptor.
Wednesday, Oct. 12 (9-10 P.M.)

Brigadoon

Robert Goulet stars in the Lerner and Loewe Broadway musical.
Saturday, Oct. 15 (9:30-11 P.M.)

Bell Telephone Hour

A portrait of young American pianist Van Cliburn.
Sunday, Oct. 16 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

The Confession

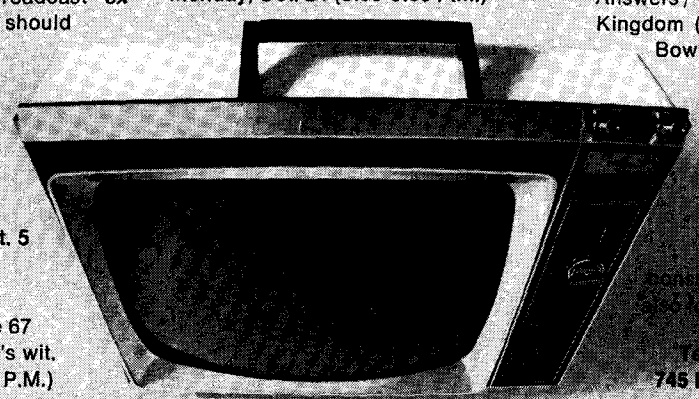
Stage 67's original drama with Arthur Kennedy and Brandon de Wilde.
Wednesday, Oct. 19 (10-11 P.M.)

We Are Not Alone

Documentary based on the book examining the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe.
Friday, Oct. 21 (10-11 P.M.)

Lucy in London

Comedy special starring Lucille Ball with Anthony Newley and other British stars.
Monday, Oct. 24 (8:30-9:30 P.M.)



To Save a Soldier

The story of air medical evacuation work in Vietnam.
Monday, Oct. 24 (10-11 P.M.)

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown.

Halloween hijinks with Charlie and the Peanuts Players.
Thursday, Oct. 27 (8:30-9 P.M.)

The Campaign and the Candidates

A look at the men and issues in the November elections.
Sunday, Oct. 30 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday:

Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:

Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian (Premiere Oct. 15) / Animal Secrets (Premiere Oct. 15) / Wide World of Sports / ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam.

Sundays:

Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery '67 / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Frontiers of Faith / Issues and Answers / Vietnam Weekly Review / Wild Kingdom (Premiere Oct. 23) / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (New York Time), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, Robert Ardrey. Atheneum, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 17)—Men and mockingbirds do not differ much; the defense of property against attack, asserts Ardrey, is instinctual and cannot be controlled by reason.

FROM SCOTLAND TO SILVERADO, Robert Louis Stevenson. Harvard Univ. Press, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 3)—A footloose Stevenson is revealed in these sensitively written American travel papers, which include passages hitherto unpublished.

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER: TWO ROADS TO THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Peter Stansky and William Abrahams. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.50 (*SR,* Sept. 17)—Vividly portrayed are two sons of the English intellectual aristocracy whose devotion to democracy impelled them to fight and to die for the Republic.

AMERICA'S POLITICAL DYNASTIES: FROM ADAMS TO KENNEDY, Stephen Hess. Doubleday, $7.95 (*SR,* Sept. 10)—The author questions American equalitarianism by demonstrating that the rule of an élite dates back in the U.S. to 1797.

THE MUTED REVOLUTION: EAST GERMANY'S CHALLENGE TO RUSSIA AND THE WEST, Welles Hangen. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 17)—The two Berlins, maintains this firsthand report, have a common bond—Germany—that may yet surprise both East and West.

THE TIME BETWEEN THE WARS: ARMISTICE TO PEARL HARBOR, Jonathan Daniels. Doubleday, $6.50 (*SR,* Sept. 3)—A journalistic parade of the individuals and incidents that marked this quarter-century in American history.

CHRISTIANS AND CANNIBALS, Norman Mailer. Dial, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 3)—In a collection of occasional pieces, peppered intermittently with unoccasional poetry, Mailer dissects, among other specimens, LBJ, *The Group,* and the amoeba.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: A BIOGRAPHY, Alexander B. Adams. Putman, $7.95 (*SR,* Sept. 10)—For bird-watchers and people-watchers, too, a fresh and loving account of the great naturalist's life and of his strikingly faceted personality.

WITH KENNEDY, Pierre Salinger. Doubleday, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 3)—Recollections of the author's exciting, often exasperating days as press secretary to JFK, plus a thoughtful discussion of the perplexities of "news management" in a free society.

BLOOD ACCUSATION: THE STRANGE HISTORY OF THE BEILISS CASE, Maurice Samuel. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 10)—Chronicled in this "Dreyfus case with vodka" are the incredible ritual murder charges against Mendel Beiliss and their purpose: to divert the rallying liberal spirit in turn-of-the-century Russia by instigating a new pogrom.

Fiction

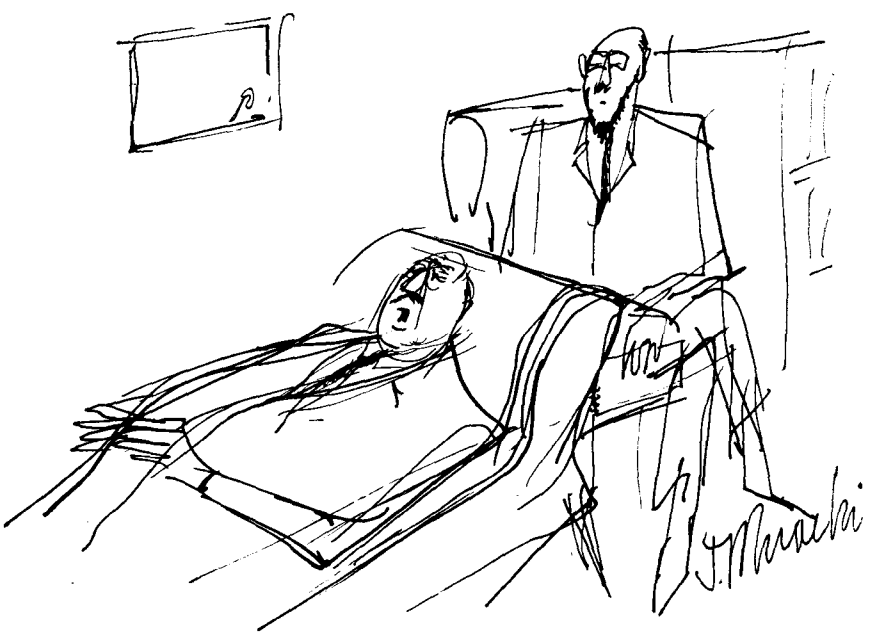
THE FIXER, Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 10)—The brutal murder of a child, an agitated Czarist Russia, and a malignant anti-Semitic conspiracy (suggested by the Beiliss case) form the noose snaring poor Yakov Bok, who learns not only to endure but to resist.

THE FACE OF ANOTHER, Kobo Abé. Knopf, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 10)—A masked scientist asks, "What's in a face?" and learns the answer in all its inter- and intra-personal horror.

THE MUSIC SCHOOL, John Updike. Knopf, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 24)—Unhappy love is the dominant theme in this latest harvest from the author's prolific sketchboard.

THE MAGIC OF SHIRLEY JACKSON, selected by Stanley Edgar Hyman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95 (*SR,* Sept. 17)—Ideal for the coming wintry nights, an omnibus volume of the works of a fierce visionary, whose eye penetrated the world of cruelty and madness.

JUBILEE, Margaret Walker. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 24)—A poet's first novel evokes the colors, sounds, and texture of the Civil War South as experienced by its Negro slaves.



"But by the time I found out money doesn't buy happiness, I already had ten million dollars."

BLACK ANGELS, Short Stories by Bruce Jay Friedman. Simon & Schuster, $4.50 (*SR,* Sept. 24)—Sixteen flights of fancy rooted in human reality comprise a new collection from the ever-surprising author of *Stern.*

OFFICE POLITICS, Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 17)—A little magazine's shaggy offices, a mad scramble when its charmingly despotic Anglo-American editor is temporarily removed, provide the setting for a gleesome book.

TALES FROM MODERN INDIA, edited by K. Natwar-Singh. Macmillan, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 24)—Introduces a contemporary literature that is still more closely allied to ancient Indian storytelling than to Henry James.

HOG BUTCHER, Ronald L. Fair. Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50 (*SR,* Sept. 3)—This indictment of civic corruption and its crippling effects tells of the wanton police shooting of a young Chicago Negro, and of his only avenger, a ten-year-old man.

DARK PLACES OF THE HEART, Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 17)—A compassionate journey into two dim souls who destroy all they touch, yet remain strangely unaffected.

ART

Exhibitions

ART OF THE UNITED STATES: 1670-1966, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. A loan exhibition featuring 275 American painters and sculptors celebrates the opening of the new Whitney Museum.

WATER-COLORS AND ILLUMINATED BOOKS BY WILLIAM BLAKE, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. A fine group of works, all from the splendid collection of the Pierpont Morgan Library, spotlights this enigmatic and rarely seen English artist.

MADE OF IRON, St. Thomas University, Houston. Representative iron works of art from the Third Millenium B.C. until today trace the development of sculpture from the time of the Sumerians to contemporary European and American welders.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY ACQUISITIONS, Cleveland Museum of Art. Nearly 160 works from all periods and countries, often of the highest quality, honor this museum's fiftieth anniversary. Included are paintings and drawings by Goya, Giovanni di Paolo, Dürer, Van Dyke, and Ingres. Closes October 16.

100 WORKS FROM THE MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Philadelphia Museum of Art. A loan exhibition of many of Montreal's finest paintings starts a seven-stop tour of the United States. Closes October 23.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

SANDBURG: PHOTOGRAPHERS VIEW CARL SANDBURG, edited and with an introduction by Edward Steichen. Harcourt, Brace & World, $10.75. With the master of images revealing the master of imagery, photobiography is at its finest. Reflecting sixty years of close friendship (most of them as "brothers-in-law who became brothers"), the glow of this collective tribute comes straight from the heart of its esteemed editor.

WITNESS TO OUR TIME, by Alfred Eisenstaedt. Viking Press, $16.95. 400 photographs in black-and-white and color record the past three decades in the life of the world and the world of the *Life* photographer. Through this visual time-capsule one becomes stunningly aware of the coalescence of these two worlds and the role of the photojournalist as history's "fish-eye" lens.

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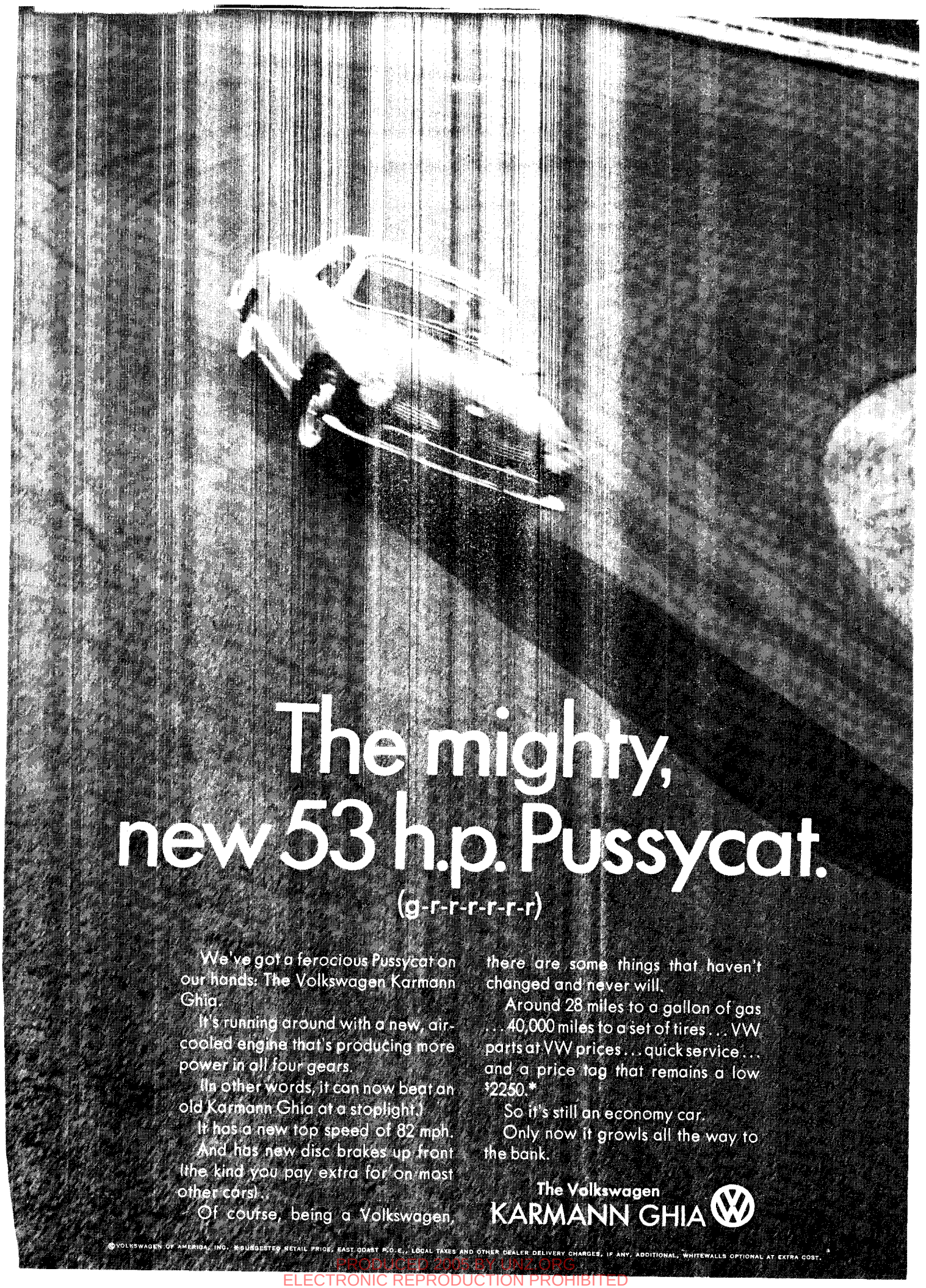

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Ladybird Country

THE LAST ROSE of summer is the glow that remains from a late-season foray into the redoubt of Jackson Hole, an oblong of high Wyoming plain walled in by the Grand Teton mountains. The Snake River rushes across the face of the flatland connecting the crossroads called Moran, up near Jackson Lake, with the metropolis of Moose. It has to be said that Moose is something less than a city, for it includes no more than a post office, a gas station, a tackle shop, a mountain chapel, a fur-trader museum, and the local headquarters of the National Park Service, which administers the Grand Tetons.

The lakes nudge up against the mountains, and many of them are decorated on the piney shore line with lodges and camp grounds. There is a federal bide-a-wee for elk to the south, national forests to east and west, Yellowstone to the north. The west is a wall of robust white-capped peaks which the French explorers called the Grand Tetons. It means big bosoms, and at least one guidebook to the area clucks about the "romantic name" which the Gallic pioneers gave it. In the French it is mammae's most ribald appellation.

What with the great mountains, the surrounding forests, the silver lakes, the itinerant moose and resident elk, and the pontoon boats skittering down the Snake River, Jackson Hole and the Grand Tetons is Ladybird Country.

What with the Johnsons urging us all to stay home and gasp at our own landscapes, and the United States Travel Service barking on alien shores for foreigners to visit the U.S.A., it somehow ought to be made easier to breach the mountain fastnesses, especially for those who come by air. The Boeing of Western Airlines which I boarded in Los Angeles was a joy, but the great gladness ended at Salt Lake City. There, one has to change to Frontier Airlines, and never was a flying circus more aptly named. Reservations which had been made for four seats two weeks before, and confirmed by wire, somehow failed to show up on the manifest. "You're on wait list," said each of the three counter clerks who milled about in some confusion. "There are nine in your party, correct?" With no trace of impatience, unless you count the smoke that poured from my ears as I prepared for involuntary blast-off, I whispered quietly, through my teeth, that there were four in my party and that they had confirmed the space fourteen days ago. Four seats they finally, with great effort, found, and obliged us with the favor.

They could have taken nine of us, had there *been* nine of us, for there were fourteen empty seats on the DC-3 they rolled out, no doubt straight from the Smithsonian Institution, to take us to Jackson. It was a bronco ride all the way, and no pioneer passenger riding Upchuck and Earpop Airlines in the 1930s ever had a rougher passage. I confess to being somewhat wide-eyed, a few days later, when the Denver papers carried stories headlined FRONTIER AIR SETS RECORDS. Operating profit was up to $749,000 from $314,000 in July, the month of the strike, and net profit showed a 114 per cent gain. Small wonder.

What makes the Grand Tetons visitable, or at least habitable, for those from the urban East and West are the lodges and campgrounds, most of which have been sprinkled through the Grand Tetons by the ubiquitous Rockefellers, whose innkeeping interests are strung now from the Virgin Islands to Hawaii. Most elaborate of all is Jackson Lake Lodge, a giant cantonment that is the most modern of the national park lodges. Its main house was sited by no less a connoisseur of the grand outdoors than the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who, before he let the architects go to work, had a platform built at just the proper height and just the proper angle to get the best view of the Tetons rising there so audaciously across the plain. When he finally gave his approval, the platform was torn down and the building rose on its site, the plate glass windows of the main salon affording visitors the exact view he had ordained.

THE coloring is magnificent in the fall when the aspens turn yellow with a sort of orange blush. With the yellow of the cottonwoods it makes a striking contrast, and nobody minds that the red of the Eastern maples is missing. The streams are low in the fall and clear, and the fish feed off the top, which makes the season ideal for those out to hook a trout—cutthroat, brook, or rainbow. The Yellowstone elk come down from the high altitudes as soon as the season turns cold, and wander into the Jackson refuge—anywhere from 6,000 to 10,000 head. Sometimes, by special permit, they can be hunted, a way of thinning the herd when the land becomes overgrazed. The cold-storage company in Jackson sells elk, and elk or buffalo salami frequently shows up in the lunches packed by the lodges in the Tetons.

In summer there are enough activities to satisfy a Catskill *tumler*. Horseback rides snake over the trails, pack trips penetrate the fastnesses of the forests. Two open-air swimming pools have been built to cool the guests who have come to be refreshed by nature. A new golf course has been built. The lodge itself stages *Gros Ventre*, or Big Belly Breakfasts, twice a week, offering trout, ham, sausage, lamb chops, liver, and breakfast steak all for $2, cereal, eggs, and juice included. Back of the house, tours cruise through the butcher shop, the bakery, the kitchen. While parents are anesthetizing themselves over a quiet cocktail, ladies hired by the lodge chloroform the

—*H.S.*

Colter Bay—"Luxury" camping, with cafeteria and dining porch, and swimming from a stone beach, are among pleasures offered in the shadow of the Tetons.

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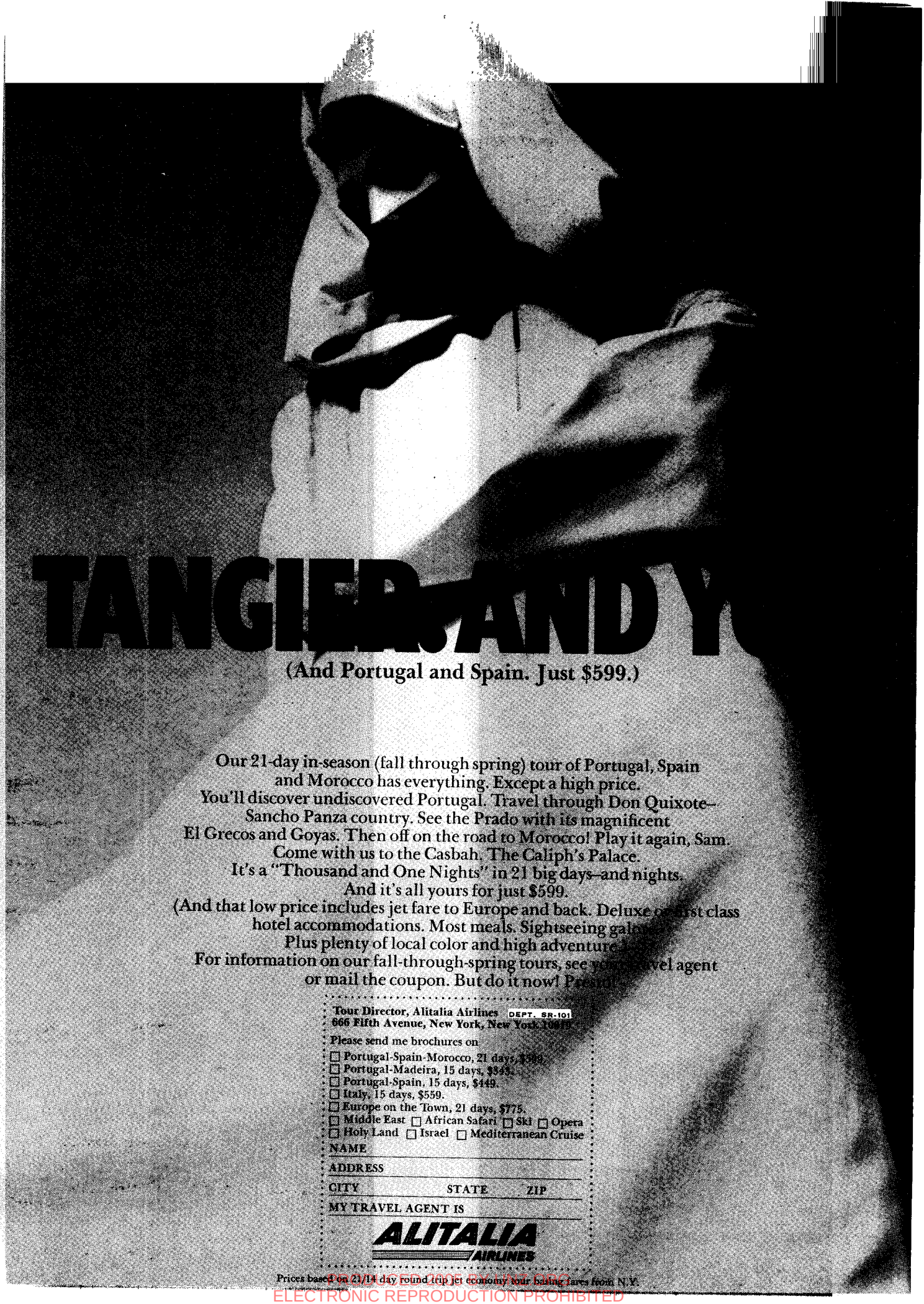

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kinder with Story Book Hour, held every afternoon at five.

Breakfast riders amble out of the stables every summer morning at eight, with a stop on the way for eggs and bacon cooked over an open fire. A ride bound for a hot-dog roast leaves in the wane of each afternoon. The most unusual of the excursions in Jackson Hole is the cruise down the Snake River aboard giant pontoon floats once used by Army engineers to throw bridges across rivers. Steered by two giant sweep oars, one at each end, the craft float down river over a twenty-eight mile course. Including a stop for lunch the odyssey takes six hours, but the excursionists, who pay $10 each—the fee including lunch—sail off in high hopes of seeing moose, elk, mule deer, and an occasional bear. The trip on which I was a member had little luck with land animals, flushing not much more than the rear view of a moose at 1,500 yards and a herd of cows. In the air we did better, buzzed as we were by a bald eagle, lesser night hawks, and even a great blue heron that I would have expected to meet in the Everglades, but never here.

ROOMS at Jackson Lake Lodge cost anywhere from $14 single to $25 for two, European plan. The higher rate applies to rooms in the lodge itself, but $22 will buy lodging on the grounds facing the mountain. For reasons I don't altogether understand, the architect put some of the cabins in a hollow, while the nearby ridgeline, looking off at the splendor of the scenery, remains unoccupied.

Those who want to get even closer to the outdoors can try to book at Colter Bay, a collection of luxury camping facilities. I say "luxury" because the shelter is only partly canvas, the rest of it constructed of more sturdy material. There is a shaded porch for al fresco dining, and while the bath is down the hall, so to speak, there is running water, flush plumbing, and showers. Most campers prepare their own meals, but Colter Bay has both a cafeteria and a grill. The cafeteria is designed in national-park modern, a style that is as sterile as it is functional. Here the architects have chosen a site that lies dead in a no-view hollow, the glass windows allowing expansive views of an embankment on one side and the parking lot on the other. It is a short walk to the lake, where the view is enjoyed by shore birds, and bipeds who come down to rent boats.

THERE is nothing particularly cheap about the cafeteria, and I wonder how America-on-wheels off on a budget vacation can afford to pay $2 for an adult's lunch. The John Colter Grill, across the hall, is really a soda fountain which extracts 95 cents for a hamburger, 55 cents for a hot dog, and 85 cents for chicken salad. Even the stamp machine in the hall will give up only four 5-cent stamps for each quarter dropped in its avaricious slot. Anyone bound for these climes next year would do far better to pick up the fixings for a lunch at the commissary and take it off to the marvelous picnic sites that have been placed in forest glens, in full view of the broad lakes and the ever present silhouette of the mountains.

Swimmers, especially those with walrus blood, can frolic in the waters of Colter Bay, which has a rock swimming beach and a lifeguard. The stones may not be enough to titillate a card-carrying rock-hound, but they offer a certain fascination, coming, as they do, in an assortment of blue, purple, terra cotta, and white. A lifeguard oversees the strand from an elevated perch, casting a protective view over the flotilla of plastic boats, floating mattresses, old tires, and dead logs used by the natators.

For me, the nest of greatest charm in the Tetons is Jenny Lake Lodge, a collection of thirty-five rooms, all of them in refitted trappers' cabins that were collected from the recesses of Jackson Hole. They have been spread under the evergreens around a modest main house where even in midsummer the woodfire crackles on the grate, and apple-cheeked college girls tend the tables. Here, at $40 a day for two, with breakfast and dinner included, the extraction seems eminently fair. The cuisine becomes at times nearly inspirational. What is left over is enjoyed by the ground squirrels, which, by mid-season, are tame enough to eat out of one's hand. The marmots which live under the main house, and which resemble nothing so much as a hirsute length of baloney with face whiskers, have a preference for Danish pastry. To this domestic menagerie one can also add the field mice and an occasional jackrabbit.

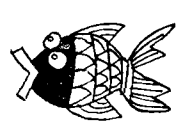
The most modest excursion will produce more varied game. It became our practice during the days I spent at Jenny, near summer's end, to order box lunches from the kitchen and then take off in the car I had rented to explore the hinterlands. One day we toured north along Teton Park Road, then veered off toward Signal Mountain. In a forest clearing we found a pond covered with lily pads and commanded by the blockhouse of a beaver. The tenant obliged, surfacing and diving, giving a fleeting view of the sheen of his pelt. We sat on a log, conveniently felled by the beaver, and had our picnic, feeding morsels to the bluejays, which waited, not without impatience, on the overhanging branches of the fir trees.

One day we rode down to Jackson, stopping to pay our respects to the few elk which, like rebel Parisians in town during August, had elected to spend the summer in the preserve, rather than in the high ground of Yellowstone. For the traveler from other parts out to inhale the unalloyed essence of the West, Jackson is the perfect center. It has the board sidewalks and archways over the city park entrance made of piles of elk horn. Live cowboys shuffle along the wooden sidewalks in the true garb one would expect to see, and the visitors fill the stores outfitting themselves with jeans, cowboy hats, and boots. An old stagecoach makes tours of the city at a nominal passage, and at night in the good weather a professional posse stages a shoot-'em-up in the middle of town.

From Moose, a magnificent forest road curls through the backlands to Teton Village, a brand-new Alpine resort that looks like some embryonic Chamonix nestling at the very base of the mountain walls. In places the trees come down to the road's very edge and there are spots where a sensitive engineer skirted around a fine evergreen rather than ask to have it felled. The road leads onward to Wilson, a minuscule road junction, but one Sunday it was brimful of visitors down from the ranches and the lodges, in from the spreads and the surrounding towns to watch the immense color of a bush rodeo as it played out its afternoon drama in the searing sun.

All this we did and more. I scarcely mention such moments of high pleasure as the drive back along the forest road from Wilson to Moose when, indeed, we met a moose perhaps fifty yards away in the brush, rubbing his antlers against the branches of a tree. Or that night back at Jenny when the moon came up like a Kennedy half-dollar and hung in the midnight blue of the sky behind the stark silhouette of the Tetons' craggy peaks. They were all adventures to salt away like a squirrel's cache against the long winter ahead.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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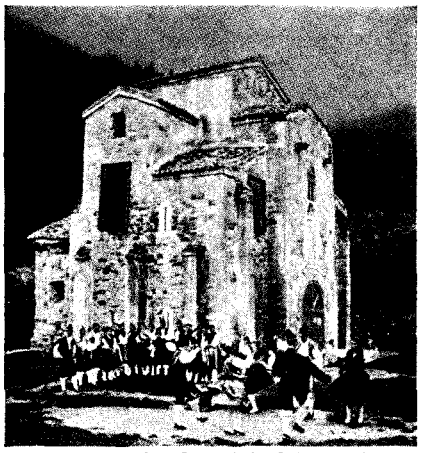
Six more words to have in mind for your vacation in Spain.

MUSICA!

MUSIC. You know of the Spanish guitars. But have you heard the music of the bagpipes and the timbrels and the reeds? Music holds great meaning in Spain's everyday life. Please come listen. And be enchanted.

BAILE!

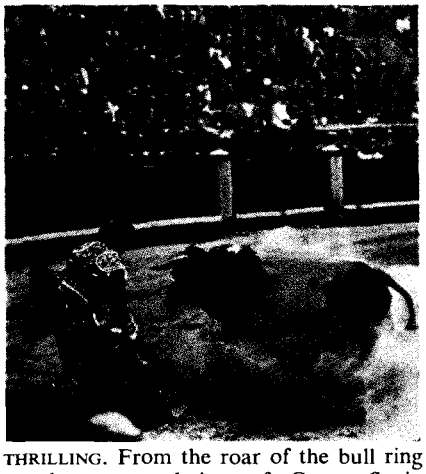


DANCING. Much of Spain's folklore is expressed by the dance. And, like so many lovely things in Spain, dances just seem to happen. You'll see men, women and children dance anywhere you go in exciting Spain.

FELICIDAD!

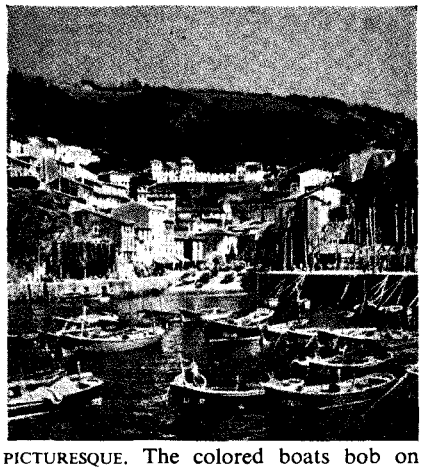
HAPPINESS. A fiesta is the occasion for spirited joy, and there's one taking place almost every day in Spain. You're sure to be caught up in the mood. Don't be surprised if you find yourself dancing with happiness, too.

EMOCIONANTE!



THRILLING. From the roar of the bull ring to the contemplation of Goya, Spain moves you. Thrill to opera and ballet at the summer festivals. For more active thrills, try the salmon fishing. Unbeatable!

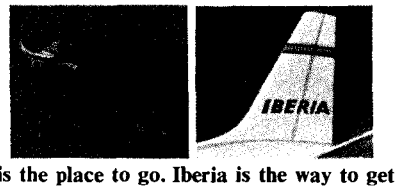
PINTORESCO!



PICTURESQUE. The colored boats bob on the blue waters. Warm sun dapples the green fields and white houses. Spain delights the eye and soothes the spirit. Spain is nature's gift to serenity. Come enjoy it.

SIMPATICO!

FRIENDLINESS. You get your first taste of Spanish friendliness and hospitality aboard an Iberia jet. Your 6½ hour flight to Madrid is relaxing. The food is supreme. Go to Spain the Spanish way—aboard Iberia Air Lines.



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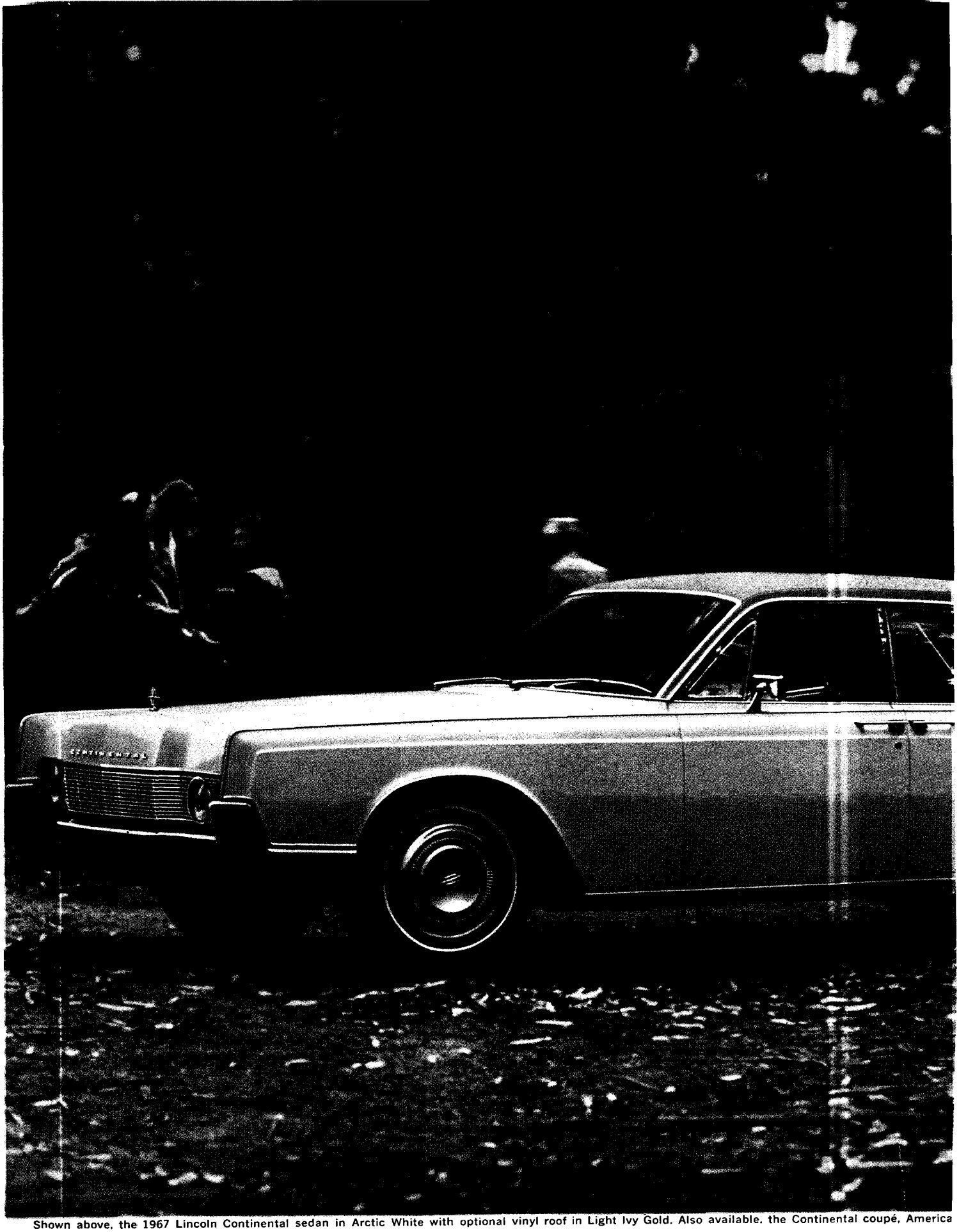

Shown above, the 1967 Lincoln Continental sedan in Arctic White with optional vinyl roof in Light Ivy Gold. Also available, the Continental coupé, America

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

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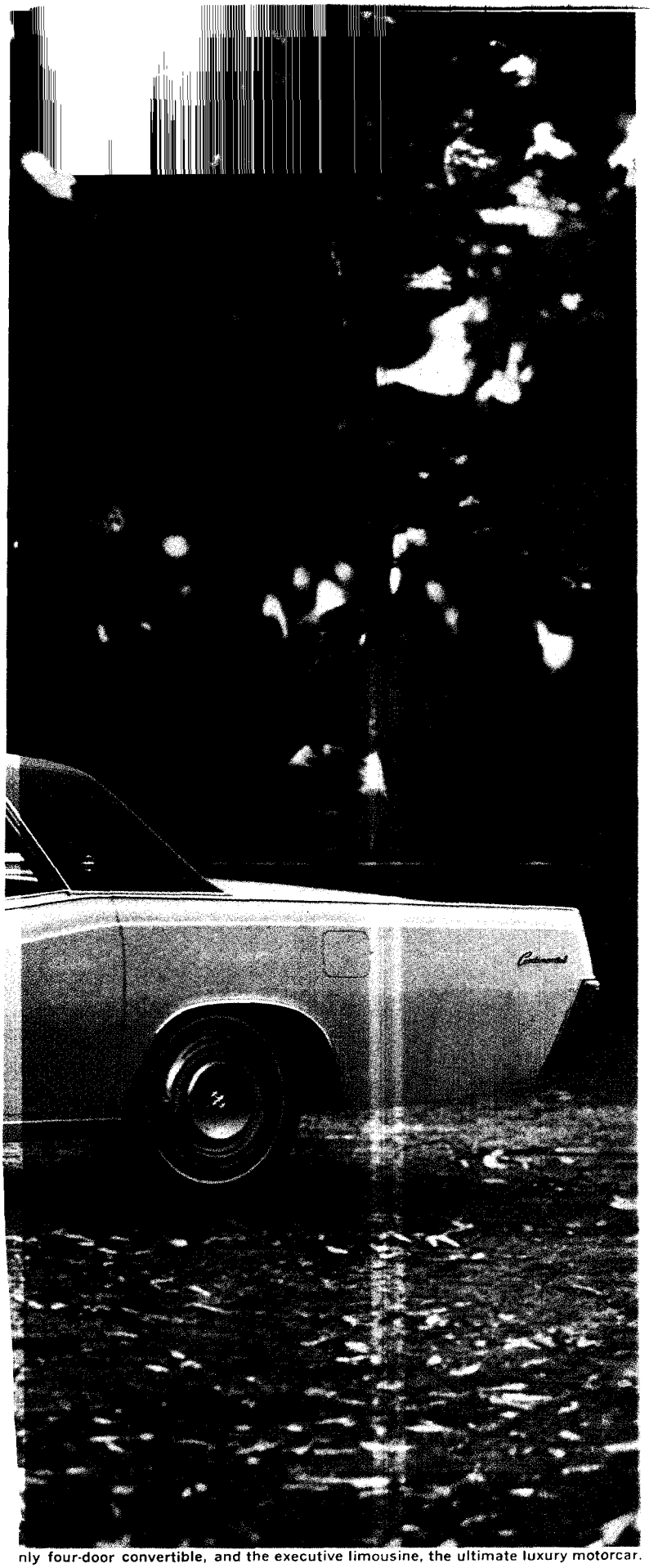
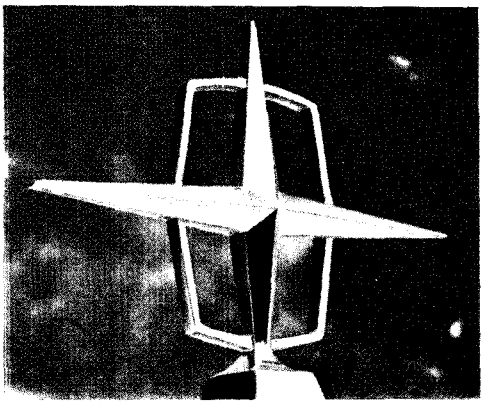


nly four-door convertible, and the executive limousine, the ultimate luxury motorcar.



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LITERARY HORIZONS

All the Greek World Was His Stage

MARY RENAULT's first novel about Greece, *The Last of the Wine*, published in 1956, was set in Athens in the latter part of the fifth century B.C., as the Golden Age was coming to a close. Later she wrote *The King Must Die* and its sequel, *The Bull from the Sea*, about the legendary Theseus. Now, with *The Mask of Apollo*, to be published October 25 (Pantheon, $5.95), she returns to historical times, the period between the death of Socrates and the rise of the Macedonian empire. The narrator is an actor, Nikeratos, and his achievement of success in his profession is one of the book's themes; the other is a struggle for power in Syracuse.

Miss Renault is able to write about ancient Greece as if she had been there. I don't know whether I admire this gift of hers more in the Theseus novels, where her imagination was free to build as it could on a meager foundation of facts, or in the Athenian novels, which might so easily have suffered from an excess of documentation. We know a lot about the Greek world in 400 B.C., but what we know is not always what serves the purposes of the novelist. The world Miss Renault shows us is sufficiently in harmony with the one we have read about in history books, and yet it is a world she has created.

Her Niko, son of an actor, played Astyanax in *The Trojan Women* when he was only six. As we follow his apprenticeship and rise to fame, we get a fresh sense of what the classic Greek theater was like and what it meant to the Greek people in a score of Mediterranean cities. Living not long after the time of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Niko knows intimately the works of the great tragic writers and feels their relevance to his life as well as his profession. The theater of his time was close to its religious origins, and he has a sense of his priestly responsibilities. A mask of Apollo, with which he carries on imaginary conversations, symbolizes his devotion not only to his art but also to the good, the true, and the beautiful. In the long run the symbol is overworked, but it leads to several impressive passages.

Niko is also concerned with the theater as theater, and Miss Renault writes about the conventions of Greek drama in a way that brings the theater to life. For instance, she describes the use of masks from the point of view of the actor, and what has always seemed to me a sterile device is seen in true perspective. Scenery, costumes, the foibles of actors, the peculiarities of the theaters in various cities, details of particular performances—she writes about them all with an air of authority. But the details are never allowed to submerge the story, which moves forward vigorously through a series of lively actions. This was, among other things, a period of disorder in the Greek world, and an actor's life was not without its perils.

MISS Renault, as always, makes her points deftly. Niko, for instance, speaks of Aischylos (her spelling) "who has been with us for a hundred years and looks good for another hundred." Niko's stomach is turned by "a show put on by some Etruscans": "All I can tell you is that their faces were quite bare; they were using them to act with." Niko entertains some soldiers by doing the death of Ajax, "known to all actors as the Barnstormers' Delight." He is a great success, but a problem arises: "At the end, since there was nowhere to go off, I had to kill myself on stage; which, having been brought up in the decencies of the theater, I had no notion how to do. I contrived it by turning my back, fearing to the last that I would slice a finger off."

As in her earlier novels, especially *The Last of the Wine*, Miss Renault maintains the Greek attitude towards homosexuality, treating it as in no way abnormal or indecent. Niko does not make a point of his being homosexual; it is something he takes for granted. He does remark casually, early in the book, "I can live very well without women, on the whole," but that is that. Later, when he first sees Dion, a Syracusan aristocrat and disciple of Plato, he describes him in frankly romantic terms, and regrets the fact that, for one reason or another, an affair between them is out of the question. It is with Thettalos, a young actor who becomes protégé, lover, and in a sense son, that Niko has the most important sexual relationship of his life.

If the other part of the novel, the account of the fight for control of Syracuse, is less successful than the story of Nikeratos and the theater, that is because Miss Renault is more closely bound to historical facts of a complicated sort. Dionysios, tyrant of Syracuse for half a century, dies, and his heir and namesake turns out to be a weakling. Dion tries to advise the young ruler, as does Plato, but wisdom of their sort is beyond him, though he becomes emotionally attached to both of them. Generals and admirals and other ambitious men strive

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to win control of the city, and in the resulting crisis Dion has to fight for power. His failure convinces Niko that, in spite of Plato's teaching, no man can be both a philosopher and a king.

If it were told from a different point of view, this story might be impressive enough, but Miss Renault has interested us in Niko as a person, and we are not satisfied when, for long stretches, he becomes a mere reporter. Moreover, the exigencies of history compel her to keep Niko shuttling between Syracuse and Athens, so that he can always be on hand at the right time, like Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd. (Towards the end he meets a golden-haired Macedonian boy who, as Alexander the Great, is to dominate the future of the known world.)

The first part of the novel is intensely interesting, and if some later sections seem dull, it is only by comparison. The book as a whole is always readable and often fascinating. Romantic historical novels, if they succeed at all, do so because they let the reader escape into a strange world. Serious historical novels, on the other hand, try not only to tell the truth about the past but also to show its relevance to the present. Miss Renault emphasizes the ways in which the past differs from the present and the ways in which they are alike. Niko is a man of the Greek world and therefore unlike us, but his culture has helped to shape ours, and many of the problems he faces, both philosophical and political, are still with us. As Miss Renault presents him to us, he is both stranger and brother and an uncommonly interesting character in both roles.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1208

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1208 will be found in the next issue.

LB ACF RFHM NCM RPV ZBIK KR

KCB NCUK IM NPKKXFY KCB

JPKPVB XF ZBIK KR RPVUBHTBU.

—WRGF IPAGCF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1207

Faith . . . an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable.

—H. L. Mencken.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

"Editorial Apparatus"

My editor's note and the jacket blurb clearly identify the purpose of *Introduction to Romanian Literature* [*SR*, Sept. 10]: it is intended as an introduction to Romania, its literature and its people. Certainly, the aspirations, ideals, and temperament of the Romanian people are reflected in this work.

Now, let us see how Robert L. Stilwell has distorted its purpose. Having appraised the anthology proper as "mildly attractive" and "all and all a collection . . . that deserves to be better known," he proceeds to single out the "editorial apparatus" and particularly the few lines of biographical introductory matter, written in Romania, which precede each selection.

The introductory material is set in the same "fine print"—actually 9-point type—that he finds so difficult to read in my Editor's Note but discovers to be very easy to follow elsewhere, because it suits his purpose. The introductions average about a half-page, contain essential biographical data and some indication of the national esteem enjoyed by the writer in his native land. These expressions of appreciation are as bland as the examples cited by Mr. Stilwell, and I seriously doubt that they outrage anyone's sensibilities. I can see nothing wrong, for example, in paying tribute to the "working people and their magnificent achievement." Inasmuch as life in Romanian villages is undergoing vital transformations, what is propagandistic about lauding these accomplishments?

Jacob Steinberg.

New York, N.Y.

Sophomoric Goat-Boy

I happened to read John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* prior to reading Granville Hicks's review of it [*SR*, Aug. 6] and his comments concerning the "headlessness" of some American writers. Having been profoundly disappointed in this book by the author of the brilliant *The Sot-Weed Factor* and having found it at best precious but more to the point obvious, shallow, and tiresome (in other words sophomoric), I am unable to understand Mr. Hicks's or anyone's enthusiasm either for it in particular or for this sort of thing in general. If this kind of useless, unrelievedly cute intellectual exhibitionism represents the opposite of "headlessness" in American fiction, I cast my ballot for the decapitated.

Dennis Talley.

Junction City, Kan.

Explosive Arms

Harold Lavine's review of *The Right to Bear Arms* [*SR*, Aug. 27] rather surprised me for its editorializing rather than reviewing, its immoderate tone, and its use of less-than-proved conclusions and glittering generalities. . . .

Having spent the last twenty years in law enforcement on four continents . . . it has been my experience that it is rare to find that [the criminal's] weapon has been acquired through legal channels; usually it is a stolen arm or one acquired by some other illicit means. . . .

A more realistic solution would be to have the courts apply more stringently the laws against criminal use of firearms. . . .

Raymond H. Landgren.

APO New York

In his comparative statistics, why doesn't Carl Bakal mention Switzerland, where *every* adult male (unless excused) is *required* to maintain firearms and ammunition in his home at all times? Because the Swiss statistics would refute his argument.

Harry Jackman.

Arcadia, Calif.

When Kennedy was shot, the cry was shouted to the world that only in the U.S. would a leader of the state be assassinated because only we have guns! Now we have the leader of South Africa killed in Parliament with a knife, in a nation having a much greater murder rate than ours! If you compared the gun murder rate in the U.S. with the number of guns in the country, you would soon find that, so far as being killed or injured is concerned, we are one of the safest (if not the safest) localities on earth. Our Chicago nurses are just as dead as Whitman's victims. Bakal is dead wrong.

R. G. Schiff.

Carbondale, Ill.

You all need to talk to some folks who own guns so you can understand how we, who own guns, feel about this subject. It isn't so much for the majority of us that we feel like we are going to have to fight the communists someday—it is that we have hunted for rabbits, squirrels, doves, quail and deer since we were kids and still enjoy it. . . .

C. H. Fields.

Houston, Tex.

Oh! Oh,

J. N. Meyer believes that writers should work only with words and not "resort to tricks of punctuation" [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Sept. 3]. As words are the translations of sounds into symbols, punctuation is the translation of pauses and inflections into symbols, and I don't see why the writer should not exploit them both to achieve the effect he wants. "Oh!" has a different meaning from "Oh," and I shouldn't want a proofreader to proofread his feelings into my writing and change one to the other.

Margie Jacobs.

Canoga Park, Calif.

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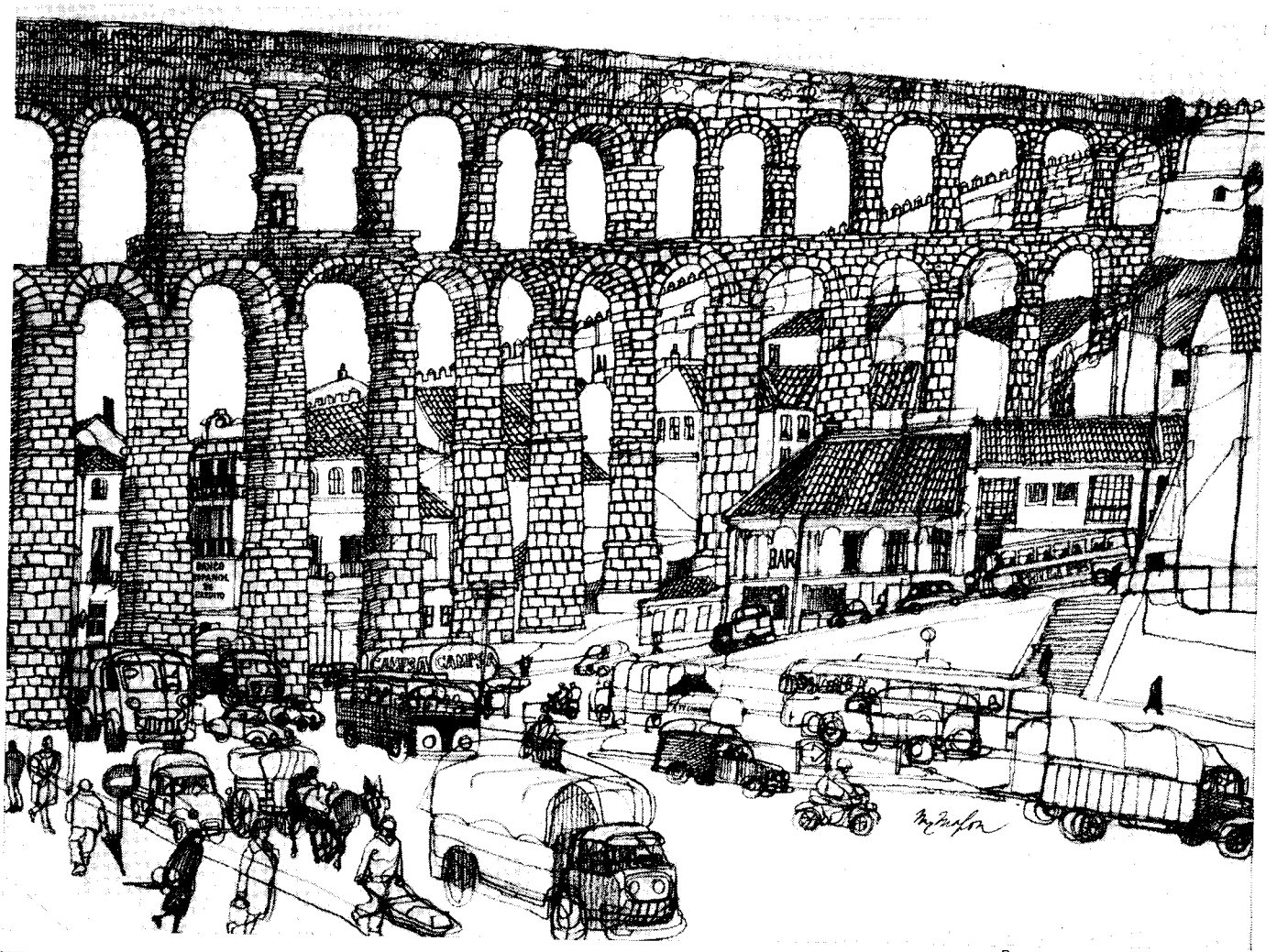

Roman aqueduct, Segovia, Spain

They Must Have Done Something Right

About the time this aqueduct was built, Sextus Julius Frontinus, superintendent of aqueducts at Rome, wrote a book on municipal waterworks. In his expert opinion, Roman aqueduct workmanship was slipping. However, the Segovia aqueduct has survived for nearly 1,900 years, and so has his book. Rand McNally, as a publisher and a leading manufacturer of books for other publishers, has learned not to try to predict a book's shelf life. That's why we manufacture all our books to last.

RAND McNALLY Publishers, Printers, Mapmakers—Chicago, New York, San Francisco

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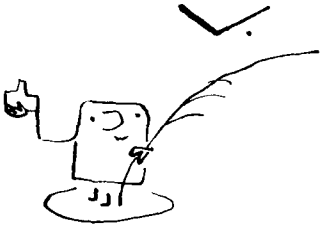
The Best Title of All

THE ELEMENTARY and Secondary Education Act of 1965 has authorized some $234,000,000 in federal funds for local school systems during the fiscal year 1966, and appropriations will rise another $80,000,000 in the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1967. As government money goes, this may not seem like very much; but to publishers the estimated $150,000,000 set aside for books other than texts is no small piece of business. An added bonus: the U.S. Office of Education, which administers the Act, recognizes that the printed word, as well as teaching machines and "educational hardware," is still a basic tool of learning. A final kicker: the Act will run for at least five years, and the ante is likely to be raised as the program picks up speed. "The sentiment for education is going to grow in Congress, and the federal commitment is going to grow," Assistant Commissioner for Education Alfred L. Alford has declared. Thus Uncle Sam—indirectly, since the money is first funneled to the various states—has suddenly become the largest and most creditworthy single customer the publishing industry has ever known.

And the industry is as flustered as a new bride. The added business has brought confusion to order departments, exhausted backlist titles, doubled sales of young people's books in many firms, created an unexpected demand for out-of-print items, and thrown production schedules haywire as book manufacturers struggle to keep up with the crush of orders. Most of the $100 million appropriated under Title II of the Act must be spent for trade books with which to stock school libraries. (Money allocated under at least two other Titles will also filter into publishing, although not on such a grand scale.) "We used to think the Bible was the best title of all," a publisher said recently, "but not any more. Title II is the best."

As part of the Act's sweeping attack on the needs of educationally deprived children, Title II is, so to speak, a stocking filler for the 54,000 elementary and secondary schools and the 625 high schools that are without libraries – a shortage which affects more than ten and a half million public school students throughout the country. A "national inventory" by the American Library Association shows a current need of 390 million volumes just to bring libraries (both school and public) up to minimum standards. This is a big order. Title II won't close the gap completely, but it will provide a healthy start. Federal money will also encourage book buying by private sources through a Parkinsonian approach to library construction: as the buildings expand, books must be found to fill them. The Higher Education Act of 1963, for example, poured $500 million into the construction of college libraries in fiscal 1966. The institutions will stock the shelves at their own expense.

What we are seeing today is a federally sponsored book-buying program that is concerned with a literary approach to literacy. This is a crash program that should pay off even bigger ten or fifteen years hence, as many of today's young people become book buyers in their own right. Harper & Row candidly



expects its business to double within the next five years. Holt, Rinehart & Winston's earnings statement for the first six months of this year showed an unprecedented 27 per cent increase over 1965, most of it in juvenile and young adult books. (The old definition of a young adult book as a trade book that doesn't have four-letter words in it no longer holds.) Viking's juvenile billings have doubled over those of '65. Director of the American Book Publishers Council Dan Lacy estimates that as many as 20,000 items will be affected by Title II as the new library start-ups get under way, and as existing libraries engage in "retrospective buying" to balance their inventory. To make it easy for those who do the buying, Doubleday has compiled a "Guide to Federal Aid Programs" which discusses some thirty ways to get money out of the government. It should be a popular book, and as far as we know libraries can even buy it with government money.

The impact of Title II has been across the board; publishers are bringing back trade books that have been out of print for years—oldies such as A. T. Mason's biography of Louis Brandeis, *A Free Man's Life*. Compass Books, a quality softcover line, is reversing a twenty-year industry trend toward paperbacks by reissuing some of its star performers —among them Rumer Godden, John Steinbeck, and Graham Greene—in hardcover. Thus the library is the leverage (to borrow an alliterative idea from Marshall McLuhan), and one of the disturbing questions raised by all of this is to what extent library demand, both school and public, will influence "critical publishing decisions." With some publishers already selling 70 per cent of their trade books to this market, the temptation to tailor a list to the wants of the biggest customer is considerable. "Good writers won't be pushed around by curriculum people," Elizabeth Riley of Crowell told a publishers' conference last spring; but at the same time the danger exists that good *new* writers may have a harder time getting published. Libraries are not notably innovative, and tend to acquire the accepted product; indeed, they create a norm that is difficult to buck, for the vast majority of books being ordered today under Title II are taken from the various "approved" lists put out by the American Library Association.

This is not to say that the ALA acts the role of censor; nevertheless, its recommendations carry weight. The government itself, through the Office of Education, must approve the various state plans before the money is passed out, but this leverage works both ways. Southern states are finding it harder to perpetuate segregated history and get Title II money. To date, every state has claimed at least part of its share. Where existing practice doesn't meet Federal standards, it is being revised to bring it into line.

THERE is an ironic postscript to the great Title bout of 1966. The price of books sold to libraries (generally more expensive than retail editions because of special binding) has risen 45 per cent over the 1957-59 base period. During this same period the consumer price index has gone up 9 per cent. Publishers, under fire from the Justice Department on a price-fixing charge, are justifying the rise on a variety of grounds, but it seems certain that those who haven't already done so will have to revise their approach to library pricing. The cost of books will probably come down and business will go up.

"Title II is not fat profit," an executive at Harper & Row cautions; the effect has been to create a batch of new problems, not the least being the need for money to finance expansion. Still, as problems go, publishing could do worse, and 1966 will go down as the year the book industry discovered what a really wonderful town Washington is.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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European Literary Scene

Although she faces without undue trepidation the political crises that often threaten her undoing, France seems panic-prone to crises in literature. Michel Raimond has just written a study on the French novel with the alarmist title of *La crise du roman* (Corti). René Etiemble, who dramatized the predicament of the French language in his *Franglais*, has written a little book on *The Crisis in Comparative Literature*. Much ink has flowed this year over the "crisis in criticism." Yet a literary happening that excites Paris as much as the "crisis" is the "rediscovery." Among many writers whom the French have recently "rediscovered" are Jean de Sponde, Rotrou, Lautréamont, and Gerard de Nerval (fragments of *Sylvie* and *Aurélia* were presented as a play this summer at an open-air theater in front of the Château de Senlis). Currently André Maurois is calling for a rediscovery of Anatole France—an excellent idea. However, one startling revival apparently taking place returns to favor the seemingly discredited Louis-Ferdinand Céline (1894-1961). Gallimard is publishing his last novel, *Rigodon*, late this year (the title comes from an ancient Provençal dance), and plans to publish other items from surviving manuscripts. Céline's two most famous works, *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Instalment Plan*, are being newly translated into English and other languages. (New American Library will issue the latter, in a version by Ralph Manheim, as a Signet paperback in November.) The lack of a major study in English on this important figure is now repaired by Erika Ostrovsky's *Céline and His Vision* (Gotham paperback). Céline's anti-Semitism and wartime errors fade in memory as there emerges in clearer perspective his lasting influence on Aymé, Queneau, and others, including Burroughs, Ginsberg, and Kerouac.

Although still living, Henry de Montherlant has attained a venerable age that permits him to be rediscovered every once in a while by the critics or by the Académie Française, of which he is a member. Recently his *Carnets 1957* were printed, revealing in general a traditionalist bias and an impatience with what an American poet called a homogenized society. Some of the brighter items:

When you pick up your pen to write a letter, think of posterity's judgments on Cicero, and pick up your telephone.

Why does one say of an old man, but never of a young one, that he is lecherous?

Those whom we esteem have a frightening power that others have not—that of disappointing us.

The critics who ignored Quasimodo's book of verse in favor of Claudia Cardinale's fan letters, published in book form the same day, have caught up with their Nobel Prize-winning poet. His *Dare e avere* (Mondadori), perhaps best translated as "Debits and Credits," has quickly won a *succès d'estime*. Valerio Volpini finds that, as poet and as man, Salvatore Quasimodo has entered his third phase. The first stage, which produced such splendid self-discovery and magnificent descriptions of nature (*Ed è subito sera* and *Giorno dopo giorno*), was succeeded by the *engagé* Quasimodo, singing of Sputniks. The third period is one of stoicism as death draws nigh. The very word death is no longer shrouded in terror, mystery, or religious associations: "I fear not death/ As I have feared life not." Nor does he have qualms or accounts to settle. He owes "no confessions on earth,/ not even to thee, Death, beyond thy portal/ opened on the video of life." Yet the style and language of Quasimodo, nurtured on classic writers and honed by long practice as translator, cannot be divided into phases. His images, consciously elaborated rhythms, and purist's concern for the poetic word keep him a poet even as he plays at sociologist or philosopher. In Italy this year he seemed as lively and gallant as ever. There will certainly be a fourth phase, but what will that phase be after this precocious *contemplatio mortis*?

Another collection of Italian verse recently arrived in the mail is being praised by the critics. Ugo Fasolo, an engineer and poet representing the Galileo technological factories in Venice, has written *Il Malumore* ("Bad Moods"), published by Ca' Diedo of that Adriatic city. The theme of his book and source of his black bile is our technological age, which can contradict or destroy man—an age, in fact, when the computer will probably end up writing a better Credo than the Apostles. Under the surface spoofing there is a deep seriousness in these poems, and Fasolo is obviously impressing critics as one of the few modern poets at home in the new world of IBM and Olivetti. Yet, as with Quasimodo, his poetic beginnings were marked by a tender mood of introspection. I think that chronologically I must have been Fasolo's English-language "discoverer," for even as a schoolboy I translated and published one of his early stanzas, *Istante del risveglio* ("Waking Moment"):

> The waking moment
> within the heart tarries
> as an unexpected dawn.
> My soul is arisen unto the sun.
> Thou art watching me wondrous
> in the luminous air.
> Thou op'nest thy hands which enact
> the green unclosing of leaves
> and thy breast swells.
> Forgotten by wintry eyes
> life becomes a newness.
> It bursts forth from the earth
> as a paean of laughter,
> the tireless drive of creation.

In the new book, alas, the notion of bursting creativity seems to be associated with mushroom-shaped clouds.

An established German poet, essayist, and novelist, Friedrich Georg Jünger, makes a welcome reappearance with *Wiederkehr* ("Trip Back"), published by Carl Hanser Verlag. Four stories deal with love affairs in the Lower Saxony the author knows so well. (He now lives on Lake Constance.) As a young poet, modeling his lyrics on Hölderlin, George, and the Greeks and Romans, Jünger made his decision in favor of tradition and classicism and never abandoned them for experimentalism, as have so many contemporary German writers. This explains the insistence of reviewers of these four tales that one can write traditionally and still write well.

European universities have not gone in so heavily for poets (or artists or musicians) in residence as have their American counterparts. However, Fischer Verlag endowed a guest-lectureship in creative writing at Frankfurt University, which now boasts an illustrious succession of incumbents, among them Karl Krolow, Helmut Heissenbüttel, and Heinrich Böll. The current one is Reinhard Baumgart, whose first novel, *Der Löwengarten*, appeared in 1961. He is doing very well for a writer even younger (by two years) than the precocious Günter Grass. However, Germany's *Wunderkind* remains Uwe Johnson, a stripling born in 1934.

—Robert J. Clements.

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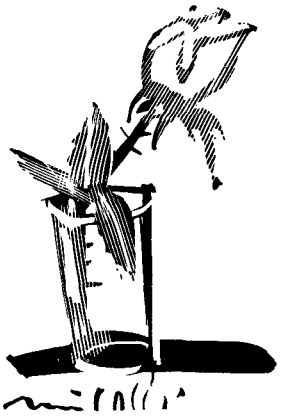
A Crystal for the Metaphysical



By MURIEL RUKEYSER, *poet, translator, and biographer.*

MARIANNE MOORE's *Tell Me, Tell Me: Granite, Steel and Other Topics* (*Viking* $3.50) performs a rare act: these poems and brief essays supply another part in the definition of a structure, accurate and personal.

Miss Moore has said, "One writes because one has a burning desire to objectify what it is indispensable to one's happiness to express." In this new work, her fourteenth book (to be published Nov. 4), the objects appear to face each other; forms that had seemed crystals, twin crystals, take on a further growth. The polarity is clearer and greater than one had guessed. She sets up an opposition: "Always, in whatever I wrote—prose or verse—I have had a burning desire to be explicit; beset always, however carefully I had written, by the charge of obscurity." She tells, in the first essay of the book, of reading these lines from the poem "Tell me, tell me":

> I vow, rescued tailor
> of Gloucester, I am going
> to flee: by *engineering strategy*—
> the viper's traffic-knot—flee
> to metaphysical newmown hay,
> honeysuckle or woods fragrance. . . .

"After the program," Miss Moore's essay continues, "a strikingly well-dressed member of the audience, with equally positive manner inquired, '*What* is metaphysical newmown hay?'

"I said, 'Oh, something like a sudden whiff of fragrance in contrast with the doggedly continuous opposition to spontaneous conversation that had gone before.'

"'Then why don't you *say* so?' the impressive lady rejoined."

Many of her poems are metaphysical newmown hay; and Marianne Moore has offered the charge against herself with gallantry, answering it with the crystal structure, the delicate, courageous wit of poems. "One should be as clear as one's natural reticence allows one to be," she has also said.

In clarity the poems claim their form. With the one that begins in its title, "The mind, intractable thing," the reader is swung at once back to an earlier poem, now in *A Marianne Moore Reader* (Viking, Compass Books). "The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing" counters itself at once, in its own terms: "is an enchanted thing." The new poem moves away into a question:

> The mind, intractable thing
> even with its own ax to grind,
> sometimes
> helps others. Why can't it help me?
>
> O imagnifico,
> wizard in words—poet, was it, ...

and we are given two sharpcut sights

> on the sand-pale dark byroad, one leaf
> adrift
> from the thin-twigged persimmon,
> again,
>
> a bird—Arizona
> caught-up-with, uncatchable cuckoo
> after two hours' pursuit, zigzagging
> road-runner, stencilled in black
> stripes all over, the tail
> windmilling up to defy me?

And immediately, roused, dismissed, the sharp and timeless outcry:

> You understand terror, know how to
> deal
> with pent-up emotion, a ballad,
> witchcraft.
> I don't. O Zeus and O Destiny!
>
> Unafraid of what's done,
> undeterred by apparent defeat,
> you, imagnifico, unafraid
> of disparagers, death, dejection,
> have out-wiled the Mermaid of Zennor,
> made wordcraft irresistible:
> reef, wreck, lost lad, and "sea-
> foundered bell"—
> as near a thing as we have to a king—
> craft with which I don't know how to
> deal.

(Miss Moore's note on the mermaid refers us to a poem by Vernon Watkins. And in Cornwall the mermaid's memorial is still in the church.)

This poem, in its praise and harsh confessing grace, sets extreme qualities alongside those that Miss Moore has long given us: probity, scrupulousness, limits set and honored by the self, a sense of exotic dailiness, a pattern to which the poet has been committed in personal bravery, a vital diffidence. For here the mind and the poet, and witchcraft, wordcraft, rouse us by so powerful a suggestion that every cry is answered. We know this in familiarity on the stage, when Tennessee Williams and Albee, in cannibal attack, offer us the vision of love between people, of marriage, by showing us the hour massacred. Or Houdini, as strong magician of escape, who said he had to master two things: fear and every muscle of his body. These poems have mastery of things comparable, ultimate danger. What is mastered here, and what the poems of Marianne Moore suggested might be mastered, are "disparagers, death, dejection," and chaos, against which she has struggled for compactness.

The poem "Dream" considers, among a delight of syllables, positions for artists, and comes to "Fate-like Bach."

> Jubilation! Re-rejoicings! Felicity!
> Repeated fugue-like, all of it, to infinity.

until, at the end:

> Dazzling nonsense . . . I imagine it? Ah!
> nach
> enough. J. Sebastian—born at Eisenach:
> its coat-of-arms in my dream: BACH
> PLAYS BACH!

Marianne Moore's eternals stand up here, attributed to Homer in "To a Giraffe" ("the unconversational animal")—a poem that lifts smiling to

> In Homer, existence
>
> is flawed; transcendence, conditional;
> the journey from sin to redemption,
> perpetual.

Miss Moore tells in this book of her crow, which could never be taught to say the "Nevermore" of Poe's bird. She answers her earlier "Nevertheless" with "Evermore"; she answers with poems facing each other across the years, like the two poems of the mind. As this book unfolds, with its words on the power of concentration and its story of "the next python," its acknowledgments to Henry James and Beatrix Potter and Floyd Patterson, its fascinations ramify: the affection and deep noticing that bring us to the illusion of the world's transparency and catch us again with the stern goodness of "Talent, knowledge, humility, reverence, magnanimity involve the inconvenience of responsibility or they die."

The line-by-line handling of Miss Moore's poems is now our history: her medieval device of rhyme-breaking; the

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syllabic standard, the form in which she gathers her freedom. But with these poems and meaning that face each other we can see something more: a style of the spirit for which there are precedents, and none closer than the one celebrated in the first poem of this book, the poem called "Granite and Steel" and again in "In Lieu of the Lyre."

This is the "radiance that doth inherit me," an interacting meaning of strength and joining and myth that is recurrent in Marianne Moore's poems and in the myth-history of New York. The sign of this is the *Brooklyn Bridge*. From John Roebling's definition of the curve which the cable forms, the catenary curve of a chain hung free between two fixed supports, Miss Moore has taken her "principle of order in history." She speaks of the "catenary curve from tower to pier" as the "implacable enemy of the mind's deformity," and it is this strong, recurrent form of her own that has been reflected in the chief of her lifetime works. Of Brooklyn and Manhattan, then, she says

> as if probity had not joined
> our cities in the sea.

It is the free form in strength that we have in her formal poems, and it is notable that they are joined in probity.

IN early autumn 1966 a visit to Marianne Moore was rather like an answer to the poem by Elizabeth Bishop, "Invitation to Miss Marianne Moore"

> From Brooklyn, over the Brooklyn
> Bridge, on this fine morning,
> please come flying.

She lives now near the Henry James part of Greenwich Village; not that there is any James stretch now, but the overtopping and smothering of the city that he foresaw have its several gaps, housefronts, a long broad sky.

"Miss Moore's not likely to answer the bell," said the man downstairs. But she did. Here, newly returned to Manhattan after living in Brooklyn almost forty years, she was frail and strong in a pale blue dress. We sat under the square clock-face, facing the yellow velvet, tufted sofa. Kind, ironic, of acute and direct speech, she gave me gracefulness. We spoke of the new book, whose galleys I had been reading. What might she do next? Maybe write her memoirs, Miss Moore said. Her files were all in the next rooms, boxes to the ceiling in one, she said; the sorting-out of moving was still going on. However, she really lived here now, although her church was still in Brooklyn, and people there were talking to her about coming back and asking her why she hadn't told them that she was thinking of leaving.

We spoke of several poets for whose writing she has affection. For whom she cares. Robert Francis. Elizabeth Bishop, now in the Northwest. Many good poets now, don't you think so?

Of politics, of the war in Vietnam, and of the reception given for her recently by Ambassador Goldberg, at which I heard her say, after the terms of praise with which she had been introduced, "Overestimated! Always overestimated!" She said she did not really like her marvelous poem "In Distrust of Merits" because it is "didactic": "I care about speaking up. I never wanted to evade anything."

We spoke of TV and the interviews, close and personal, that come into one's room; the interview with Jean Renoir, of which she has written in this new book. Renoir saying when he was asked whether he had been poor in his childhood, "It depends on what you mean. My mother could do much with little. We were always surrounded by luxury in all that is done with the hand."

We spoke of the interview with Roy Campanella, in which Mike Wallace asked him in his suffering, "Do you believe that God was punishing you?" And Campanella answering, "No, I believe that actions follow as a direct result of laws of physics." With dignity.

Of baseball; I was not curious about her interest, but the scoreboard knowledge for which she is celebrated. I praised it as the only *orbital* game.

Of art, imagination, and long achievement. Of the phrase to which she comes back again and again, the most difficult central phrase. It is in the hymn that says, "Rejoice evermore." (Echoes of "Nevertheless" start up, of the crow who will not learn to say "Nevermore.") "Evermore!" she said. "Think of it! And if it is a mother with a son blown to unrecognizable bits in Vietnam. . . ."

Around us the signs of the place, rare and many, filling one's senses. Haunting, curious moment; beginning when one was a child, reading Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry* and finding Marianne Moore with "a scarab of the sea"—the sea-gull greeting "men long dead." This moving, frail, strong woman and the cluster about her, all speaking so clear: the small bone figure of the Arctic musk-ox, the Mexican toad, the yellow rose painted by E. E. Cummings, the sea, the ball park, in her room the dark beaver in snowy winter giving off a dark light, the photograph of T. S. Eliot as a young boy, the green wax candle. The book she gives me, the thin fine English print, its feel in my hand after she writes in it. Now she lights the great wax candle; the flame springs up, warm flower-yellow, deepens; down the tower-shaped candle the shadow drops.

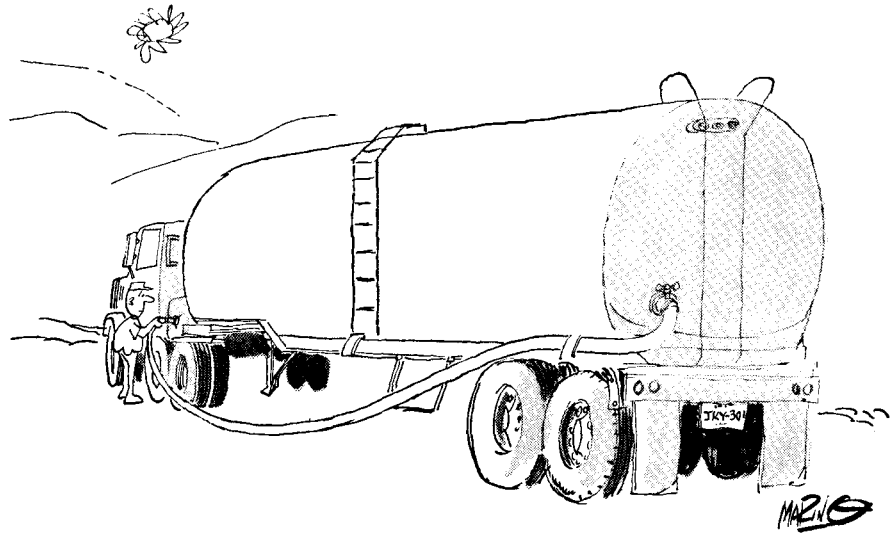
IN "A Note on the Notes" to *What Are Years* Marianne Moore writes: "Since . . . in anything I have written, there have been lines in which the chief interest is borrowed, and I have not yet been able to outgrow this hybrid method of composition, acknowledgments seem only honest. Perhaps those who are annoyed by provisos, detainments, and postscripts could be persuaded to take probity on faith, the will for the deed, the poem as a self-sufficiency, and disregard the notes."

The poet who believes in the materials of the world—written material—in such a way that his desire to include drives him to use them selectively, but in their own voice, is at once faced with questions. How to claim, to make the material one's own, and still leave it to walk among its origins?

The traditional assertion—that all materials belong to the artist—is true in a sense. This is actually an assertion that the artist does not want to own the world but to use the world. It includes the entire range of life in horror and love.

And of the delights and irritations of Marianne Moore's poems? In what relation to the world does this woman stand? Is it as wry, odd zoo-keeper? Is it

(*Continued on page* 81)



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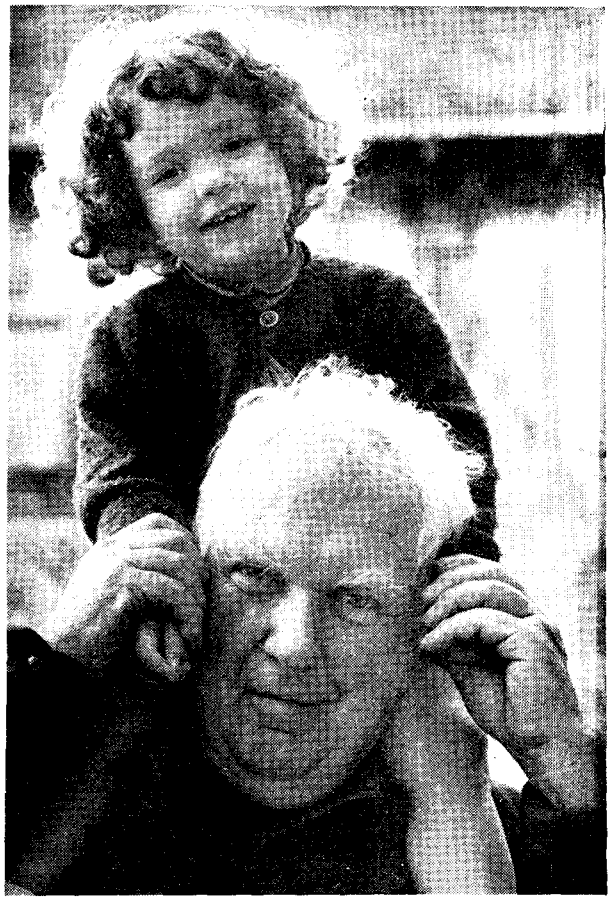
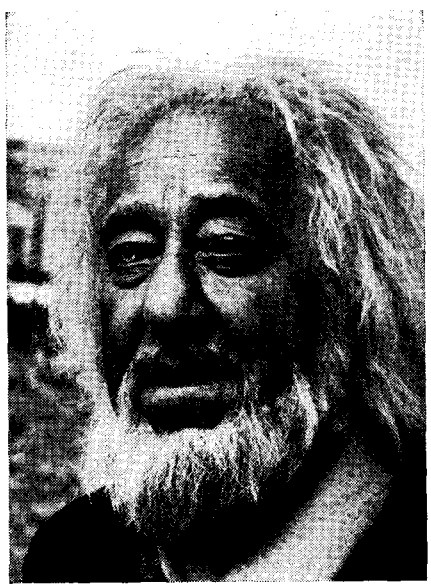
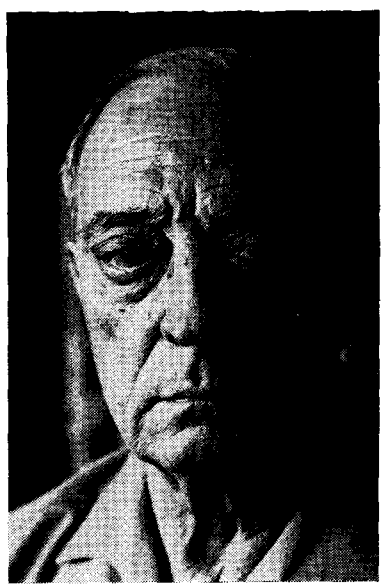
Picturing the Fall

Faces and Places in the Season's Book News



Sculptor with grandson, in *Calder: An Autobiography with Pictures*, by Thomas Calder (Pantheon, $15, Nov.).





The late Ed Wynn and Buster Keaton, in *Double Exposure: A Gallery of the Celebrated with Commentary by the Equally Celebrated*, by Roddy McDowall (Delacorte, $15, Nov.).

Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, in *Virgil Thomson*, by Virgil Thomson (Knopf, $7.95, Nov.).

—*Todd Webb-Photo Researchers.*

Amish, in *America and Americans*, by John Steinbeck (Viking, $12.50, Oct.).

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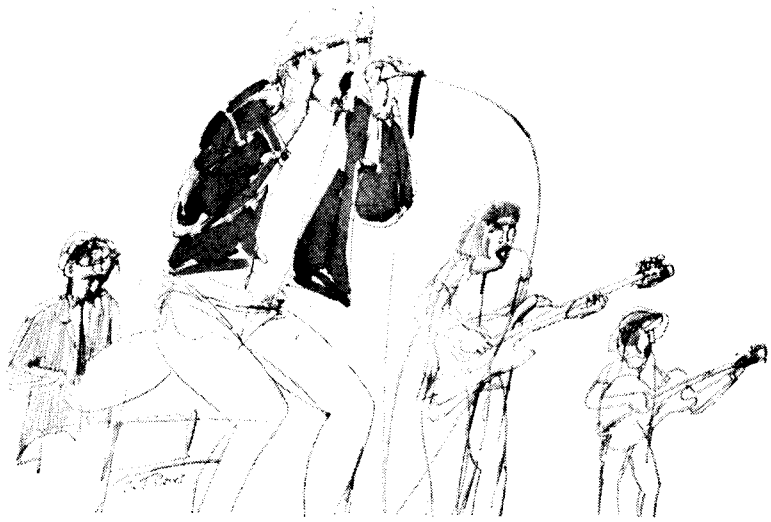
(l. to r.) East Indian priest of Trinidad, in *Yankee Nomad: A Photographic Odyssey*, by David Douglas Duncan (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $23, Oct.); Somalia matron, in *The World: Countries and Civilizations*, by Martin Hürlimann (Viking, $28.50).



(l. to r.) Illustrations from *Haven't We Met Before Somewhere?*, drawings by Ronald Searle, text by Heinz Huber (Viking, $10); *London à la Mode*, by Paul Hogarth and Malcolm Muggeridge (Hill & Wang, $6.95, Nov.); *Bibliopola: Pictures and Text About the Book Trade*, by Sigfred Taubert (Bowker, 2 Vols. $60).

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BOOKS FOR AUTUMN READING

By ROCHELLE GIRSON, *whose "Maiden Voyages" will be published next spring.*

OUR PERDURABLE animal instincts expounded in Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative* and Konrad Lorenz's *On Aggression* to the contrary, if the proper study of mankind is still man, the fall book calendar all but insists that he be or have been incarnate. Seldom has the year's major publishing season been so fertile with recollections, biographies, letters, and journals of the great. Perhaps never has one been so barren of equally stellar fiction. John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* and *The Fixer*, by Bernard Malamud, have no apparent American contenders, from now until Christmas, as genuine literary events.

Nevertheless, taking book-seller encomia as an augury, it is predictable that multitudes will delight in *A Dream of Kings*, by Harry Mark Petrakis, whose *Pericles on 31st Street* was the surprise nominee of last year's National Book Award fiction committee. For devotees of Edwin O'Connor's Erin-in-Boston, there will be the nostalgic *All in the Family*; for those who relive the ancient Aegean civilization as reconstituted by Mary Renault, *The Mask of Apollo*—all reviewed in this issue.

Antedating Miss Renault by 1,000 years, in *King of the Two Lands* (Random House, $4.95, Oct.) archeologist Jacquetta Hawkes demummifies the Pharaoh Akhenaten, allegedly the first to believe there was but one god—and he was the sun. The Normans who invaded England 900 years ago have also had a good press. With compassion for the underdog, Bryher balances the record in *This January Tale* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50, Nov.). Another vanquished world—that of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—is repeopled with magnates by Heimito von Doderer in *The Waterfalls of Slunj*, translated from the German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser (Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95, Oct.).

Disillusioned with the theater, August Strindberg echoes Balzac in *The Scapegoat* (Erikkson, $4.50, Nov.), a tragicomic tale of venality, preening morality, and plunder, for which a Gothic mountain village is the backdrop. Arvid Paulson translated it from the Swedish.

Critics will look hopefully to Berry Morgan, whose Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship was for the first time granted to a promising—and ambitious—writer for the completion of a series of novels. The debutante volume, *Pursuit* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95, Oct.), introduces an aristocratic Mississippi plantation heir and his fanatical bastard son. Concluding the five-volume "Bucksin Man" series, Frederick Manfred, whom some consider "the Faulkner of Siouxland," tackles an Oedipus theme in *King of Spades* (Trident, $4.95, Oct.). "When the father returns home and finds his son and wife living together as man and wife, the events that follow," the publisher cautions, "are staggering to read." But not entirely unexpected. Incest figures, too, in *The Son*, by Gina Berriault (New American Library, $4.50, Nov.). Winner of the *Paris Review*-Aga Khan Fiction Award, the author strips the psyche of a lust-lorn, disillusioned divorcée, who, having unmanned the men in her life, turns to a fifteen-year-old—her own.

More universal, sadly, is the passion in Jessamyn West's *A Matter of Time* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75, Oct.), in which two sisters conspire to cheat the Grim Reaper of his cancerous victim's terminal agony.

Disdaining popular identification, the avant-garde initial novel in the headstrong Paris Review Editions series, *Tlooth*, by poet Harry Mathews (Doubleday, $4.95, Oct.), spins, through its protagonist's hallucinations, stories within stories satirizing, among other endeavors, archeology and medical research.

Two years ago Rebecca West published *The Meaning of Treason*, which may, after a decade's recess from fiction, have inspired her to toy with a humorous, turn-of-the-century spy-thriller, *The Birds Fall Down* (Viking, $5.95).

AUTUMN fiction will also be leavened by a trio of laureled Europeans—Paolo Volponi, Uwe Johnson, and Pierre Gascar. As in his first novel, *My Troubles Began*, Volponi's 1965 Strega Prize-winner, *The World-Wide Machine*, translated from the Italian by Belén Sevareid (Grossman, $5, Oct.), relates the misery of a man awry with industrial society. Uwe Johnson, who received Berlin's Fontane award for *Speculations About Jakob* and the Formentor Prize for *The Third Book About Achim* (to be published in '67), this season appears with *Two Views*, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95, Nov.). The double vision is of a love affair between a West German photographer and an East German nurse frustrated by a contemporary bundling board—the Berlin Wall. Gascar, winner of the Prix Goncourt and Prix des Critiques, draws on his own rustic childhood for a pastorale of innocents with widening eyes in an Aquitaine hamlet. Entitled *The Best Years*, the novel was translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence (Braziller, $5, Oct.).

Postponed from last spring, Françoise Sagan's *La Chamade*, translated from the French by Anne Green (Dutton, $3.95, Oct.), is a cat's cradle of May-September matings, during which a hedonistic Parisienne reneges on the re-

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sponsibilities of adulthood and adultery.

Last winter's *La Bâtarde* acquainted America with the sorrowful life of Violette Leduc. Telling of suppressed tenderness, thwarted love, and deprivation, the three novellas in *The Woman with the Little Fox*, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95, Nov.), may reveal why Leduc's novels have been hailed by Camus, Cocteau, Genet, Sartre, and de Beauvoir.

Normandy, Burgundy, and Paris are the locales for the stories and a trio of novellas in *The Boarders in the Rue Madame: Nine Gallic Tales* (Morrow, $4.50, Oct.), by Hallie Burnett, co-editor with Whit Burnett of *Story* magazine. Four of the twenty-one stories are of novella length in John O'Hara's *Waiting for Winter* (Random House, $5.95, Nov.), which, like most of his titles, will be released on Thanksgiving. Tennessee Williams, too, in *The Knightly Quest* (New Directions, $5, Nov.), has included a novella with four short stories—concerned, respectively, with a secret space weapon, imminent death, a paragon of selflessness, poor whites, and an interracial bond.

David Caute provides a vivid articulation of African politics and international cultural confrontation in his novel *The Decline of the West* (Macmillan, $7.95).

Borrowing on Truman Capote, Congressman Gerald R. Ford of the Warren Commission, with the assistance of John R. Stiles, attempts through a "nonfiction novel" to make a recognizable human of Lee Harvey Oswald in *Portrait of the Assassin* (Ballantine, 95¢, Nov.).

Capote himself, as well as two other novelists—John Dos Passos and Vladimir Nabokov—this fall reminisce. There's no cold blood in Capote's reissued *Christmas Memory*, a nosegay to a boyhood Southern Yule (Random House, $5, autographed, $10, Nov.). The part of his beloved old-maid cousin will be played by Geraldine Page in the color film of the story, narrated by the author, to be presented on ABC-TV December 23rd. For *The Best of Times* (New American Library, $5.95, Nov.), Dos Passos retracks his literary path to Paris in the Twenties, when he sharpened pencils with Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Joyce. First written by Nabokov during the Second World War, *Speak, Memory* (Putnam, $6.75, Nov.) enlarges and substantiates from formerly unavailable archives an incandescent picture of the author's privileged youth in czarist Russia as heir to luxury, culture, and a politically liberal family tradition.

Scotching the legend that the late Prime Minister was an underachiever at Harrow, the first volume of his journalist son Randolph's biography, *Winston S. Churchill: Youth 1874-1900* (Houghton Mifflin, $10, Nov.), mines the P.M.'s first three decades' correspondence for, among other nuggets, the intelligence that Master Winston simply saw through the twaddle of conventional schooling, hence riveted his attention on subjects he thought useful.

Although he didn't learn to read until he was nine, Woodrow Wilson at the age of eighteen began methodically to horde his letters, scrapbooks, class notes, and essays. These, together with official and unofficial memorabilia, will ultimately fill forty volumes, edited by Arthur S. Link, who wrote the definitive biography of our twenty-eighth President. An endearing exhibit of Volume I, *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson 1856-1880* (Princeton Univ. Press, $15, Oct.), is a shorthand diary that Wilson—then known as Tommy—kept as an undergraduate.

The first poet to address an American President's Inaugural asked Princeton Professor Lawrance Thompson nearly three decades ago to be his official biographer. "You've had a long time to turn me over in your mind," Robert Frost commented twenty years later. Thompson's first volume, *Robert Frost: The Early Years (1894-1915)* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.50, Oct.), sifts the complexities of the man and his art.

How a solid insurance executive could be an avant-garde poet may be explained in the *Letters of Wallace Stevens*, edited by the paradox's daughter, Holly Stevens (Knopf, $14, Oct.). Included in some 800 letters are observa-

tions on creativity and truth. For those who like to read other people's mail there will also be Volumes II and III of the *Letters of James Joyce*, edited by the novelist's biographer Richard Ellmann (Viking, $25. Vol. I, revised, $10. Boxed set of Vols. I, II, and III, $35. Dec.). *Epitaphs of Our Times: The Letters of Edward Dahlberg* (Braziller, $6.50, Nov.) also contains exchanges with luminaries, among them, Stieglitz, Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson.

The first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission retired at the age of forty-nine. His attempts at subsequent adjustment are the thrust of *The Journals of David E. Lilienthal, Volume III: Venturesome Years, 1950-1955* (Harper & Row, $10, Oct.). The book's geography ranges from Wall Street to the Indus Valley, its personnae from a Colombian dictator to Katharine Cornell.

"Louis XIV fell in love with Versailles and Louise de La Vallière at the same time; Versailles was the love of his life." Thus Nancy Mitford sets the crisp tone of her opulently illustrated biography *The Sun King* (Harper & Row, $15, Oct.), a refreshing refleshing of the seventeenth-century monarch, his mansion and multitude of minor amours. Contemporary fiction may have readied the world for the unbowdlerized memoirs of a notorious eighteenth-century philanderer, poet, essayist, adventurer, Freemason, Rosicrucian, and librarian. For 145 years his racy anecdotes as an ultimately fatigued womanizer were gelded and pruned. Now faithfully rendered into English by Willard R. Trask, they will appear as *History of My Life: Volumes I and II Combined by Giacomo Casanova* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $7.50, Nov.). An extraordinary contemporary of Casanova is revealed in all her vivacity in *The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Volume III: 1752-1762* (Oxford, $13.45, Oct.), edited by Robert Halsband. And another vibrant personality—the great Bernhardt—is the subject of a spirited biography, *Madame Sarah* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95, Oct.), by Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Inspired by Somerset Maugham's *A Writer's Notebook* (the author dismissed it as "jottings, nothing more. Grand for the . . . W. C."), for two decades director-playwright Garson Kanin conscientiously recorded immediately thereafter what he saw and heard during visits with the cultivated and splenetic Very Old Party. *Remembering Mr. Maugham* (Atheneum, $5.95, Oct.) is Kanin's entertaining collation. "Willie" Maugham is also among the British literary and political lions remembered in *Harold Nicolson's Diaries* (Atheneum, $7.50, Nov.). Edited by Nigel Nicolson, who incorporates letters to his mother, the novelist Victoria Sackville-West, this first instalment of a cosmopolite's journal weaves an elegant tapestry of the Thirties. The autobiography *Virgil Thomson* (Knopf, $7.95, Oct.) begins with recollections by the composer and music critic of his birthplace, Kansas City, Mo., a wide-open town jigging to the *Twelfth Street Rag*; it concludes with a plea for the establishment of a musical sociology. Interspersed with observations on his craft are memories galore—not least of the irrepressible Gertrude Stein, with whom Thomson created the opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

Although he bit the dust before he found it in gold, a tall, handsome Forty-niner with an keen sense of the dramatic left a treasure in his *Gold Rush Diary: Being the Journal of Elisha Douglass Perkins on the Overland Trail in the Spring and Summer of 1849*, now edited by Thomas D. Clark (Univ. of Kentucky Press, $8.75, Nov.).

The art world and its fanciers will welcome Nicky Mariano's *Forty Years*

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with Berenson (Knopf, $5.95, Oct.), in which the protégée of the celebrated Renaissance connoisseur reports candidly on a civilized *ménage à trois*. Berenson hid at I Tatti during the Nazi scourge. René Gimpel, who trafficked principally in medieval tapestries, Rembrandts, and Watteaus, died in a labor camp in 1944. His journal, *Diary of an Art Dealer*, translated from the French by John Rosenberg (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.95, Nov.), contains vignettes of Degas, Picasso, Matisse, Renoir, and Braque. Mobiles and stabiles are the stuff of *Calder: An Autobiography* (Pantheon, $15, Nov.), which is illustrated with photographs by the sculptor.

Figuring in Wallace Fowlie's critical biography *Jean Cocteau: The History of a Poet's Age* (Indiana Univ. Press, $5, Oct.) are Apollinaire, Diaghileff, Maritain, Genet, Mistinguette, and Stravinsky. The last and his music are analyzed in Eric Walter White's *Stravinsky: The Composer and His Works* (Univ. of California Press, $18.50, Oct.).

The grand Old Lady of Thirty-ninth Street was metamorphosed into a dazzling debutante at Lincoln Center September 16th. To complement the milestone, *SR*'s Music Editor Irving Kolodin updated and expanded his chronicle of her glories and flaws, *The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1966* (Knopf, $15).

Robert Lewis Taylor, Pulitzer-prized for his novel *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeter*, hazards a hatchet woman in *Vessel of Wrath* (New American Library, $6.95, Nov.). Not only did she sling at saloons; the redoubtable Carry Nation was also testy about tobacco and sex.

"It's just a minor affliction," Earl Schenck Miers dismisses his cerebral palsy; he's always been too busy living—being a historian and juvenile author, editor and father—to be downed by "the shakes" that have dogged him since birth. Persuaded now to write about himself, Mr. Miers, who has thirty-eight impersonal titles to his credit, offers encouragement to the handicapped and particularly their parents in *The Trouble Bush* (Rand McNally, $5.95, Nov.).

The man and his mail-order bride who excavated Troy and Mycenae more than once found their marriage in shards, according to *One Passion, Two Loves*, by Lynn and Gray Poole (Crowell, $6.95, Oct.), who from newly unearthed letters, diaries, and photos have reconstructed the turbulent private and public lives of Heinrich and Sophia Schliemann.

Rather than surrender to the Romans after a three-year siege, in 73 A.D. 960 Zealots committed suicide in a rock fortress overlooking the Dead Sea. In *Masada* (Random House, $12.95, Oct.) the spading from 1963-65 that uncovered one of history's most heroic struggles is recapitulated by the director of the archeological expedition, Yigael Yadin, who was Chief of the General Staff of the army during Israel's War of Liberation. To document *The Pleasure of Ruins* (Walker, $7.50, Nov.), British novelist Rose Macaulay dug into her own reactions to the monuments of the past, as well as the impressions of such literary gadabouts as Petrarch, Goethe, Shelley, Byron, and James. Illustrated with photographs, the volume combines a cerebral and visual projection into ancient civilizations as far afield as Angkor and Macchu Pichu.

Catherine Drinker Bowen, author of *Yankee from Olympus* and *The Lion and the Throne*, dramatically retells the genesis of our own country in *Miracle at Philadelphia: The Story of the Constitutional Convention, May to September 1787* (Little, Brown, $7.50, Nov.). Daniel Boorstin, winner of the Bancroft award for *The Colonial Experience*, has edited *An American Primer* (Univ. of Chicago Press, $14.95, Oct.), to which eighty-three ranking U.S. historians have contributed and commented upon what they regard as the nation's most seminal documents since the Mayflower Compact. A companionable two-volume set is *The Historians' History of the United States* (Putnam, $16.95, Nov.), edited by Andrew S. Berky and James P. Shenton, who have winnowed from works by the specialists the crucibles in America's growth.

EVIDENCING the desuetude of one—the Monroe Doctrine—is the plethora of books about Vietnam. Frank N. Trager, professor of international affairs at New York University, offers an overview of the war there and its import to the free world in *Why Viet Nam?* (Praeger, $4.95, Oct.). Disassociating himself from any school of thought on the war, USIA official Douglas Pike, who for the past twenty years has lived in Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and Vietnam, reproduces in *Viet Cong* (M.I.T. Press, $8.95, Nov.) many of the circa 200 NLF documents captured in battle. From these, buttressed by interviews with 150 Viet Cong defectors, emerges a self-portrait of the Communist insurgent movement in South Vietnam.

What America's purpose in a turbulent world should be is among the questions weighed by John Bartlow Martin in *Overtaken by Events* (Doubleday, $7.95, Oct.), an account of the Dominican crisis, in which, as President Johnson's personal envoy, Martin was a participant. Intrigue figures in both his book and that of Hernane Tavares de Sá, *The Play Within the Play: The Inside Story of the UN* (Knopf, $5.95, Oct.), purportedly an "exposé of what really goes on" at the United Nations Plaza. Cogitating "the implicit logic of relations among politically organized collectivities" is the loftier purpose of French political theorist Raymond Aron's *Peace and War: A Theory of International Relations* (Doubleday, $10, Oct.).

A founder of Students for a Democratic Society and supporter of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, twenty-six-year-old Jack Newfield spells out in *Prophetic Minority* (New American Library, $5, Nov.) the planks of the New Left and scores the inequalities that seeded the Socialist-oriented rebellion. Employing the tape-recorder technique of his *Children of Sanchez*, Oscar Lewis pinpoints one example of inequality in *La Vida: A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty—San Juan and New York* (Random House, $10, Nov.). TV entertainer Steve Allen excoriates another in *The Ground Is My Table* (Doubleday, $3.95, Nov.), in which he inveighs against the injustice to the migrant farm laborer, who even after Steinbeck's eye-opening *Grapes of Wrath* still suffers oblivion. A guaranteed annual income is mandatory, asserts Richard M. Elman in *The Poorhouse State: The American Way of Life on Public Assistance* (Pantheon, $5.95, Nov.). Implicit in the words of the welfare "cases" interviewed by the novelist, poet, critic, and broadcaster is an indictment of the bureaucratic methods that shrivel the spirit of indigent recipients. The hammer and sickle emblemizes the answer to want among many. In *The Searchers: Conflict and Communism in an Italian Town* (Quadrangle, $6.95, Oct.) former relief worker Belden Paulson in collaboration with ex-Communist leader Athos Ricci takes the pulse of discontent that, but thirty miles from Rome, swiveled 75 per cent of a community to the Left.

Perhaps more disturbing to the Italians is Gabriella Parca's thesis that they're largely lousy lovers. Mollycoddled, narrow-minded weaklings—that's what Signorina Parca discovered during depth interviews with gentlemen aged twenty to fifty, reported in *Love Italian Style* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95, Nov.).

A thorn to Rome, if not the Italians, offers a more sanguine view than heretofore of the Catholic Church in *Paul Blanshard on Vatican II* (Beacon, $5.95, Oct.), in which the Ecumenical Council's endorsement of social reform is applauded for having "brought the Church down from pie in the sky to the great human movements for peace, racial justice and plenty." To Millar Burrows's mind, "an excellent instrument of the ecumenical dialogue now being undertaken" is Father Alexander Mones's

(*Continued on page* 81)

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The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from the Season's Well-Seasoned Titles

The Art of Staring

THE LEGEND, PARTLY FOSTERED BY HIMSELF, that Winston was a preternaturally stupid little boy has doubtless encouraged habits of indolence in many generations of other schoolboys, and has no doubt often afforded some solace to their parents. We have seen enough of his work to denounce this legend as false. He was not stupid; indeed he early showed originality of mind. He was obstinate, rebellious and mischievous. No one could not make him do or learn anything against his will. Unthinking schoolmasters found it easier to write him off as stupid than to scrutinize and adapt their own methods. Yet, despite his ostensible failure at school, these unhappy years were far from wasted. His parents kept him at a distance and this, combined with his mutinous outlook at school, early compelled him to stand on his own feet and to make his way in the world by his own exertions and by his own methods. He had to fight every inch of his road through life; nothing came easily to him, not even oratory and writing, in which he was later to excel. To achieve success he had to develop that intense power of concentration which, as it grew, was to serve him and his fellow countrymen so well. In later life he was fond of quoting Napoleon's phrase: *L'art de fixer les objets longtemps sans être fatigué*. This priceless gift was perhaps intuitive to Napoleon—but it had to be remorselessly mastered by Winston. Nonetheless history may decide that he ultimately exercised this mental power as abundantly as did Napoleon.

—From "Winston S. Churchill, Youth, 1874-1900," by Randolph S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin, Nov.).

Mickey Finn for Moths

LET ME ALSO EVOKE THE HAWKMOTHS, the jets of my boyhood! Colors would die a long death on June evenings. The lilac shrubs in full bloom before which I stood, net in hand, displayed clusters of a fluffy gray in the dusk—the ghost of purple. A moist young moon hung above the mist of a neighboring meadow. In many a garden have I stood thus in later years—in Athens, Antibes, Atlanta—but never have I waited with such a keen desire as before those darkening lilacs. And suddenly it would come, the low buzz passing from flower to flower, the vibrational halo around the streamlined body of an olive and pink Hummingbird moth poised in the air above the corolla into which it had dipped its long tongue. Its handsome black larva (resembling a diminutive cobra when it puffed out its ocellated front segments) could be found on dank willow herb two months later. Thus every hour and season had its delights. And, finally, on cold, or even frosty, autumn nights, one could sugar for moths by painting tree trunks with a mixture of molasses, beer, and rum. Through the gusty blackness, one's lantern would illumine the stickily glistening furrows of the bark and two or three large moths upon it imbibing the sweets, their nervous wings half open butterfly fashion, the lower ones exhibiting their incredible crimson silk from beneath the lichen-gray primaries. "*Catocala adultera!*" I would triumphantly shriek in the direction of the lighted windows of the house as I stumbled home to show my captures. . . .

—From "Speak, Memory," by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam, Nov.).

Stress

. . . PRESENTLY I HEAR MYSELF saying to WSM, "This beauty [Vivien Leigh] and I had one hell of a scrap the other night, and it was all on account of *you*."

"How so?" asks Maugham.

"Well," I explain, "we were talking about *Then and Now* and I referred to the play as mandraGOla, which is the way we say it in America. At least, it's the way we said it when I was a student at the American Academy and we did the first act of it as an examination play." Maugham's eyebrows are arched. Vivien wants to talk, but I will not let her. "I know it's said differently in England and differently in Italy. But *we* say mandraGOla. So, of course, my friend here put me down pretty sharply—"

Vivien interrupted. "Not sharply enough," she said. "I don't know *why* he insists on being so stubborn. We all know it's pronounced mandRAgola."

I take over again. "Just a minute, baby. We've got the horse's mouth right here. Mr. Maugham, what *is* the correct pronunciation?"

"Well," said Maugham, "so far as I know, there is no question that the name—" here he took a sip of his stinger before continuing "—is pronounced 'mmmm-mm-mmmm'. . ."

I was horrified. Something about our nervous excitement had communicated itself to him and he was stuck on that "m." In this case it was not possible to switch to another word. Under the table I saw him snap his fingers and punch his palm; above the table his anguished face was still trying to free the word.

"Mmmmm-m . . ." His face exploded. His jaw went mad, his eyes rolled back in his head, and out roared the word, 'mmmagenaMERingolaMEDran-LOLO!' "

Ruth closed her eyes. I felt my face flush. People at the surrounding tables looked over at us, and even one or two of the waiters could not help but stare.

"There. What did I tell you?" I heard Vivien say with cool, casual triumph.

—From "Remembering Mr. Maugham," by Garson Kanin (Atheneum, Oct.).

The Looks of Music

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY I took Miss Stein a musical manuscript, the setting for voice and piano of her *Susie Asado*. Reply was instant:

> . . . I like its looks immensely and want to frame it and Miss Toklas who knows more than looks says the things in it please her a lot and when I know a little other than its looks but I am completely satisfied with its looks, the sad part was that we were at home but we were denying ourselves to everyone having been xhausted by the week's activities [actually that was the day she cut off her hair] but you would have been the xception you and the Susie, you or the Susie, do come in soon we will certainly be in Thursday afternoon any other time it is luck but may luck always be with you and a happy New Year to you
>
> always
>
> GERTRUDE STEIN.

—From "Virgil Thomson," by Virgil Thomson (Knopf, Oct.).

Order in the Court

HUMOR BUBBLES UP through the dramatic tides of contest in the most unexpected ways. A blue-coated court attendant reported to Justice Geller that one of the jurors was taking notes. This resulted in a conference with counsel and then the judge's learned lecture to the jurors on the inadvisability of this practice. Although it was not forbidden, it sometimes gave the juror the notion, when he got into the jury room, that his arguments were entitled to more weight because he had memoranda to back up his recollection. This would upset the desired objective of free and equally balanced discussion. If a juror needed to have his memory refreshed, he could call for the particular testimony or exhibit and the stenographer would read it to all the jurors. Furthermore, while making notes the juror's attention might be

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diverted from other testimony, equally important. When the judge was through with his reasoned strictures, one of the woman jurors surrendered the notes which she had made to the attendant to give them to the judge. He read them aloud:

"Oranges, grapefruit, vegetables, dry milk, meat, desserts, air mail stamps."

—From "The Jury Returns," by Louis Nizer (Doubleday, Nov.).

Winner in Cosmic Sweepstake

IT IS A GLORIOUS DESTINY to be a member of the human race, though it is a race dedicated to many absurdities and one which makes many terrible mistakes: yet, with all that, God Himself gloried in becoming a member of the human race. A member of the human race! To think that such a commonplace realization should suddenly seem like news that one holds the winning ticket in a cosmic sweepstake.

I have the immense joy of being *man*, a member of a race in which God Himself became incarnate. As if the sorrows and stupidities of the human condition could overwhelm me, now I realize what we all are. And if only everybody could realize this! But it cannot be explained. There is no way of telling people that they are all walking around shining like the sun.

This changes nothing in the sense and value of my solitude, for it is in fact the function of solitude to make one realize such things with a clarity that would be impossible to anyone completely immersed in the other cares, the other illusions, and all the automatisms of a tightly collective existence. My solitude, however, is not my own, for I see now how much it belongs to them—and that I have a responsibility for it in their regard, not just in my own. It is because I am one with them that I owe it to them to be alone, and when I am alone they are not "they" but my own self. There are no strangers!

—From "Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander," by Thomas Merton (Doubleday, Nov.).

"I Am Insulted, I Am Grateful"

WHAT IS GIRI? If pressed into Western terminology, *giri* is a moral imperative, a spiritual obligation which, if it cannot otherwise be paid in full, must be fulfilled by destroying one's life. Perhaps it is best expressed by the old French phrase *noblesse oblige*. It has to do with one's personal honor in all relationships. . . .

The smallest favor, even the offer of a cigarette or a glass of water, demands reciprocation. Because each gift, favor, or word of praise must, in effect, be paid for, the Japanese will often go out of their way to avoid being recipients. They are actually resentful of casual favors or compliments offered by strangers, for they have enough obligations toward their relatives and acquaintances without having to take on obligations thrust upon them by outsiders. So resentful are they of incurring unwanted obligations that they have developed strange ways of saying thank you. In Japanese there is no direct way of saying this simple phrase. Instead they use words and phrases that translate into such expressions of regret, indeed, of rancor, as: "It is unrepayable," "Oh, this difficult thing!" "I am insulted, I am grateful," "This unextinguishable debt!" "Oh, this poisonous feeling!" And it must be a poisonous feeling, to be eternally indebted to practically every acquaintance.

—From "The People of Japan," by Pearl S. Buck (Simon & Schuster, Sept.).

Handling the Reluctant Rejector

THE BEST WAY TO DEAL with someone who seems determined to give you a vote of confidence by accepting an invitation of some kind from you is to offer that invitation in such an embarrassing, self-deprecating manner that he couldn't possibly accept it without descending to the same humiliating level.

We illustrate by developing our first example:

YOU: "I suppose you already have plans for tonight?"

REJECTOR: "Not at all—why?"

YOU: "Oh, well, we were thinking of having some people over. I guess it's kind of short notice, though."

REJECTOR: "Not really. We didn't have any particular plans—"

YOU: "I'm so embarrassed. It's not even for dinner. We invited these two couples for dinner, you see, and there

really wouldn't be enough food for everybody."

REJECTOR: "Oh, well, that's perfectly all right. We planned on eating home tonight anyway."

YOU: "I'm afraid I'm actually paying off a lot of social obligations tonight—"

REJECTOR: "Oh."

YOU: "Yes, my husband keeps complaining we only have people over that I like, so tonight I thought we'd have some people over that he likes."

REJECTOR: "I see."

YOU: "Listen, don't feel you have to be polite and say yes if you have anything you'd rather do."

REJECTOR: "Mhhmm. Well, now that you mention it, I do remember some sort of promise to visit my in-laws later this evening. You know how those things are."

YOU: "No, listen—don't apologize. To tell you the truth, I didn't really expect you to be very anxious about coming over to see us anyway."

—From "How to Make Yourself Miserable," by Dan Greenburg and Marcia Jacobs (Random House, Oct.).

Bequest

(Mary Berenson to Nicky Mariano, Feb. 5, 1944)

DEAREST NICKY,

I am very sorry not to write this with my own hand but neither hand nor eyes are working well. The truth is I am dying only I cannot die. The doctors will not give me receipts for medicines that might kill me and I am too ill to go out of my room to look for anything or to die in the garden. I suffer so much that the gate is already open on the long road we have to travel alone, but I cannot start. However all this is not important. What I want to express I never could express even if I had the use of my hand and eyes. It is the love and admiration and affection of many years. There is no cloud in the thought of you as there is in almost everything else. The end of life, if you remain conscious, is a sort of purgatory in which all your sins and mistakes come crowding upon you, but between you and me there is nothing of the kind—all is perfectly serene and I think of you with the deepest love.

If I die in time I hope you will marry B.B. [Benard Berenson]. You will have my deep sympathy, but all the worldly things are fading away. . . .

. . . I am almost glad that B.B. should not see me in my pain and weakness. I love to think how in spite of all our failings and so-called infidelities we have always stuck together and stuck to Italy and when I am able to think at all I think of him with tender affection.

—From "Forty Years with Berenson," by Nicky Mariano (Knopf, Oct.).

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Echoes of Sholom Aleichem

By BEL KAUFMAN, *author of "Up the Down Staircase."*

THERE I am, perched pudgily for all eternity on his right knee, while his left is pre-empted by my cousin Tamara. I am a year old, Tamara six, and we look unblinking into the camera. His arms hold us gently. His wide silk tie, knotted dashingly, his fair hair, cut long in the fashion of the time, his elegant little beard and blond mustache are youthful and debonair. His eyes twinkle behind his glasses; he is half smiling.

We were Papa Sholom Aleichem's only grandchildren during his lifetime, and he adored us. "You see these woods? I just gave them to Tamarochka. You see this lake? I gave it to Bellochka." I envied Tamara: she used to help him write by trotting along on his walks and holding his hand. She went to America with him while my parents and I remained in Russia. She knew him longer.

I was too little to know him. Except for one memory, my sources are not my own, but family heirlooms: "Papa always . . . Papa never . . . Papa used to . . ."

We called him "papa," never "grandfather." He didn't look or act like the grandfathers we knew. (When I was born, he chided my parents in a humorous verse-letter for making him a grandfather for the second time.) To avoid confusion, Tamara and I called our own fathers "papochka"—a diminutive endearment. So it remained: papa and papochka. Later, in this country, we coined a name for our grandmother, his widow, combining the English word "grandma" with a description of her hair: she was "grayma." It was she who once was his fourteen-year-old pupil with whom the young Sholom Aleichem had fallen romantically and irrevocably in love.

With children, Papa Sholom Aleichem was like a child himself, full of fun and jokes and tricks and bits of nonsense. He invented stories and games for them, composed funny rhymes, made up and taught them a special language, and often conspired with them in pranks such as mixing up the guests' rubbers in the hall. His impishness goes back to his own childhood; in his autobiography he tells how, as a small boy, he had classified his stepmother's daily stream of abuse alphabetically, into a Glossary of Curses.

Being with him must have been a delight, but I have only one clear, first-hand memory. (Is it possible, when I was only two?) We are in a zoological garden, Papa Sholom Aleichem and I. There are monkeys on the branches of the tree above us. Papa makes a cone cup out of a sheet of paper, fills it with water from a fountain, drinks it thirstily, and throws the remaining water up at the monkey. Then he bends down and explains to me why the monkey would not drink: *"Ona isporchennaya."* I never knew whether he meant "She is spoiled," like a badly brought up child, or "She is defective," like a broken toy. Since no one in the family can recall this incident, perhaps it really happened—possibly in Badenweiller, or in Albek, a German resort on the Baltic Sea. I learned subsequently that towards the end of his life, at about this time, Sholom Aleichem was plagued by an unquenchable "pseudo-diabetic" thirst. He used to joke about that, too, saying he was sure now he would not die of hunger but of thirst.

Bel Kaufman, Tamara Kahana, and Sholom Aleichem: "How can one not write?"

It was only long after I had slid off his knee and grown up that I realized how much of Sholom Aleichem had become a part of my life through my mother, who was, of his six children, in many ways most like him. She had the same love of pomp and circumstance. From papa to my mother to me and, in turn, to my children passed the ceremonial of wrapping presents and tiptoeing, in the middle of the night, into a birthday child's bedroom to arrange them in elaborate pyramids around the bed. She had the same facility for writing letters in amusing verse. The same extravagances, enthusiasms, expectations of miracles. Pretense that all was well when it wasn't. Small vanities, superstitions, eccentricities. Generosity. Delight with success, impatience with dullness. And laughter—the same irrepressible laughter.

Sholom Aleichem loved laughter. Only towards the very end, in the terrible days following the death of his eldest son, when he was felled by disasters and a fatal sickness, was there no laughter in him, though he never ceased, even on his sickbed, to write laughter for others.

He was a festive man. He knew how to make a holiday of ordinary moments: arrivals, departures, meals. He took pleasure in preparing surprises, presenting gifts. He had a talent for giving. ("Coat? What coat?" "The coat you left the house with. Where is it?" "Oh, that. I gave it to a man who didn't have one.") And he had a talent for love. He loved nature passionately; he couldn't bear to see even a flower picked. "No, no," he once told his youngest daughter, "let it live!" He loved little things, anything little: little children, little animals, knickknacks, watch fobs, gadgets, objects, desk ornaments. He couldn't pass a stationery store without stopping to admire the window display. On his desk were many marvels. There was an imitation inkblot, probably made of celluloid, that he once placed on top of a manuscript, to frighten his family. And the little bicycle, which every visitor felt compelled to pick up and finger; eyes crinkling with laughter, Sholom Aleichem would gently remove it from his visitor's hands and put it back. He loved beauty; an unattractive sight offended him. He once cut in two a hat of grayma's he thought ugly.

He himself was slight, slim, elegant. He was vain of his youthful appearance; if he found an occasional gray hair in his mustache, he would pluck it out at once. He dressed meticulously: colored vests, specially knotted ties, pince-nez on a black ribbon. But then, he was meticulous in everything, his handwriting, his manuscripts, his dealings with people. He had exquisite delicacy and tact, though he did not suffer fools gladly. My mother would describe how he ruined the chances of any dull or pretentious suitor who came to call on one of his four daughters. Papa Sholom Aleichem was a superb mimic. The young man, the moment he was gone, was demolished by laughter.

Sholom Aleichem was a consummate actor, and gave public readings of his works to wild acclaim. But his first and most appreciative audience was his family. "Papa finished a story! Papa is going

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to read!" The children would fight to sit near him, and he would read, joining his laughter with theirs.

Writing was his life. "How can one not write?" he used to say. He could write any time, any place: sitting, or standing (at a specially built writing stand, wrapped in a warm bathrobe, from early morning on), or lying down, or walking. He always carried in his pocket a small notebook with tissue-thin pages, and he would stop to jot something down before it escaped him. Sometimes he peered into the distance, as if to observe the characters he had created, or to hear what they were saying. Occasionally he would laugh out loud. Though he wrote without fuss, he worked with enormous concentration. He bit his nails until his fingers bled. He even wore gloves to prevent this, but, lost in thought, he bit right through them.

He loved *being* a writer; he took pride in it and joy in the joy it gave others. He loved everything that went with writing: paper, pens, pads, ink of different colors, notebooks, scissors, paste blotters, recognition and fame. How he would have enjoyed, were he around today, ballpoint pens, plastic desk gadgets, paperbacks, TV interviews, and best-seller lists!

He was painstaking about details. He once asked my father in Bessarabia to telegraph him the name of a dog in the Moldav language. "Terkush," wired my father. Often, after a manuscript had already been sent off to the publisher, he would dispatch a telegram after it, in order to change a word. He was constantly revising; his crossings-out became transformed into symmetrical doodles: a spiral, a box, a bird on a telegraph pole. His manuscript pages are beautiful, but he never numbered a page 13—only 12A.

He died on May 13. A telegram came to Odessa, addressed to my parents, with but three words in English: "Papa very sick."

There is a tradition in our family. In his last will and testament Papa Sholom Aleichem asked to be remembered on the anniversary of his death not with tears but with laughter, by having his family and friends gather together to read his funniest stories aloud. This is inviolable. Each year, in the spring, we gather to hear his funny stories read. People laugh, drink tea, and go home. Only he no longer joins his laughter with ours. Or does he?

SOME OF THE MATERIAL on Sholom Aleichem in this article comes from memoirs published by my mother, Lala Kaufman; by my cousin, Tamara Kahana, who translated him into English; and by her father, I. D. Berkowitz, his translator into Hebrew.
—B.K.

A Feast of Life

Old Country Tales, *by Sholom Aleichem, selected and translated from the Yiddish by Curt Leviant (Putnam. 319 pp. $5.95), contains twenty-six stories, not previously published in English. Judah L. Stampfer is a novelist and associate professor of English at the State University of New York.*

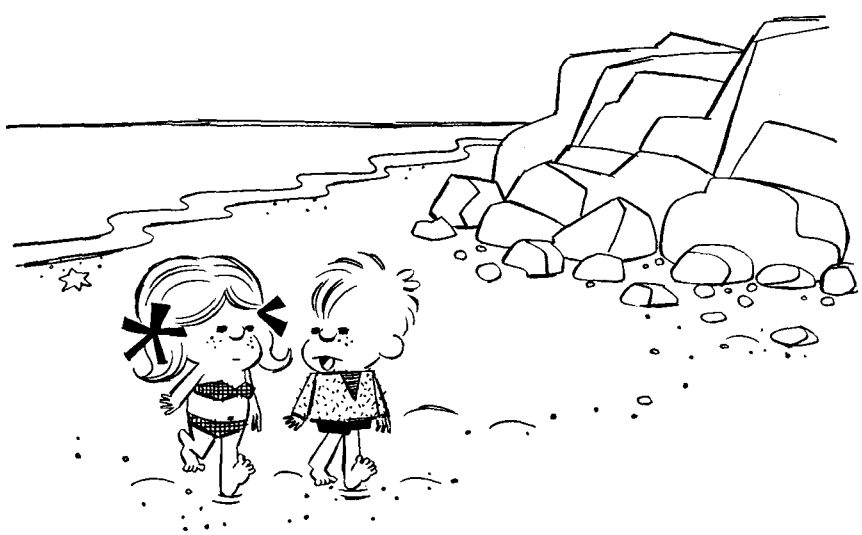
By JUDAH L. STAMPFER

THE FIFTIETH anniversary of the death of Sholom Aleichem has produced this commemorative volume, translated and edited by Curt Leviant, with an introduction and glossary. There are twenty-six stories in ten clusters of one to six each, portraits of Jewish children, monologues, railroad yarns, holiday tales, village stories, etc.; and they date from early in his career to just before his death. They incline to the quaint and the traditional. There are none of his American stories, and his more modern pieces on the jangling confusions of business and commerce might has received greater scope. These are, emphatically, "Old Country Tales"; yet the burning of the synagogue paper flag, held by a little boy with a speech defect, flickers with the horror of larger burnings; the child's "tot-trow" for "cock-crow" foreshadows more insidious speech irregularities.

The translations have an idiomatic bite that is not quite current speech nor quite a dialect, but appropriate to Sholom Aleichem's own abrupt, naturalistic, yet slightly archaic style: "Joseph the Righteous was an orphan, a poor lad who bedded down in the smallest synagogue and thrived on catch-as-catch-can." A continuous idiomatic ripple can grow as tiresome as uninterrupted folk music. Leviant avoids the danger, and approaches at times the simple dignity of classic prose: "The village was far behind us. We were already at the bridge. There I gave her my hand. (The first time since I had come home.) Hand in hand we crossed the bridge." His language is ardent, sinewy, and as precise as need be. There are no literary veils to be torn away. The reticence is embedded in the spirit of the characters.

The editor is an old initiate, having translated an earlier volume, *Stories and Satires*, and his introduction curiously resembles his translation, suggesting the quaint but not dated, the colloquial not quite idiomatic. "The core of Sholom Aleichem's world and the provenance of many of his stories is Kasrilevke, the *shtetl* which epitomizes all the small villages in Jewish creation." The phrase "Jewish creation" has a fine, ironic wonder: it was a region of Jewish creation but was created by the czar, not the Jews.

Leviant offers us an old teacher we are again to share and enjoy, not an unknown classic we should sniff, taste, and evaluate. His selections are sometimes



"Let's have a password in case I don't recognize you when you grow up.

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happy ones, like "Final Pages from *The Song of Songs*" or "A Job as Easy as Pie." But "Tevya Reads the Psalms" gives us nothing of the feeling of Tevya's family and work life, and is so pathetically blind to the sadistic depths of anti-Semitism as to be almost unreadable after the Hitler episode.

The stories are a feast of ghetto habits, of religious rituals, of family turmoil, even an abundance of poverty. Everywhere children swarm across the pages, village children from crowded families, ghetto children, orphans, imbecilic lumps, cripples, and beggars.

The editor portrays the author as an innocent, but one several shades more gently mature than his stories suggest. He writes: "Sholom Aleichem bears no malice. His Jewish crooks have no underworld mentality. . . . Sholom Aleichem's sympathies, too, were always with the underdog." All this it true, but the demonic innocence of the stories must be felt. Sholom Aleichem has a child's sharp clarity; his nearest relations are not Peretz and Mendele but Vigo, the French film maker of *Zéro de conduite*. Evil there is in abundance, but it is a child's evil, not deliberately sadistic nor inertly banal but furiously grotesque, bewildered, driven to the borders of chaos, and finally still innocent. The horse Methusaleh is teased, tortured, and finally torn to death by dogs, but the exuberant children get off with a whipping and a joke. Even adult indignation is childlike, instantaneous, direct. Gitl Perishkevitch, having penetrated the Duma to protest her only son's illegal induction into the army, hears a legislator complain that not a single Jew is in service, and screams down from the balcony, "What about Moishe?"

These stories percolate out of the *shtetl* with an insistent relevance to our twentieth-century concerns, like Sholom Aleichem himself, who told a public gathering in New York in 1914: "I arrived here once before on the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. I now come again, and at the start of a World War. God protect the universe if I should touch these shores a third time!" A close analogy is I. B. Singer's reply, when asked why he wrote in Yiddish, a dying language. He said, "Given our world, I am not sure Yiddish is more a dying language than, say, English or Russian."

This is the bite of Yiddish humor, too ebullient, too strongly self-possessed for gallows humor. The gallows are palpably there, but they have hung there too long and ceased to be the antagonist; they have become part of the décor. With our own electronic pogroms hanging over our heads, we can savor the sane wine of Sholom Aleichem, thrash about with his instant, innocent decency, and stay strong enough for laughter that 's not sick.

Zorba the Greek-American

***A Dream of Kings,** by Harry Mark Petrakis (McKay. 180 pp. $4.50), concerns the efforts of a protean Greek-American to return to his homeland with his sickly son. Daniel Stern's fifth novel, "After the War," will be published next spring.*

By DANIEL STERN

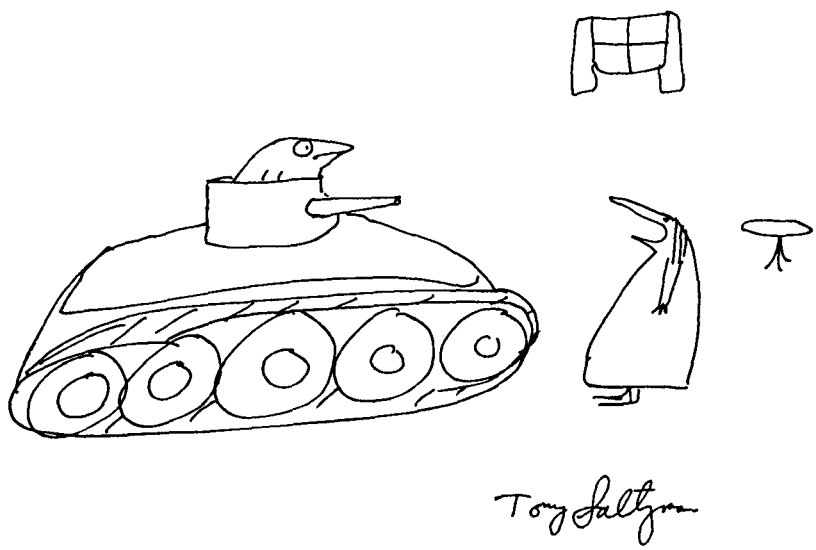
IF SOMEONE were to walk up to Leonidas Matsoukas, the hero of Harry Mark Petrakis's *A Dream of Kings*, and toss at him some cliché of alienation such as "God is Dead," he might well answer: "Maybe—but you're not. And thank God for that."

I hope the author will forgive me for putting imaginary dialogue in the mouth of his character. But it is a mark of the extraordinary life that runs through the man. Meeting Matsoukas and sharing his experiences also remind one that passion is not dead, humor is not dead, devotion is not dead. (Speaking, pardonably, for a moment as a novelist, it also demonstrates that the novel is not dead.)

The trouble with people who tell you that here, at last, is a writer who shares none of the deadly and deadening preoccupations of our grimmer writers is that they're usually touting some piece of Herman Woukery or embarrassingly sweet pastry. This is emphatically not true of *A Dream of Kings*. It is rather as if a writer like Saroyan had a more robust control of his material. Petrakis suffers from all the Saroyanesque virtues and defects: a pervasive sense of hope, an attractive vulgarity, an openness to pain, and an appreciation of the wackiness of life. But he can also write with a gravity that prevents the reader from laughing *at* his people. His manner, like that of all truly serious writers, compels complicity.

Thus I invite the reader to meet Leonidas Matsoukas, president of the Pindar Master Counseling Service, Doctor of Wisdom and Inspiration, University of Experience and College of Life. What does he offer his customers? Merely astrology, palmistry, omen analysis, inspiration to overcome drinking, Greek poems for all occasions, real estate transactions, wrestling instruction, and many other services.

The protean man who thus advertises himself is, first and foremost, a Greek. Having migrated from Greece with his family after the war, he lives in a predominantly Greek neighborhood in Pittsburgh (his main claim to local fame is that he was Hellenic Wrestling Champion of Pittsburgh, 1947-1948). He also lives in semi-desperate poverty, dependent on his wife's crone of a mother, who lives with them and their little boy, Stavros. Stavros is a tragically afflicted child, apparently autistic and suffering from periodic fits. It is Matsoukas's dream to take Stavros back to his homeland, where he will become well. "You have never seen a sun like that," he whispers. "It warms the flesh, toughens the heart, purifies the



"Don't lie to me, Delbert. Have you been to that army surplus store again?"

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blood in its fire. It will . . . burn away your weakness with its flame, will heal you with its grace."

Matsoukas's attempts to realize his dream comprise the action of the story. But, being Matsoukas, he also takes a side-step to make love to the widow Anthoula ("even her name ravaged his flesh"), who felt that she had died as a woman when her husband died. Here, typically, Petrakis skirts sentimentality with the agility of a tightrope walker. We begin with concern; we finish with wild laughter as, once having turned the widow on, Matsoukas cannot turn her off. The scene in which he literally wrestles with the demon of her husband's memory for possession of Anthoula is a brilliant flight of language —a superb set-piece in its own right.

But the book abounds in marvelous individual scenes. There are a card game and a dice game that carry one from laughter to shock when Matsoukas's desperate need to raise the cash that will get him and Stavros to Greece pushes him to cheat—and to the consequence of discovery. And there is Bishop Zenoitis's hilarious diatribe in Church against that most dread of all modern evils, life insurance, the device that stands between widows and their genuine grief.

Caliope, Matsoukas's magnificently scornful wife; Anthoula, the passionate widow; Cicero, the dealer, who offers his life savings to finance Matsoukas's plan—all are large as life. Yet all pale beside a character like Matsoukas. He is larger than life, a sort of Zorba the Greek-American.

AND here, perhaps, is the only flaw. There is a touch of familiarity in it all. Petrakis has not chosen to travel a new path. Yet, paradoxically, he proves that when you travel in your own style you can make the journey your own. Thus *A Dream of Kings* is essentially a small book. But it is also in many ways a small wonder. Steeped in Hellenisms, full of the richness of a deeply experienced Greco-American life, it is a beautiful tale.

When Camus spoke of the ancient Greeks whom he so admired, he referred to their "virile tenderness." Petrakis, whose first book was nominated for the National Book Award, has had the courage to endow a contemporary character with just that. If it is not too late in the day for wonder, for irony balanced by passion, and above all for "virile tenderness," then I suggest that Leonidas Matsoukas is a good man to get to know as soon as you possibly can.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8, 10, 6, 2, 7, 1, 4, 3, 5, 9. Column Two: 5, 8, 7, 10, 9, 3, 6, 1, 2, 4.

Politics and Patriarchs

All in the Family, *by Edwin O'Connor (Little-Brown. 434 pp. $6.95), a novel about an Irish-Catholic family of wealth and political power, is faintly tinged with reminiscences of the Kennedys. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

Edwin O'Connor — "Faust of American ward politics."

THIS bland, beguiling novel about a powerful Irish Catholic family involved in upper-level politics, does two things: it evokes half-heartedly the radiance of the Kennedys, arousing the appetite (or, if you are a tory, interested distaste), and it tells an old-fashioned tale of familial bickering, triumph, tragedy, and maturation.

The tintinnabulation of Boston politics echoes in the distance, sounding like an old hand-wound phonograph that sometimes runs down. But locale is carefully concealed, though *The Last Hurrah* is recalled and the name of Skeffington is bandied about.

All in the Family is patriarchal fiction, and that is its only claim to novelty (in the face of the sociological warning that the U.S. is becoming one vast knuckle-rapping matriarchy, with our fiction dutifully reflecting it). O'Connor's ladies are an unexceptional lot, upper bourgeois by instinct and training if not origin. They know what to wear and say, whose bread is best buttered and on what side. Husbands are not exchanged, with one fleeting exception for which profuse apology is tendered. (More exchange and less apology would have been a better mixture. In fact, since the lady in question exchanges her husband for an unemployed gigolo, the affair seems more like an Unemployment Compensation project than anything else.)

In addition to patriarch Jimmy Kinsella, an old, testy bantam with millions, the family consists of his sons, Charles, the politician, whose introduction to power has intoxicated him and blunted his sense of duty and obligation; James, the renegade, who becomes a cynical, manipulating priest; Phil, an intellectual lawyer with late-appearing moral fixations, and cousin Jack, a writer of mystery fiction, who tells the story. The women, who would never be chronicled by Mary McCarthy, are led by Charles's wife, Marie, who momentarily seems to evoke Jacqueline Kennedy. But O'Connor wisely dims the possibility early in the game, and Marie is left to flounder with determination. The only unusual female is the sinner Jean, wife of narrator-novelist Jack. Her affair lasts for two weeks, and at its end she is neither sadder nor wiser, which is all to the good, but neither is she more interesting, which is all to the bad.

Charles winds up in the governor's mansion after a whirlwind campaign which is a family effort, though novelist Jack prefers to remain an observer. But instead of the reform he had promised, Charles enacts bland, neutral legislation which does not stir up the animals, in order to gain more power for his senatorial push. This destroys Kinsella unity, and adds some suspense but not much plausibility.

Jack is interesting chiefly because of his idyllic youth, sentimentally recalled, spent partly in Ireland, which O'Connor details at loving length.

Viewed solely without reference to any known persons or places, *All in the Family* will find a niche in that diversionary class of American novels that are earnest, blandly probing, gently cynical, and nostalgic. Edwin O'Connor is a kind of Faust of American ward politics; he does not truly believe in either the devil or redemption, though he believes in the reality of seduction through all its idioms. Thus drained of its hypostatizing passions, seduction, whether sexual or political, becomes a finger-exercise in the manipulation of people and power.

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When Listening Means Life

The Samaritans: To Help Those Tempted to Suicide or Despair, *edited by Chad Varah (Macmillan. 248 pp. $4.95), introduces the organization that sprang up when a London clergyman announced he was available by telephone at any hour to persons who felt driven to self-destruction. Robert J. Levin is articles editor of Redbook magazine.*

By ROBERT J. LEVIN

TO LISTEN is to heal; it seems that simple. And yet, of course, it isn't that simple at all. There are different ways of listening to someone who is emotionally distressed, different things to be listening for, different ways of responding to what is heard—and the person who listens wisely will, without knowing quite how it happens, find that this alone is enough to ease much of the misery, the dread, and the despair of the person who talks. Listening, in fact, is in some cases literally a life or death matter; suicide is too often the last soundless scream of a human being who finds himself alone in a world that seems deaf.

On this premise an organization called The Samaritans came into being in England in 1953. At first, however, there was just one man with one telephone and one idea. Chad Varah, the rector of a London church, was upset by the knowledge that every day three people in the city committed suicide. He was well aware that such individuals were generally without friends or family; and, as a clergyman who had always been more interested in counseling than in other parts of parochial work, he wanted to find a way to reach these lonely, despairing people before it was too late. Since the use of the telephone in a physical emergency is virtually reflex action, why not make available a phone number to be dialed in case of an emotional crisis?

With the help of the press, Chad Varah let the public at large know that he could be reached on the telephone at any hour of day or night by anyone "tempted to suicide." The response was immediate and overwhelming. Clearly one man alone could not shoulder the entire burden, and other people stepped forward to help maintain the telephone lifeline. Some were psychiatrists, who assumed responsibility for suicidal "clients" requiring medical care; others were, like Chad Varah, qualified counselors, who served when needed as therapists.

But what service could be performed by "good-hearted" but professionally unqualified volunteers? The answer evolved out of the situation itself. While Chad Varah interviewed clients in the inner vestry, the volunteers sat around in the outer vestry, talking to people waiting their turn, giving them coffee and cigarettes and making them feel more comfortable. And out of this elementary—and elemental—circumstance, in which one person treated another as a human being, with politeness, with consideration, with genuine interest and concern, three profoundly important and totally unanticipated benefits emerged.

"First, counseling began to go much better," explains Chad Varah in his introductory essay. "Clients were not merely free of the exasperation which comes from long and tedious waiting, but were in a calmly receptive state of mind and had had their confidence in me, as the person doing the counseling, enormously built up. Secondly, a proportion of the clients went away happily without having had any counseling at all, having found all that they needed in the ministrations of the lay volunteers . . . Thirdly, the failures of my counseling were almost always picked up by the volunteers as the client passed through the vestry on the way out."

As a consequence, in 1954 "the original concept of a nonmedical (but still professional) counseling service was abandoned, and its place was taken by the concept of a befriending service by lay volunteers, selected by and operating under the supervision of someone who was capable of supplementing their efforts by counseling the clients or by referring them for treatment when necessary . . ."

Today there are 181 groups in twenty-three countries affiliated with The Samaritans. (In the United States, where 20,000 suicides occur annually, only nineteen cities have affiliated branches, such as Boston's Rescue Inc., Chicago's Call for Help Clinic, Miami's Friends, Seattle's Crisis Clinic.) These groups have participated in periodic international conferences, and *The Samaritans* consists of twelve of the professional papers given at the conferences, together with an introduction by Chad Varah.

Although most of the material is psychiatrically focused on ways of dealing with individuals who have suicidal inclinations and of differentiating various neurotic and psychotic types of behavior, the book has a wider relevance. For the problems that concern a Samaritan differ in degree but not in kind from the problems we all encounter.

In this sense, The Samaritans—and all of us—must master the art of listening. It is an art that requires discipline, because the tendency in dealing with someone who is troubled and asking for help is to talk: to interpret, lecture, give advice, or make decisions. But, as Chad Varah points out, when we hear someone's story of grief and distress and then try to give reassurance, we are in effect reassuring ourselves.

To listen and to care is not an easy matter. In his essay "The Mystique of the Samaritan Method" Dr. Richard Fox, a psychiatric consultant to The Samaritans, notes that "one of the most crucial features in the Samaritan relationship is the acceptance by the befriender of negative, unpleasant features in the client.

The Samaritan's goal is not merely to keep another human being from ending his life. He also wants to befriend the troubled and distressed in such a way that they will "be glad to be alive and be enabled to live 'more abundantly.'" And while an abundant life is not defined, throughout the book there is an emphasis on the importance of sexual fulfillment, expressed by various contributors with candor and conviction.

In an essay on "Befriending the Sexually Frustrated" Chad Varah writes: "Too many people who have high moral standards, high ideals, do seem to give the impression of wanting to find out what other people are doing and to tell them that it is wicked. When clients realize that our concern is that they should live life to the full, that they should have the opportunity to gratify their sexual needs in the wider sense of their need for love, for mutual love and not a mere passing physical spasm, then they take some notice of what we say."

The Samaritan, therefore, can do so much and no more. He can be a friend; he can put another human being back in touch with the world; he can thus make life seem worth living. Beyond that, however, lies the deeper need. As one Samaritan client expressed it: "When Adam was lonely, God didn't create for him ten friends but one wife."

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—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLES: The Elusive Code of Life

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR THE UFOs?

LAST MAY the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, biggest single society of scientists on earth, scheduled a symposium on unidentified flying objects (UFOs). The month of October 1966 was announced as the date. The symposium was designed as a major evening feature of an IEEE technical convention in Washington, D.C. For emphasis, the general public would be invited.

A number of the organization's members were sufficiently distressed by the proposed dimensions of the occasion to enter protests. Among them was Philip J. Klass, a bachelor of science graduate of Iowa State University, who went considerably further than any of the others in expressing his dissent. Because he is a senior editor of a respected technical journal, *Aviation Week & Space Technology,* he was granted a special hearing by the committee in charge of the IEEE convention. His argument failed to wipe the symposium off the convention agenda, but he did win a shift in the direction of the projected discussion: Instead of considering UFOs, the symposium panel would debate IFOs, or *identified* flying objects—"the Norman Vincent Peale approach," someone said. As a further concession to his personal and professional prestige, editor Klass received a summons to join the symposium panel, an honor he quickly accepted.

The IEEE convention committee meeting took place in June. Sometime in July, the editor got to thinking about the assignment he had talked himself into, and decided to fortify himself with background reading on UFOs. In *The Wall Street Journal,* he read a review of John G. Fuller's book, *Incident at Exeter.*

Thus Klass, an electrical engineer by profession and a writer by preference, came to take a serious look at UFOs for the first time in his life. Like most other scientists, he had theretofore dismissed reports of "flying saucers" as unworthy of a thinking man's mind.

Incident at Exeter, Klass learned, after buying a copy of the book, was a compilation of interviews with sixty people who said they saw one or more UFOs outside the little town of Exeter, New Hampshire, in September 1965. According to these accounts, as John Fuller took them down on a tape recorder and then transcribed them, Exeter had been visited by some sort of brightly lighted phenomenon that dived and swooped frighteningly before soaring off into the sky. Time after time, in the conversations Fuller recorded, the UFO observers mentioned the proximity of electric power lines to the places where the UFOs were seen.

Soon the margins of the pages of Klass's copy of *Incident at Exeter* were filled with critical scribblings. His scientific training would not allow him to accept Fuller's deduction that the UFOs were intelligently guided vehicles from planets of other stars and that the vehicle operators refueled their strange flying machines from the power lines. As a journalist regularly stationed in Washington, Klass could not accept a corollary to Fuller's conclusion, either. The corollary was that the U. S. Air Force made a practice of suppressing knowledge of the presence of the interplanetary invaders. Klass was confident that if the Air Force had anything like the information Fuller suspected it of having, the news long ago would have fallen into the hands of some such columnist as Drew Pearson or some such technical reporter as Klass himself.

Being expert in electronics, Klass knew a great deal more about radar than most UFO sighters do. He knew, for instance, that radar blips associated with UFO sightings do not necessarily confirm the presence of physical objects in the sky. On the contrary, the plasma track laid down by a passing rocket is more visible on a radar screen than the rocket is.

Fuller's book had made a special point of radar tracking of UFOs by the Air Force. Klass mulled the coincidence of the radar sightings along with the repeated parallels between the locations of UFO sightings and the locations of electric power lines. He began asking questions of specialists in plasma physics. And he intensified his pursuit of this line of inquiry as the scheduled time for the IEEE symposium neared. On or about the twelfth day of August he sent to the journal for which he works, a manuscript embodying his own interpretations of the data Fuller had gathered.

BALL lightning, Klass surmised in this manuscript, is nature's model for most UFOs.

Before the manuscript was published in the August 22 issue of *Aviation Week & Space Technology,* Klass received in the mail an announcement from IEEE: The planned symposium on UFOs had been cancelled. Instead, the announcement said, the IEEE technical convention in Washington in October would star a discussion on electronics in the Vietnamese war.

This news, which once would have delighted Klass, now disappointed him keenly. He had hoped to hear qualified criticism of his UFO ideas from expert listeners at the IEEE meeting.

Since many IEEE members are readers of *Aviation Week & Space Technology,* Klass did not lose by any means all of the technically skilled audience he had in mind in doing his UFO research. But newspapers published the gist of

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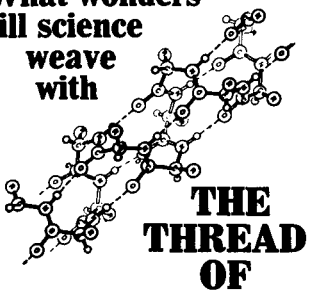

THE THREAD OF LIFE

An Introduction to Molecular Biology

John C. Kendrew

Nobel Prize winner John C. Kendrew is your guide through the fascinating and complex world of DNA, "the molecule of life." Writing in a witty and lucid way especially for the layman and non-specialist, he discusses how DNA works and examines prospects for future developments in a field in which he is still a major pioneer; whether through molecular biology we can control hereditary disease, manipulate living creatures (including man), and combat cancer. With 52 illustrations. $4.00

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what his journal printed under his byline, and UFO buffs who read the newspapers swarmed on him like hornets.

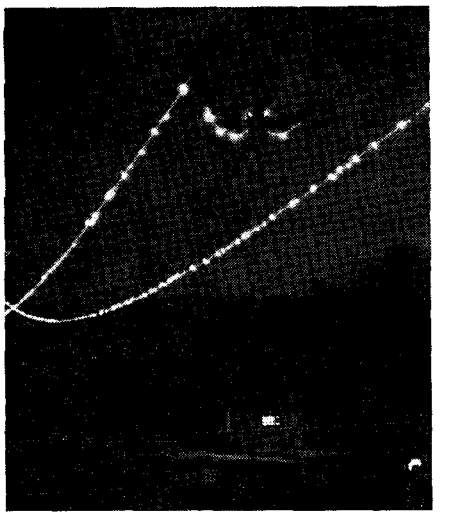
"A few of them seemed to appreciate my attempt to explain the UFO mystery rationally," he told *SR*'s science editor in reply to questions by telephone. "But most of them acted as though I had shot Santa Claus or spat on my country's flag."

Spurred by the violence of the criticism, Klass dug deeper into his subject. He analyzed a 184-page booklet, *The UFO Evidence*, distributed by the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP). Almost all of the UFO sightings described in that document could be explained by his plasma ball theory, he felt, especially if the theory were extended—as it logically could be—to include the possibility of free-floating plasmas being present in earth's atmosphere under given conditions. Whence would free plasmas draw the energy they would need to persist? How, Klass counters, does a hurricane power its build-up from a sea breeze?

Klass believes his theory is susceptible to confirmation by scientific experiment. How soon such confirmation may be tried depends largely on how successful the Air Force is in its present effort to persuade a leading American university to accept responsibility for guiding UFO research during the next eighteen to twenty-four months. The negotiations stand about where they did a month ago, but as these words are written the Air Force remains hopeful. In anticipation, new official regulations governing public information on UFO sightings have been written and rewritten and sent to the printer. They bear a new set of numbers —AFR 80-17—indicating that the whole UFO question has been shifted away from Air Force intelligence and placed under the authority of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Research and Development. Perhaps as many as fifty new UFO research proposals are awaiting action by the chosen university once the UFO surveillance contract is signed. Until those are appraised, speculation over the fate of Klass's theory can only be confusing. But the theory can be set forth briefly.

Ball lightning is, as its name suggests, a form of fiery gas ball that appears during or just after thunderstorms. The ball is believed to originate as a blob of air anomalous to the atmosphere around it, perhaps because the temperature within the blob is different from the temperature outside, perhaps because the blob is differently constituted than the surrounding air—maybe through congregation of contaminating particles.

However it comes into being, the anomalous blob of air is electrified by the passage of a lightning bolt. The blob thereafter glows, under certain conditions spins, sometimes moves about



Stepping up of voltage on electric power lines, a practice increasingly adopted as demands for energy rise, can cause coronal discharge on the lines. Dust, salt crystals, or other particles facilitate corona's appearance. Dramatic display in photo above (at top) arose from deliberate overloading of General Electric's experimental 500,000-volt cables near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Lower photo on this page and others on page opposite show ball lightning created artificially at Illinois Institute of Technology's Research Institute. These illustrations are reproduced by courtesy of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*.

erratically, and then collapses and disappears from sight through loss of the energy originally imparted to it.

As was noted in these pages six years ago (see Letters to the Science Editor), ball lightning can be created artificially and set rolling in the air as a free-moving flame.

Klass believes that the UFOs described in *Incident at Exeter* developed from electrical corona on the power lines rolled along the wires, and perhaps broke loose. The following quotation is from Klass's report in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*:

> Electric corona is a luminous plasma caused by ionization of the air sur-

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rounding a transmission line or one of its insulators. . . . The corona can remain fixed or can travel along the power line until cooled and extinguished by external forces.

So long as a transmission line and its insulators are clean and suitably designed, corona does not normally occur. But if small particles of dust or salt crystals . . . become affixed to the line or insulators they can trigger the corona. . . . The reason is that . . . across the dust or salt crystal . . . an extremely high-voltage gradient develops [in excess of] . . . the breakdown voltage of air. . . .

Exeter is located only ten miles from the ocean. The power lines of the Exeter and Hampton Electric Co., which were involved in the sightings, run right down to the ocean beach beyond Hampton. The company's chief engineer, Stanley Sawyer, says that corona occurs more frequently "when there is not much rain to clean off the lines."

A check with the U.S. Weather Bureau shows that conditions during the summer of 1965 preceding the Exeter sightings in September were especially conducive to corona in that area because it was an extremely dry summer. . . . During the months of July, August, and September the Exeter area received barely more than half of its normal rainfall. . . .

There is a striking similarity between the reported characteristics of ball lightning and the UFOs sighted in the Exeter area. . . . For example:

► Color: Ball lightning is multi-colored, but red is the most predominant color reported, followed by intense bluish-white and green. A vast majority of the sightings reported from Exeter said the object was red, while the remainder were either bluish-white, green, or a combination of all of these.

► Shape: Ball lightning normally is either spherical or ellipsoidal with many reports of a doughnut-shaped or ring configuration. The Exeter sightings were mostly round, oval-shaped or dome-shaped.

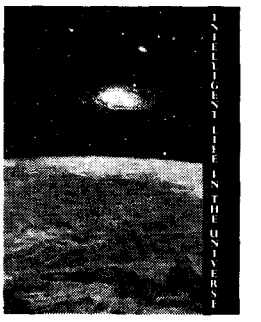
► Sound: Ball lightning is often accompanied by a sizzling or hissing sound. Exeter sightings reported that the UFO sometimes made a soft humming or hissing sound.

► Dynamics: Ball lightning has been reported as hanging motionless at times, yet able to move up, down, and horizontally at extremely high speeds. It appears to move by rolling and gliding, often along electrical conductors or structures and frequently exhibits a spinning motion. The Exeter sighting reports said the objects often hovered over a fixed location, frequently power lines, often rolled or bounced along, sometimes exhibiting a spinning motion and would then appear to zoom off at great speed and disappear.

► Lifetime: Ball lightning reports indicate that they can have a lifetime ranging from several seconds to many minutes. Observers at Exeter reported that objects remained in view for a few seconds or as long as fifteen minutes.

There is a strong parallel between Klass's theory of UFOs and another UFO theory propounded in *SR* seven years ago by Donald Robey. Robey also believed that most UFOs were plasma balls; he supposed that at least some may be the remnants of comets entering earth's atmosphere near stalling speed. For what the gesture is worth, Robey and Klass are here nominated to the Air Force as candidates for research contracts directed toward dissipating the UFO mystery.

—John Lear,
Science Editor.



INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Some UFO History

I WAS VERY disturbed to read your articles on Unidentified Flying Objects [*SR*, Aug. 6], not only because of the apparent verbal sneering by science editor John Lear at TRADE WINDS columnist John G. Fuller but because of the poor and biased treatment of the subject.

Lear not only failed to unveil anything new on the subject but appears to have stacked the cards in his favor. He used a section from Mr. Fuller's book, *Incident at Exeter*, which is not only unrepresentative of the book, but was printed without Fuller's qualifying statements which preceded the section.

He also used a section from the book by Dr. Carl Sagan and I. S. Shklovskii, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, which seemed very unrepresentative of the book.

Lear referred to Fuller's information as "second hand." Did Lear go to Exeter? Has he investigated any particular sighting in depth? Or does he merely sit back in his ivory tower and make pronouncements on the hard work of others which he has not bothered to check in detail?

In fact, Lear's apparent lack of much original research is infuriating to anyone familiar with the subject, especially in view of the fact that he draws important conclusions instead of just reporting the subject.

For example, an extremeiy intriguing picture of a UFO appeared on page 48 of the August 6 issue of *SR*. Lear referred to this as the "clearest photograph of a UFO" and then said it "looks like a straw hat floating through the air." He also said, in the caption under the picture, that "NICAP says the picture was taken through the windshield of a public motor vehicle at 11:30 a.m. on August 3, 1965, by county highway investigator Rex Heflin, Santa Ana, California."

"NICAP says"! Good grief! Is *SR* operating on such a tight budget that the science editor can't even make a telephone call to California himself and find out whether there is such a man as Rex Heflin and whether he did take such a photograph? Do they have to depend on the word of NICAP, an organization for which Lear doesn't seem to have much respect?

The science editor has implied, by saying the photograph "looks like a straw hat," that the picture is not genuine. I think Lear, as a responsible reporter working for a magazine with a nationwide circulation, either should have examined the photograph and photographer and declared it a hoax or should have done what the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* chose to do. Without any innuseries of newspaper articles about them. However, I am neither a scientist, nor a science writer as such, but a reporter, and I draw no conclusions about the nature of the phenomena.

I feel that the shortcomings of the *Saturday Review* articles were best illustrated by the work of Philip J. Klass, writing for *Aviation Week & Space Technology* in the issue published August 22. Mr. Klass, senior avionics editor, concluded that the incident at Exeter, as well as many other modern UFO sightings, could be attributed to a little understood form of ball lightning, believed to be seen over high tension wires.

Klass's work on the topic is very commendable and does offer something new to the study of unidentified flying objects. However, it was Fuller who ventured into a field shunned by responsible writers as well as scientists and presented a case with enough details so that men like Klass could present plausible answers to the subject, instead of sneers and ridicule.

GREG STONE.

Westport, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is hardly accurate to say that John Fuller, in writing recently about UFOs in the* TRADE WINDS *column of SR and later in the book, "Incident at Exeter," "ventured into a field shunned by responsible writers as well as scientists." For seven years ago—in September 1959—SR's Science and Humanity Supplement carried a full-length article titled "A Theory about Flying Saucers." In that article, Donald Robey, then a physicist on the pre-design staff of Convair-Astronautics, a division of General Dynamics at San Diego, California, presented a scientific argument in support of the idea that many UFOs might be fragments of comets that had fallen into earth's atmosphere while still containing within them blobs of plasma, or electrified gas. Differential burning of the several chemical constituents of the cometoids, Robey suggested, could account for the lighting effects observed by UFO sighters. Furthermore, he pointed out, the plasma blobs would be free-floating entities responsive to electromagnetic forces and hence capable of the weird gyrations ascribed to many UFOs.*

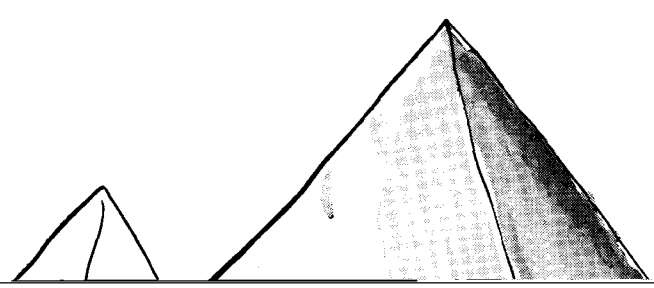
So far as SR's science editor knows, the Robey theory was the first attempt any responsible scientist had made in print to explain the UFO phenomenon in other than conventional terms that nonetheless lay within the accepted parameters of scientific discipline. One year later, in September 1960, SR's RESEARCH FRONTIER *page carried a description by Dr. Donald Ritchie, of the Bendix Corporation, of experiments in which first Russian and then American scientists had artificially created free-floating blobs of plasma similar to those observed in the form of ball lightning.*

UFO enthusiasts expressed no interest in either the Robey or the Ritchie contributions to SR. Both are scientifically related to the plasma ball theory of UFOs just published by Philip Klass in "Aviation Week & Space Technology." According to Klass [see page 68] UFO buffs generally are cold to his ideas, too. The Klass theory had not been published at the time SR's second report on UFOs went to press.

SR's science editor cannot discover where he published any sneering—or even critical—comments about John Fuller's reporting. The only disagreement with Fuller expressed in these pages was a difference over two of Fuller's conclusions: 1) that UFOs are vehicles from the planets of other stars, intelligently guided to earth and here refueled from electric power lines; and 2) that the U.S. Air Force is suppressing knowledge of these vehicles.

The burden of proof also rests on those who say that the text of "Incident at Exeter" includes qualifying statements prefatory to the story of Mr. Barney Hill and his wife, Betty, and their experience with a UFO, which was excerpted in SR. The story of the Hills begins near the bottom of page 90 of the book, with no more warning or introduction than the one word, "meanwhile."

SR's science editor does not possess the facilities required to check the hundreds of UFO sightings that have been reported; consequently, he began by accepting all claims of UFO sightings.



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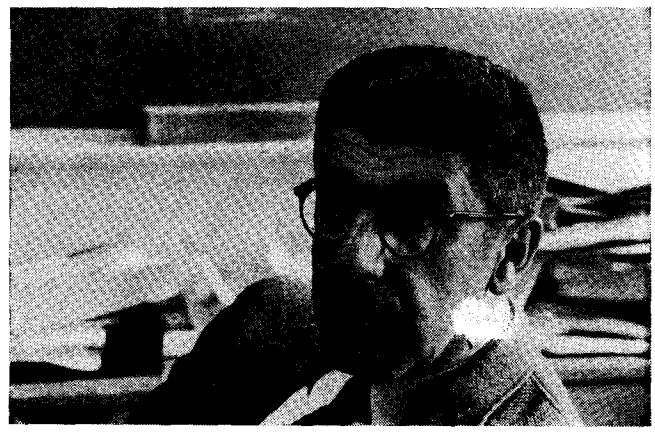
THE ELUSIVE CODE OF LIFE

Is DNA really the master key to heredity?

Scientists are as loath to challenge scientific dogma as clergymen are to risk the established church's cry of "heretic." But Professor Barry Commoner, chairman of the botany department of Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri, being braver than most, boldly flies the banner of dissent in a book that will be published on October 28 next by Viking Press. Under the title "Science and Survival," Professor Commoner not only asserts the scientist's obligation to consider results before undertaking experiments; he traces some recent technological fiascos to over-simplification of the consequences of scientific theory. At the moment, no theoretical concept has wider popular acceptance than the idea that DNA is the key to the genetic code. With that key in hand, it has been presumed safe to experiment with potentially dangerous chemicals because life can always be tinkered back into shape with DNA. In the preview excerpt from "Science and Survival" reproduced immediately below, Professor Commoner points out some deceptive holes in the DNA theory. His book appears on the heels of two more softly spoken others that support his view: "The Thread of Life," by British Nobelist John Kendrew (Harvard University Press) and "Internal Factors in Evolution," by Lancelot Law Whyte (George Braziller, Inc.). Neglected by reviewers generally, these latter works can be seen in truer perspective through their pertinence to the Commoner theme. Hence selected passages from them appear in tandem on the pages following this page.



—*Washington University.*

Social flowering of a botanist: Barry Commoner.

By BARRY COMMONER

AS WE HAVE SEEN, many of our recent technological mistakes crop up as an unexpected biological aftermath of a new advance in physics or chemistry. Our present grasp of biology appears to be inadequate to explain what happens when living things encounter radiation or the new synthetic chemicals. But this concept conflicts with reports of recent sweeping advances in our basic understanding of life. The claim has been made, for example, that twentieth-century science will be remembered more for its achievements in biology than for nuclear physics. Such claims reflect a conviction that the basic laws of biology have now been disclosed and, in particular, that we now know that life is a form of chemistry. In this view the undoubted ability of the modern physicochemical sciences to understand the workings of inanimate matter ought to give them the same power to penetrate the mysteries of life.

The main basis for claims that we now know "the secret of life" are recent discoveries about the chemical processes involved in the unique features of life—growth, reproduction, and inheritance. It is worth examining the background of these new ideas for some explanation of the paradoxical discrepancy between our technological failures and our apparent understanding of the basic laws of life.

Anyone who learned biology by dissecting a frog must find the reports of present-day biological research strange and unsettling: molecules that reproduce themselves; a molecular "code" that tells an egg whether it should turn into a turtle or a tiger; efforts to create life in a test tube of chemicals.

These new ideas seem to clash with long-familiar principles of biology. If a molecule possesses the essential property of life—self-duplication—then the cell theory, which states that the attributes of life reside in the whole cell and not in any smaller part, such as a molecule, must be abandoned. If test tube synthesis of life were to be achieved, the hitherto unchallenged principle, *omnes ex ovo*—all life comes from preexisting life—would have to be given up. If all the features of the adult are encoded in the fertilized egg, we must revive the supposedly disproved idea of "preformation," the molecular code taking the place of the tiny fetus which early microscopists imagined they saw curled up in the human egg or sperm.

Are the older principles of biology now outmoded by the new research? If so, modern science has made a major revolution in biological theory. On the other hand, if this interpretation of the new advances is wrong, that might help explain why we have blundered in our recent technology.

These questions reflect two conflicting concepts about the nature of life: classical biology and "molecular" biology. Classical biology is built upon observations and experiments with authentic living organisms, organs, and

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cells. Classical biology insists upon studying these complex systems because no simpler ones are alive; it assumes that life is inherently associated with the complexity of at least the whole cell. The approach which we now call molecular biology, however, assumes that chemical constituents, separated from the cell and studied with sufficient subtlety and detail, will be found to possess properties which, in themselves, can account for life. It suggests that life might even reside in a single cellular constituent and permits the notion of a "living molecule."

WE are sometimes told that molecular biology is a modern science, while classical biology is a surviving relic of the nineteenth century. This view casts the conflict into a familiar pattern: old-fashioned classical biology doggedly resisting inevitable replacement by the up-to-date molecular variety. Despite its convenient simplicity, this view is inaccurate, for both classical and molecular biology have long and intimately connected histories. They represent two paths which started nearly two hundred years ago and have steadily converged toward their present collision.

Classical biology began with efforts to describe and classify living things as they are found in nature—in full possession of their diverse faculties, and alive. Biological classification, which arose from the practical necessity of cataloguing and naming newly discovered plants and animals, was placed on a scientific basis by Linnaeus [Swedish Karl von Linné] in the eighteenth century. The success of Linnaeus's system of relationships among the numerous animal and plant species becomes clear when compared with one of his failures. Linnaeus also established a system of geological classification based on the obvious properties of rocks, but this system failed as soon as the advance of chemistry described the molecular composition of rocks. In contrast the Linnaean system of biological classification, although also based on readily discernible features of the whole organism, has, with relatively minor changes, withstood the now vastly detailed information about the chemical composition of different living things. A botanist with only a hand lens can often discern the distinguishing characteristics of a plant species as well as or better than a biochemist armed with an entire analytical laboratory. This achievement belies the notion that classification and naming of species is a dull and superficial aspect of biology more suited to the minds of children and retired country gentlemen than to the subtle intellect of the scientist.

Other achievements of classical biology which, like the Linnaean system of classification, were also based on the study of intact living organisms, are the principles of evolution and the Mendelian laws of genetics. By the turn of the century classical biology had developed, from observations of living organisms, a system of knowledge which characterized the diversity of life, delineated the origins of species in the natural selection of inborn variations, and described how variation is transmitted from one organism to another.

With the development of the microscope, the gross features of plants and animals were revealed as the natural consequence of an internal structure based on a universal unit, the cell. The cell appeared to be the seat of life. Separated from the organism, the cell still retains the features of vitality: metabolic transformations of food substances, responsiveness to environment, energetic activity, reproduction, and inheritance. But when the cell is dismembered, these capabilities are lost, even though certain isolated parts, such as enzymes, are able for a time to carry out one or another chemical reaction.

THE microscope also led to important discoveries about the development of living things. When the first microscopes were built, it could be seen that even an animal as marvelously contrived as man begins life as a single cell. Searching for the source of the detailed structures which later appear in the adult, some early microscopists fancied they saw a tiny fetus, or homunculus, in the egg or sperm. But the homunculus, and with it the theory of preformation, disappeared when the power of the microscope was improved. It became clear that, although an animal's development begins with the relatively simple spherical fertilized egg cell, the new cells arising from the egg's division become differentiated, eventually taking on their special appearance and functions: skin cells, broad and flat; muscle cells, long and contractile; nerve cells with extended conductile fibers. The science of biological development, embryology, describes this course of events. It shows that plants and animals are produced by a closely coordinated series of events, which steadily adds to the organism's structural detail. This leads in turn to the concept of *epigenesis*—that is, that development is due to the emergence of new structures rather than to the unfolding of preformed miniature parts.

The second path of biological research is nearly as old as classical biology. It is concerned with the chemistry of the cell—what molecular constituents the cell contains and how they react with one another. These investigations may start with the living organism, or cell, but only in the sense that the recipe for rabbit stew begins with a rabbit. Most constituents cannot be studied until they are removed from the cell, an operation which, like cookery, renders the cell—or the rabbit—dead.

THIS new chemistry has been of enormous importance for the understanding of living things. It has defined the chemical nature of foodstuffs, determined what substances are essential for the construction of cellular components, and described the chemistry of the energetic processes which power the cell. Gradually, piece after piece of the cell's structure and chemical machinery have been isolated, purified, and meticulously studied as to size, shape, composition, and chemical reactivity. These efforts, especially since the turn of the century, have created a new science, biochemistry, which has developed *molecular* explanations for many of the special capabilities of living organisms.

For example, early biochemical research showed that the oxygen-carrying power of the blood is due to haemoglobin, which consists of an iron-containing red pigment associated with a large protein constituent. Later, studying how X-ray beams were scattered from artificial crystals of haemoglobin, crystallographers could describe the molecule's intimate structure and show how the pigment is tucked away in the convoluted folds of the protein. The special capability of the blood to provide tissues with oxygen could then be related to the particular atomic arrangement of the iron in the pigment, and of the pigment in the protein. This aspect of life was given a molecular explanation.

No conflict between the two kinds of biology is evident here. While molecular biology localized the unique function of the blood in the intricate structure of haemoglobin, the classical biologist could reply that this marvelous molecular machine itself is created only by the living cell. Hence the principle

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of classical biology which holds that the special capabilities of life belong to nothing less complex than the intact cell.

Inevitably, biochemistry took the next step and succeeded in isolating from cells the enzymes and other cellular constituents which appear to catalyze the synthesis of proteins, such as haemoglobin. Even then, it could be argued that although the synthetic machinery had been isolated from the cell, the *guidance* of this machinery—which determines what kind of protein is to be synthesized—remained the property of the whole cell.

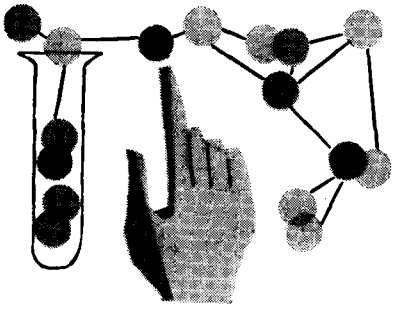
Then, inexorably, the classical biologist was denied even this last refuge. In the last few years it has been shown that a separable constituent of the cell—deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA—appears to guide the cell's protein-synthesizing machinery. The internal structure of DNA seems to represent a set of coded instructions, which, through an intermediary (ribonucleic acid or RNA), dictates the pattern of protein synthesis, much as a punched tape can determine whether a modern machine tool will shape a metal blank into a cam or a gear. And other experiments seem to show that in the presence of appropriate enzymes each DNA molecule can form a replica, a new DNA molecule, containing the specific guiding message present in the original. This idea, when added to what was already known about the cellular mechanisms of heredity (especially that DNA is localized in the chromosomes, which carry many inherited factors), appeared to establish a molecular basis for inheritance itself. Such results serve to justify the new term now applied to physicochemical analysis of life: molecular biology.

MOLECULAR biology has indeed separated from the cell a series of components which, of themselves, seem to accomplish the unique chemical events associated with life: metabolic catalysis; synthesis of simple molecules, and complex ones such as proteins and nucleic acids; guidance of synthesis; and finally, inheritance. If replication and inheritance are the source of all the other features of life, then DNA emerges as "the master chemical of the cell," and "the secret of life."

I have stated these results in the form of broad conclusions—the generalizations one reads in news magazine reports, often in textbooks, and sometimes in scientific papers. They are satisfyingly simple and understandable and would seem to mark a clear end to the long-debated theoretical question of whether the uniqueness of life originates in the whole cell or in some molecular constituent of the cell.

But the apparent victory of DNA is not the result of a successful resolution of the long debate. Instead, the decision has been reached by the less arduous expedient of largely ignoring the basic theoretical question. This question has not really been answered by the new experiments, for they do not in fact support the idea that DNA is a "self-duplicating molecule."

CRUCIAL experimental evidence for the conclusion that DNA is a self-duplicating molecule would require a demonstration, in a test tube system supplied with a particular DNA molecule, of the formation of new DNA molecules which are the exact replicas of the original one. But this has not yet been accomplished.



Although such test tube systems do synthesize new DNA that *resembles* the DNA used to prime the process, the resemblance is by no means as exact as the theory requires. Recent experiments show that a test tube system primed with a simple two-ended fiber of DNA produces new DNA strands much longer than the original, and highly branched. More significantly, the enzyme which synthesizes DNA can sometimes produce a specific DNA in the absence of a starting DNA molecule. This suggests that the hereditary specificity of DNA is derived not only from a parental DNA molecule but also from the enzyme that synthesizes it. In this case, DNA cannot properly be regarded as a self-duplicating molecule.

Recent reports of experiments on the test tube replication of a biologically active nucleic acid from a virus which infects bacteria show the same interdependence of nucleic acid and the enzyme which synthesizes it. In these experiments, virus nucleic acid appears to be replicated quite exactly in the test tube—but only if this process is guided by a very specific enzyme extracted from bacterium already infected by a virus.

Test tube experiments on the guided synthesis of proteins reveal a similar multiplicity in the replicative process. These experiments do show that the chemical composition of the nucleic acid has an influence on the chemical composition of the protein that is made. This is the basis of the so-called code by which the genetic information in nucleic acid is presumed to govern the chemistry of protein synthesis, and thus determine the inherited characteristics of the organism. However, recent test tube experiments show that other agents beside the nucleic acid also have a guiding influence. The kind of protein made may depend on the specific organism from which the necessary enzyme is obtained. It also depends on the test tube's temperature, the degree of acidity, and the amount of metallic salts present. If the nucleic acid code spells out instructions for inheritance, then, according to these results, it gives different information at different temperatures. Of course, in the actual organism inheritance is not so flexible. What the test tube experiments tell us is that there is no single molecular message which determines the inheritance of the living organism. The beautiful exactness of biological inheritance depends on the precise interactions of many molecular processes. The message which controls heredity is not carried by a single molecule but by the whole living cell.

WHAT is at issue here is not the validity of the experimental results which describe the structure and properties of DNA, RNA, and proteins, but the sweeping generalizations which these results have engendered. These generalizations are unsound, I believe, not because they are founded on faulty data, but because they do not take into account *all* the relevant data and are based on an arbitrary exclusion of certain essential facts. Certainly there is good experimental evidence to support the idea that DNA does influence the hereditary characteristics of living cells in which it occurs, but this is also true of other cellular constituents, such as the enzyme that synthesizes DNA. The basic question is whether DNA represents a self-contained code that *by itself* determines whether the organism is a turtle

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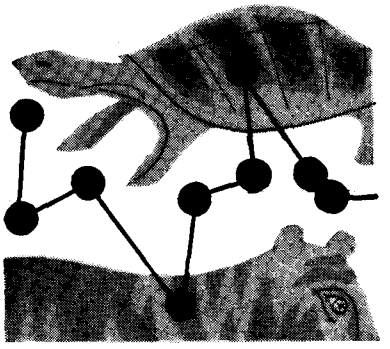


or a tiger. Such a conclusion is based not on experimental fact, but on dogma.

If you are shocked by my use of this word, let me hasten to add that it is not my own. The term "central dogma" is often used in current scientific literature to describe the principles which are supposed to explain the governing role of DNA in inheritance. At the annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology in April 1965, for example, a symposium on the inheritance of disease was opened by the chairman with the statement: "Let me review quickly the essential doctrines which comprise the dogma of modern genetics."

In the index to a report of another symposium on molecular genetics, the entry "Dogma, The" is followed by eleven page references. At one point a symposium participant makes this remarkable statement: "The reason we call this 'dogma' is that it depends on personal bias, not logic."

The terms "dogma" and "doctrine" were introduced into the scientific literature by proponents of the DNA code theory. When the "central dogma" was first enunciated by one of the founders of the DNA code theory, his choice of the title was probably seen as a kind of in-group joke. But the humor concealed a serious intellectual act. The "central dogma" involved an admittedly unproven assumption: that while nucleic acids can guide the synthesis of other nucleic acids and of proteins, the reverse effect is impossible—that is, proteins cannot guide the synthesis of nucleic acids. But actual experimental observations deny the second, and crucial, part of this assumption. Certainly nucleic acids can contribute to the guidance of the synthesis of proteins, that is, help determine the exact order in which its constituent parts—amino acids—appear in the protein fiber. But at the same time, some proteins—for example, the enzyme that synthesizes DNA—can contribute to the guidance of the synthesis of nucleic acid and help to determine the order in which *its* constituents—nucleotides—appear in the nucleic acid fiber. Neither the nucleic acid nor the protein *alone* is capable of such guidance of synthetic chemistry. No one molecule is "self-duplicating," or the "master chemical."

By means of an arbitrary fiat the "central dogma" banishes from consideration the interactions among the numerous molecular processes that have been discovered in cells or in their extracted juices. And like other dogmatic decrees this one too flies in the face of reality. In the real living cell, molecular processes – synthesis of nucleic acids and proteins or the oxidation of food substances—are not separate but interact in exceedingly complex ways. The simple sum of the separate molecular events is insufficient to represent the living whole. Some subtle cellular property is lost when, in the first step of a biochemical procedure, the cell is broken open and killed. The best evidence for this assertion is a rather simple fact: No matter how many ingredients they may contain, the biochemist's test tube mixtures are dead; but these same ingredients, organized by the subtle structure of the cell, comprise a system which is alive.

A COMMON reaction to this kind of suggestion is that it is an unhealthy resurgence of vitalism, which proposes that some nonmaterial "vital force" wholly unsusceptible to scientific analysis adds "life" to the otherwise lifeless substance of the cell. But a single example from another field of science shows that complex systems may, for perfectly natural reasons, exhibit distinctive properties which are not at all discernible in the behavior of their isolated parts.

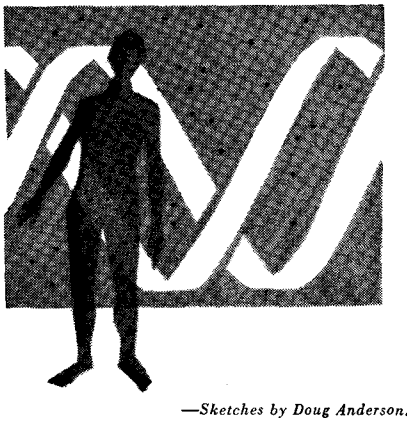
Consider the recent successes in the analysis of the unique electrical property exhibited by metals at very low temperatures: superconductivity. At ordinary temperatures the flow of electricity in a metal is governed by the familiar Ohm's law, which relates current flow, resistance to flow, and the strength of the driving electromotive force. This relationship is readily explained by the idea that electrical flow is due to the movement of separate charged particles – electrons – through the metal's atomic structure.

But at temperatures near absolute zero, a metal's electrical behavior is strikingly different. For example, at ordinary temperatures, electricity flows only so long as a driving force from a battery or generator is imposed on the circuit. When the power is cut off, the flow of electricity stops. In a superconducting metal this familiar effect does not occur: an electric current can be made to flow for months after the voltage is cut off.

For a number of years physicists labored to explain superconductivity. Many attempts were made to discover which of the known properties of separate electrons leads to the prediction that superconductivity would occur at low temperatures. None of these efforts succeeded. Success came only when it was realized that in superconducting metals there are no separate electrons but only a kind of collective electrical fluid. Calculations were then developed which showed that although separate independent electrons exist in a metal at ordinary temperatures, at very low temperatures they interact with the metal's orderly atomic structure in such a way as to lose their individual identities and form a coordinated, collective system which gives rise to the phenomenon of superconductivity.

No mysterious analogue to the "vital force" is at work here, for it can be shown that the property of separate electrons which, at low temperatures, generates the superconducting collective, is simply their momentum. This property was well known in separate electrons. But there was no hint in this knowledge that this single property, among the many that characterize the electron, could, when properly interacting with a metal's structure, convert a swarm of separate particles into a correlated whole which exhibits a new quality never perceived in a system of separate electrons.

Such discoveries of modern physics (superfluidity, which causes anomalous collective behavior of atoms in fluids at



—*Sketches by Doug Anderson.*

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very low temperatures, is a similar one) show that the unique properties of a complex system are not necessarily explicable solely by the properties that can be observed in its isolated parts. On these quite natural grounds we can expect a similar situation in the marvelously complex chemical system of the living cell. If collective interactions among the separable chemical components of the cell are decisive to the life of the cell, then we cannot hope to discover them by studying only the cell's isolated parts. To comprehend life we need to know its separable constituents, and also to understand that these contribute to life only as dependent parts of an organized whole. If a slogan is needed, it is not "DNA is the secret of life," but "life is the secret of DNA."

The interpretation of the molecular basis of inheritance which I have put forward here is certainly very much a minority view. But it is not a minority of one. For example, George Gaylord Simpson, who is one of the world's most distinguished evolutionary biologists, had this to say recently:

> . . . in my opinion nothing that has so far been learned about DNA has helped significantly to understand the nature of man or of any other whole organism. It certainly is necessary for such understanding to examine what is inherited, how it is expressed in the developing individual, how it evolves in populations, and so on. Up to now the triumphs of DNA research have had virtually no effect on our understanding of those subjects. In due course molecular biology will undoubtedly become more firmly connected with the biology of whole organisms and with evolution, and then it will become of greater concern for those more interested in the nature of man than in the nature of molecules.

There is, I believe, a crisis in biology today. The root of the crisis is the conflict between the two approaches to the theory of life. One approach seeks for the unique capabilities of living things in separable chemical reactions; the other holds that this uniqueness is a property of the whole cell and arises out of the complex interactions of the separable events of cellular chemistry. Neither view has, as yet, been supported by decisive experimental proof. The molecular approach has not succeeded in showing by experiment that the subtly integrated complexity and beautiful precision of the cell's chemistry can be created by adding together its separate components. Nor has the opposite approach, as yet, discovered an integrating mechanism in the living cell which achieves the essential coordination of its numerous separate reactions.

This crisis has deeply affected the course of modern biological research. Since the molecular approach to biology suggests that a complex life process may depend crucially on the chemistry of a specific substance, much of the research has become a hunt for the molecular keys to biological puzzles. Students of the cell have searched for a substance which might dictate the precise rhythm of cell division; embryologists for substances that might determine whether a simple cell develops into a nerve or a muscle; zoologists for molecules that control the metamorphosis of a tadpole into a frog; pathologists for a bacterial substance that causes the invaded host to sicken and die; psychiatrists for biochemical agents that can induce – or cure–schizophrenia.

Some of these efforts have been brilliantly successful; examples are the discovery of hormones such as insulin, antibiotics that combat bacterial growth, vitamins which have a decisive influence on a wide variety of biological processes. But even these familiar successes are tinged with illuminating failures. Insulin does indeed repair the major inadequacies in a diabetic, but the progressive disease which persists in many insulin-treated patients tells us that the whole story is much more complicated. Antibiotics do in fact prevent the growth of certain dangerous bacteria, but in practice many bacteria adapt to this insult and develop strains that are resistant to the antibiotic. Vitamins have surely cured pellagra and scurvy, but our understanding of their full role in the body is still so incomplete that the damaging effect of a relatively small overdose of vitamin D is only a very recent discovery. The modern search for new synthetic drugs is based on a similar philosophy and has had the same history of limited if important successes and persistent–and too often ignored–failures. Even these successes tell us that there are no absolute molecular controls over biological processes. A particular substance may be particularly important in regulating such a process, but the rest of the complex chemistry of the cell is important also. The limitations of what can be accomplished by a single molecular intervention into a biological process testify to the ultimate importance of the whole.

The dominance of the molecular approach in biological research fosters increasing inattention to the natural complexity of biological systems. This has been particularly true of those aspects of biology which cannot be neatly enclosed in a cage and studied in a laboratory–the living environment into which all animals, plants, and man must fit, or perish.

Too often, today, we fail to perceive this system as a complex whole. Too often has this blindness led us to exaggerate our power to control the enormous forces which we have let loose in the environment. Only too often in the recent past has our unperceived ignorance led to sudden hazards to life: from contamination of our streams with powerful but poorly understood biochemical agents, from pollution of the air with powerful but poorly understood radiation.

One of the conceits pressed upon us by the illusory successes of molecular biology is the idea that life is, after all, nothing but a mixture of chemical reactions and that "the boundary between life and non-life has all but disappeared." If we fail to appreciate the profound connection between ignorance and death and persist in our unwitting efforts to disseminate into the environment substances known chiefly for their power to kill, this statement may, after all, turn out to be true.

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WHAT SWITCHES IT ON?

BIOLOGY, the study of the world of living things, is a vast subject. It is studied from many points of view by people with very different interests using very different techniques and skills. It includes systematic biology, ecology, physiology, psychology, biochemistry, and many other disciplines. All these approaches have their own validity, and all of them can make and, at different stages in the development of the subject, have made dramatic contributions to it. So when I write of molecular biology, I do not wish to convey the impression that this is nowadays the only part of the field which is successful or interesting. It certainly is not. . . .

Molecular biologists, as part of their working approach, have had to simplify biology . . . because only in this way could they hope to produce a coherent picture out of the enormous complexities of living organisms. . . .

The concept of the generalized cell with its standard apparatus (including the nucleus, the cytoplasm, ribosomes, the messenger, and so on, and having standard metabolic machinery) . . . implies that identical sequences of chemical reactions occur in different kinds of cell from different animals. The genetic code, too, is probably standardized; there is pretty good evidence by now that to a large extent at least the code is common to different animals and plants. . . . You can take the cell-free system from one kind of animal (A) and add to it messenger RNA derived from a second animal (B). You then find that the system synthesizes new protein which is characteristic of animal B and not of animal A. In other words, the protein synthetic apparatus of animal A can read the same language as animal B. This kind of experiment strongly suggests, though it does not finally prove, that the code may indeed be a universal one.

But in spite of all these resemblances, some of them very fundamental ones, between one cell and another, we know that as a matter of fact cells in many respects differ widely, not only from one organism to another, but also within the same organism. Thus we know that in a human being there are brain cells, nerve cells, muscle cells, liver cells, red blood cells, all performing extremely different functions, looking and behaving very differently. And yet all these kinds of cells start from a single fertilized egg by successive division—the egg divides first into two, then into four, then into eight, and so on. Eventually, differences between one cell and another must appear.

How does it actually happen? In this remarkable process, known as differentiation, beginning from a single egg we get gradual divergence and specialization into cells performing different functions in the same animal. Yet we know from studies of the mechanism of mitosis, or cell division, that all the cells in the organism have the same information in them, the same DNA strands. Though the information is the same, the cells turn out to be different in all sorts of ways. They contain, for example, different proteins.

CONSIDER the case of haemoglobin. Every cell in the human body has a stretch of DNA in its chromosomes carrying the code for the haemoglobin molecule, and yet haemoglobin is synthesized only in one kind of cell, in the red blood cell. No other kind of human cell contains any haemoglobin at all. It follows that there must be some kind of switch; something which turns off and on particular genes in appropriate circumstances—in this case the gene responsible for haemoglobin—some sort of control system.

We are just at the point of beginning to understand in a few cases how control systems may work . . . . It has been found that often the genes controlling the production of all the enzymes concerned with a particular reaction chain are adjacent on the DNA strand. The set of genes involved in a particular metabolic pathway are grouped together, making up a unit on the chromosome known as an *operon*. It is in some real sense a unit, because it is found that the whole group of genes acts in concert. Either *all* the genes of the group are active, or they are *all* inactive—either all the enzymes are synthesized or none of them. The whole group is switched on or off as a unit. Geneticists have found that the switch mechanism, which is called the *operator*, is situated at one end of the operon—at one end of the group of genes.

Now, how does the switch work? It seems that the operator is switched on unless it is masked by combination with a certain small molecule known as the repressor. If a repressor molecule is attached to the operator the whole group of genes is switched *off*. If repressor is not there the whole group of genes is switched *on*, and produces messengers which migrate out into the cytoplasm and induce the synthesis of the set of enzymes.

Next, where does the repressor come from? It seems to be produced by another quite distinct gene, called the regulator gene, elsewhere in the chromosome; conceivably it might even be in a different chromosome. This regulator gene is responsible for producing repressor molecules which then migrate to the operator and actuate the switch mechanism.

But where does the control come in . . . ? The details . . . do not matter too much. . . . But the general principle evidently has immense possibilities for the control of the complicated and enormous genetic material in a cell.

The need for control is easier to understand if we think in terms of an analogy. . . .We have called DNA the Thread of Life, but now let us think of it instead as the Book of Life. Think of an amino acid . . . as a word. Then a protein molecule, containing a few hundred amino acids, would be roughly equivalent to a paragraph in the book. And we can think of an operon, the group of genes specifying a particular group of enzymes, as a few, say five or ten, paragraphs, perhaps 1,000 words in all—about a page of our imaginary book.

On this basis, the nucleic acid in a virus . . . would amount to a thin book of sixty or seventy pages. A bacterium . . . might be equivalent to a substantial volume of a few hundred or even a few thousand pages. If we now turn to a man . . . this analogy would be equivalent to . . . an encyclopaedia of forty-six volumes. And they would be positively gigantic volumes, averaging perhaps 20,000 pages each. . . .

And we have to imagine that most of the time most of the pages of the encyclopaedia are shut—the great majority of the genes are not operating. Just every now and again one page is opened, the genes on that page come into operation and produce a set of enzymes for a particular metabolic pathway which the cell requires. . . .

Let us imagine that a particular page of the book is concerned with the synthesis of haemoglobin, and another part

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of the book is concerned with giving instructions for making the particular type of cell. Let us suppose the cell is a red blood cell. Then at a certain point in the instructions for making the cell there will be a cross-reference . . . which will, so to speak, tell the cell to look up the page labelled haemoglobin. So we look up the page labelled haemoglobin. . . . The page being opened, the genes on that page produce messengers which specify the chains of the haemoglobin molecule.

But if the cell being made is not a red blood cell, then the set of instructions does not contain the cross-reference to "haemoglobin," and the haemoglobin page is therefore never referred to—the haemoglobin genes never become active.

The details of this scheme are quite hypothetical. Indeed, a regulator gene for haemoglobin molecules has not been discovered, but it seems clear that in a general way this is the kind of process which must take place. . . .

Why does a human cell need a huge encyclopaedia of instructions while a bacterium can get along with one volume? After all, in a single human cell at any one time the number of different kinds of protein molecule, a few thousand probably, is not greater than the number in an individual bacterial cell, so the number of pages of the human encyclopaedia which are open in any given cell at any given time need be no greater than in the bacterium. But man needs a far bigger encyclopaedia than does a bacterium, because man is a much more complicated organism containing many kinds of cell and exhibiting a much greater complexity of behaviour. The human encyclopaedia is not used, on average, much more often than the bacterial book, perhaps—but it contains far more reference material tucked away, to be ready for any new situation which may arise.

What about mutations? In terms of our analogy mutations are evidently misprints . . ., made in producing new editions of the book of life. Just as in a real book misprints are more likely to produce nonsense than better sense, so mutations will almost always be deleterious; almost always, in fact, they will kill the organism or the cell, often at so early a stage in its existence that we do not even realize it ever came into being at all. Just the very fact that a mutation is lethal may often eliminate the misprint from subsequent editions because the cell containing the misprint can never produce its own kind. In other cases the mutation might be deleterious but not lethal. It would then find its way into new editions, but these deleterious mutations may, one hopes, over generations, be eliminated by the process of natural selection. Just occasionally a mutation might actually be advantageous. It would not be eliminated because it would make the organism better qualified for the struggle of life. Ultimately, such a mutation might be incorporated permanently into the books of life of that species. Such is the process of evolution.

—Doug Anderson, after the book.

It may seem surprising that a random process like this can improve a species, or even produce a new species, indeed lead eventually to the whole vast diversity of animal and plant life we see around us. But it must be remembered that these processes have operated over an enormous span of time, more than five hundred million years.

So you see that our simple picture of a DNA strand in the chromosome, directing the synthesis of the protein in the cell, is correct as far as it goes, but it is an over-simplification, indeed a gross over-simplification. Living cells are so complicated that we cannot expect any simple scheme like this to be more than a shadow of reality. . . .

The old biologists on the whole worked from the top down. They started with the whole organism; then they pulled it to pieces and looked at individual organs and tissues; then they examined single cells under the microscope—they were always working downwards from the complicated to the simple. The new biology works from the other end. It works from the bottom up. It starts with the simplest aspects of living organisms, with the individual molecules in the cell and their interactions, and it neglects the complications. Now it is necessary to face the complications, to work upwards in the hierarchy of biological organization.

The fact is that life is enormously complicated. In its very essence it involves the replication and maintenance of complex molecular patterns in a hostile environment. It is no accident, I think, that all the way through we have been concerned with giant molecules, the proteins, and the nucleic acids. Complex molecules are of the absolute essence of life, because life involves the transmission and preservation of information—and the storage of information demands complexity. So, faced with these complications, we are really only at the beginning of our understanding.

Any scientist, I think, has a set of private pipe dreams of what he hopes his subject will achieve in the future. It is easy to think of a few examples which would probably be on every biologist's list. First of all, we would like to know how to control mutations, how to do away, perhaps, with the bad mutations—and, as I have said before, nearly all mutations are bad—while at the same time encouraging good ones. We can see enough now about the way in which genetic information is carried . . . to understand that to control them is a matter of enormous technical difficulty. In principle it should be possible to control them, but this is a case where principle and practice are very far apart indeed. And, of course, as many people have pointed out, even if the technical difficulties were solved, the social consequences of being able to exert direct control on human heredity seem too terrifying to think about—but in my opinion it is extremely important to try to think about them nevertheless.

—JOHN KENDREW,
in *The Thread of Life*,
©1966 by John C. Kendrew
(Harvard U. Press, $4).

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Kendrew, chairman of the Medical Research Council Laboratory for Molecular Biology at Cambridge University, won the Nobel prize for chemistry (jointly) in 1962.*

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HOW IS IT PATTERNED?

THREE BASIC ignorances mark the scientific scene in our day: 1) the form of a unified theory of physical field-particles; 2) the character of biological organization; 3) the structure of brain-mind processes.

Never before have scientists experienced so vividly the sense of approaching new fundamental unknowns; never have *three* basic themes appeared so ripe with the possibility of major discoveries. For these are each clearly circumscribed problems already subject to experimental and theoretical analysis, and it would be surprising if great advances towards the solution of all of them were not made during this century. But what is perhaps most likely is the discovery of a new mathematical method of analysis and synthesis throwing light simultaneously on all three.

For viewed as theoretical problems the three are closely connected. It is not surprising that in an age of specialism they should be regarded as independent, but this is far from being the case. These problems all concern complex ordered systems in course of change, and any theoretical or mathematical method found appropriate to one of them may aid the solution of the others. It is obvious that a deepened understanding of biological organization should help us to analyze the subtly organized processes of that supremely coordinated organ, the brain-mind. And even if many physical particles appear only at high energies and if organisms are low-temperature systems, nonetheless both require a method for isolating the simple aspects of complex changing systems and there must exist powerful analogies between them.

Of the three the problem of biological organization is in several respects unique and may prove central. It is a problem in three-dimensional (3D) space and thus avoids the confusing abstractions of the higher abstract spaces of fundamental physical theory. Next, as the kernel of the urgent "problem of life" it is now of special interest, as is proved by the recent flow of talent towards biophysics. Finally, the present exceptionally rapid accumulation of discoveries in molecular biology and biochemistry has created an unstable situation, for a supersaturation of facts is now awaiting crystallization by the appropriate ideas. Even a hardened skeptic, disillusioned by the relatively slow advance of theoretical biology until recently, must consider that the "problem of life," viewed as the character of biological organization and its relation to physical laws, is near to surrendering part of its secrets. In the past science has made many authentic fundamental discoveries which irreversibly transformed human knowledge. Why not again? And where more likely than here?

The problem of organization may be expressed thus:

How are the differentiated parts and processes of an organism spatially arranged so that the life functions are maintained; how did this arrangement originally come into existence; and how is it re-established in each generation?

When one reflects on the unique importance of a theory of organism for our understanding of the universe and of ourselves, it is puzzling to realize how little is yet known, and how few hypotheses have yet been proposed. For there are only three general attitudes to the science and philosophy of organism.

1) *Aristotle* regarded the organism as a harmonious system in which the form or soul of the organism dominates the parts so that they serve the functions of the whole. After the development of physical science, this led to the vitalistic doctrine that some life principle transcends the quantitative properties of the physical parts. Goethe, keenly interested in morphology, followed Aristotle, stressing the balance and compensation of the parts in the economy of the whole. For him and many after him the *Gestalt* of the organic system is more significant than the properties of its separate parts.

2) *Descartes* conceived the organism as a machine composed of separate parts in relative movement. This became the mechanistic doctrine that the global properties of organisms are reducible to the quantitative properties of their smallest material parts. There is no question that this belief has inspired the important recent advances of biophysics and biochemistry.

While the Aristotelian view emphasized the harmonious unity of organisms, it resulted in a relative neglect of *structure* on the part of its adherents. On the other hand, the successful Cartesian school, fully occupied with the study of the quantitative properties of small parts, tended to neglect their *ordering* within the living system. As a consequence the central problem of organic morphogenesis has remained very obscure. Indeed, the failure to come seriously to grips with plant and animal morphogenesis provides a warning that something may be lacking in the Cartesian way of thinking when it comes to dealing with problems of ordering.

3) The organismic doctrine, developed since around 1920, has attempted to overcome the effete vitalist-mechanist antithesis by emphasizing the organized structural pattern of living systems. An organism is a complex system of relations with a characteristic form of ordering and of change; it is too early for certainty regarding the precise scope of known physical laws; the task for exact biology today is the study of the complex forms of changing order in living organisms.

THIS relatively new school claims no Aristotle or Descartes. It is the collective product of many twentieth-century minds, who must not all be identified with the doctrine as here expressed. But Whitehead, d'Arcy Thompson, Child, Goldstein, Bertalanffy, Needham, and Woodger are among those who have contributed to it. . . .

One of the most concise formulations of this school comes from Woodger: *"An organism consists of chemical atoms plus ordering relations."* This defines the task of structural biology: to identify and account for the relations which order the chemical atoms. Are these ordering relations covered by already established physical laws, or does their full understanding await a unified theory of physical forces? For it may be that only a unified physical theory can provide a sufficiently reliable basis for a valid theory of so complex a system as an organism, and that both theories will form part of the general theory of complex ordered systems and their changes. If so, it is too early for a final estimation of the degree of truth in mechanism and organicism. But organicism appears to be the more fertile approach for the future.

A discrete or unit structure marks all levels of biological organization, and at each level a heterogeneous system of units is subject to a unified ordering. But this ordering is not yet understood.

The structure of organisms has been

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studied with great intensity without corresponding advances in the fundamental theory of organization. The discovery of cells, the anatomical and morphogenetic researches of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the recent biochemical and cytological work on enzymes and on the ultra structure of cells, the identification of the roles of DNA, RNA, and protein—all these have greatly advanced our analytical knowledge of stationary structures.

But in 1964 we still have no reliable conception of the basic laws of morphogenesis or of the factors which preserve the unity of the organism by determining what processes occur at a definite moment at any given point. The fundamental spatial and temporal laws of the developing organization of local processes are still obscure.

WHAT is missing? Possibly knowledge of certain crucial facts, but certainly a sufficiently clear formulation of the problem. We cannot expect to understand organization until we know what we are looking for *in terms of mathematics*. The use of mathematical standards alone can clarify the aim of a theory of organization.

I have therefore proposed (*Acta Biotheoretica*, 1964) that the purpose of a theory of organization should be made precise by expressing it as a mathematical problem. In order to do this, it is of importance that the most appropriate general term should be used to designate the characteristic structural ordering or spatio-temporal *coordination* of parts and processes. *Coordination* is selected as preferable to organization, ordering, correlation, integration, unity, coherence, or balance, which may be better reserved for other purposes.

The mathematical task, as I see it, is to identify the *Coordinative Conditions* (cc), *i.e.*, the general algebraic conditions expressing the biological spatio-temporal coordination, the rules of ordering which must be satisfied (to within a threshold) by the internal parts and processes of any cellular organism capable of developing and surviving in some environment. The cc are the expression of geometrical, 3D, or perhaps kinematic rules determining the necessary 3D or spatio-temporal network of the relations of the atoms, ions, molecules, organelles, etc., in a viable organism. They are necessary in the individual, not merely statistical over assemblies. The cc must cover all the fundamental aspects of the unity of organisms. Thus, to take one example only, the cc must define the conditions determining the overall organization of the chromosomes, of the cell nucleus, indeed of the entire genetic system which determines ontogenetic development.

The cc are not merely *morphological*, expressing relative spatial positions and orientations within the ordered system (not in an arbitrary external frame), but *morphogenetic*, representing a one-way tendency towards the development of stationary forms. In other words, the cc define not only an *invariant characteristic configuration* which tends to persist through all the normal transformations of the system (*i.e.*, through growth, functioning, reproduction, etc.), but also a "dynamic" *tendency towards ordered equilibrium, i.e.*, a self-ordering and -stabilizing process. Thus the cc are mathematical conditions which cover not only the *homeostatic* (feedback control, etc.) properties of the organism, but also its *one-way development*. Indeed, from a logical and mathematical point of view the stationary properties must be secondary consequences, arising under limiting conditions, of a one-way developmental principle. Ontogenetic development is theoretically primary to homeostasis and cyclic function.

THE cc may be a single set of conditions applying at all levels of structure, from the nucleus of the germ cells to the organism as a whole, or they may be a hierarchy of conditions. They are certainly *strong*, in the sense that they impose a high degree of order, but they are *not maximal*, for they leave many parameters free to vary (fluid regions, flexibility, mobility, learning, successful mutations, etc.).

Though the cc may at the present time be easiest to consider in terms of molecular arrangements, they are defined to cover biological coordination at all organizational levels of living material, from the macromolecules such as genes and viruses, through the organelles of cells, tissues, organs, and individuals, and may be extended by analogy to societies of organisms. At each different level the cc are paramount in regard to functional activity and survival. But it must be remembered that since we do not yet understand the factors that bridge the levels of organization, it is not permissible to assume that parallel or similar conditions hold at all the different levels, though this may be the case.

The cc are the general conditions satisfied by all organisms, but they can be met in countless contrasted particular manners—just as an algebraic equation can be satisfied by many particular solutions—corresponding to the hierarchy of phyla, classes, orders, families, genera, species, and variations. The cc must reveal why the course of evolution displays a series of structural types following one another in a certain necessary sequence. A mutation that survives development is a change from one particular solution of the cc to another, and successful mutations may be graded according to the importance of the change in the mode of coordination. The coding of specificity in DNA, RNA, and protein originates, and is only effective, under the cc.

THE cc are to be regarded as the conditions under which the basic laws of complex structured systems permit the emergence and persistence of cellular life, and not as the consequence of past processes of adaptive evolution. For the cc are logically prior to the specific adaptive properties of any given type of organism in any particular type of environment; the general conditions which express the possibility of the existence of self-maintaining and reproducing systems had to be met before adaptive evolution could arise; the general fact of organic coordination is, for a theory of organism, a matter prior to changes in the particular mode of coordination.

Is this discussion of the cc empty conjecture of no present value?

Certainly not! Darwin was not prevented from developing a theory of evolution by his ignorance of the mechanism of variation and inheritance; we need not hesitate to outline a general theory of internal selection before the cc are known. . . . In no case are all the factors determining reproduction or survival yet fully understood; yet Darwinian theory is undoubtedly useful. The cc are unknown, but the conception is already valuable as a guide to clear thinking in an age of structure. . . .

The discovery of the cc may be regarded as the main task of structural biology and of fundamental theoretical biology. For until they have been identified it will be impossible to create a unified developmental and evolutionary biology.

—LANCELOT LAW WHYTE,
in *Internal Factors in Evolution*,
©1965 Lancelot Law Whyte
(George Braziller, Inc., $4.00).

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What I Have Learned

Continued from page 30

Council, has given reluctant recognition to men's right to be different and to their joining together to assure to one another equal liberty and equal safety in differing.

That Mankind's professed goals may be, and largely are, pretensions with which they mask practices is so all-pervading a commonplace that it need only be mentioned. The record, however, discloses that professions can and do project new goals with new ways and means to them; it has persuaded me that to date, at least, the ever-revolutionary American credo and the American people's experience and reformulations of it have prompted societies everywhere on the globe to turn to new goals and to seek new ways of which the beginning without end is the right of the different to equal liberty and equal safety.

Does the record as I read it bring me confidence that *Homo sap's* struggling will achieve its goal? What odds do the statesman, churchman, scientist, or bookmaker give on peoples' diverse struggles thus to live on? How do I bet, in view of the once unimaginable odds these struggles have created since the turn of the century? In view of the new knowledge and the new know-how incarnate in the engines that harness atomic power with atom-smashers, atom bombs, automation, computers, rockets, and new chemicals? In view of the anxieties, the tears, the fears, the preoccupation with death, including the death of their Gods, which the rationalizing Cassandras of the gospel of absurdity celebrate and demonstrate?

Having learned that reason serves best as neither a power nor an energy but as a prophecy before, or an accessory after, the event; that the event is the decision after decision which compounds into the individuality of each one's struggle to keep on struggling on decisions which reason serves as a viable aid or a formal hinderance—I bet on the struggler over event. I do not see that, first and last, any human life requires a sanction from any other existence, human or nonhuman, natural, supernatural, or unnatural. Nor do I find this a cause for tears and not for laughter: Existentialist tearfulness seems to me as comic as perennial philosophy's cheerfulness. The circumambience, however its components be imagined, discovered, or constructed, comprises the conditions of each one's struggling on; if any become an authority that a struggler relies on, or a master he believes, obeys, and fights for, it is by the struggler's consent, because he has so taken it.

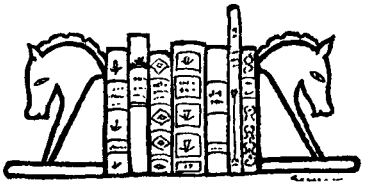
I do not see that extinction by dying can in any way render meaningless the living of life as it is lived. The living makes its own meaning, *is* the meaning, is all the meaning there can be. For each person it consists of this and no other singularity of faith and works struggling on, maintaining its integrity. Long or short, lives end with death; they become the nothing that they were before birth; their meaning perishes with them.

Epigones who afterward study, evaluate, reprobate, or worship the image they make up from a dead person's less perishable residue endow it with meanings or meaninglessnesses which but utter their own business and desires. To itself, no life lacks meaning, even if, like some professors and poets, it cultivates its own meaning by charging everybody else's life with lacking any. For all lives, their going on is goal enough.

EVERY so often I recall Job, challenging omnipotence, declaring, "I have no hope, I know that he will slay me; nevertheless will I maintain my ways before him. Mine integrity hold I fast and will not let go; my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." On occasion, I recall how Pericles told his Athenians, in that unforgettable Funeral Oration, that the secret of happiness is freedom and the secret of freedom a brave heart. On other occasions I remember de Tocqueville: "The man who asks of freedom anything other than freedom, is born to be a slave."

I do not believe that in the nature of things there are many such askers. I believe that those whom others judge to be such are individuals who, still struggling against alienation of their unalienable right to be who they are and to become what they want to be, get so absorbed in securing the means to their freedom that they lose awareness that it is also the unalienable, all-deciding beginning and end which chooses and changes the means. Like Arthur Miller's salesman who died, they become aware again, if only to die.

Having learned and unlearned as I have, I find myself disposed, when I encounter such an awareness, absurdly to seek consolation from the feelings it arouses in the ever resurrected cliché of a laughing Roman: *Homo sum; nihil humanum a me alienum puto.* Its absurd peer, in my own vernacular, would be: *There but for the grace of Lady Luck, go I.* If I have become a secularist and a humanist, it is on these terms.



Theater

Continued from page 36

technique and Berlin's "An Old Fashioned Wedding." While her fiancé sings romantically about a simple wedding in a little chapel, Annie sings realistically about the big, fancy, and opulent wedding she wants. Although this in itself is uproarious, Berlin surpasses all his previous counterpoint numbers by the way he has juxtaposed the prospective groom's "You'll vow to love, honor and obey" with the bride-to-be's "Love and honor, yes, but *not* obey." The music is so planned that Frank's "obey" ends one bar ahead of Annie's "but *not* obey," so that the latter jumps out as the comic peak of the number.

Its zestful creator is elated not so much by the individual success of his achievement as by the fact that it has improved the show. "*Annie* has always done the best of any of my shows," he says, "but now that we've taken out the dull stuff, the requests to stage it have been pouring in."

For Berlin, this is reassurance of the possibility that *Annie* will be an American perennial for decades to come. "Why not?" he asks. "It has an American theme, and marvelous characters." He did not need to add that it probably contains more hit songs than any other musical ever written.

Working on the show has meant a great deal to Berlin. Not that he had misgivings about his continuing ability to write songs, but it was a project to which he could commit himself. Furthermore, it was a revival, which did not require the strain that a new musical would have entailed. Now he is thinking about two more difficult projects. One is another Music Box Revue. And after that a musical dealing with life as he remembers it on the Lower East Side.

Since he has no trouble writing, and feels he works better and faster than he ever did ("I recognize the wrong choices quicker"), these projects would be easily realizable for him if the theater were as uncomplicated as it used to be. In the old days, he and Moss Hart would go to Bermuda, write a musical, and within a few months of its completion it would be cast and produced. Today it is a much longer and more complex process, and Berlin shrewdly asks himself if he can sustain his enthusiasm and energy over the protracted period following the first writing.

However, both the new *Annie* and Irving Berlin's excitement about it, which makes most forty-year-olds seem apathetic by comparison, are proof of a unique combination of agile talent and fertile restlessness that cannot help expressing itself in vintage work.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Autumn Reading

Continued from page 58

translation from the French of *The Jerusalem Bible* (Doubleday, $16.95, Oct.). It shows, Burrows notes, "how closely Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish scholars agree in matters of textual, literary, and historical criticism."

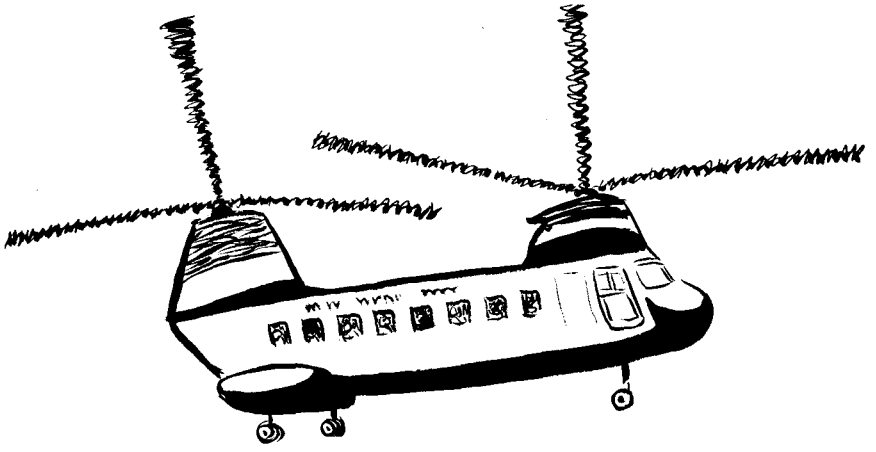
Eighteen years after publication, *The Seven Storey Mountain* continues to sell. Although in the latest collection from the notebooks he has kept since 1956 Thomas Merton meditates on topics as secular as the implications of the nuclear arms race, *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander* (Doubleday, $4.95, Nov.) reflects throughout the Trappist monk's belief that it is more than ever necessary for "the individual to train himself . . . to know the difference between 'the way of God and the ways of Satan.'" In *No Other God* (Braziller, hardbound, $4, paperback, $1.50, Oct.) Gabriel Vahanian reflects on various aspects of the fiery exchange he ignited with his book *The Death of God.*

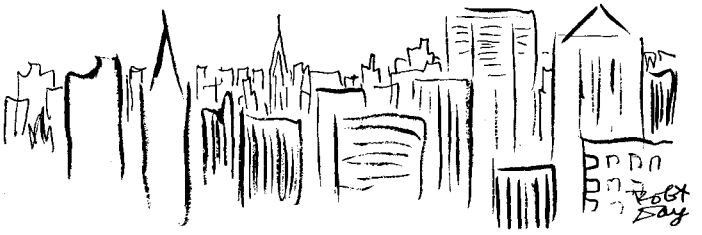
Abjure Baal and return to the transcendental values of the Bible, exhorts Lev Shestov in *Athens and Jerusalem,* translated from the French by Bernard Martin (Ohio Univ. Press, $7.50, Oct.), which will introduce to America a Russian Jewish Existentialist (1866-1936) as influential in Europe as Heidegger.

As a curiosity there is missionary William Charles White's *The Chinese Jews: A Compilation of Matters Relating to the Jews in K'aifeng Fu* (Univ. of Toronto Press/Paragon, $20, Oct.). In his introduction to this revised edition Cecil Roth describes the orphan colony of Chinese Jews which suddenly disappeared in the nineteenth century. Among the few documents they left was an illuminated Scroll of Esther, written in Hebrew but illustrated with drawings of Chinese participants in the Purim story.

Zen scholar Alan Watts assays an introduction to the mysteries of Vedanta in *The Book: Our Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are* (Pantheon, $4.95, Nov.). Not only Zen, but Hinduism and Buddhism—their history, gods, dogma, art, and significance for the West—are explored in *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom* (Simon & Schuster, $7.50, Oct.), by Nancy Wilson Ross, author of the novel *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer.*

Finally, for fireside dipping, there will be another Harry Golden collection, *Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt* (Putnam, $4.95, Oct.); *Irrepressible Churchill: A Treasury of Churchill's Wit* (World, $7.95, Oct.), and an anthology by PHOENIX NEST Editor Martin Levin, *The Saturday Review Sampler of Wit and Wisdom* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95, Nov.), drawn from essays, columns, and cartoons in *SR.*





"I don't care how short a trip it is, young lady, we're airborne, and I want a scotch."

Marianne Moore

Continued from page 53

as poet interested chiefly in the edges of things, bringing them together to offer them to us juxtaposed as joints of crystal are, the edge-lit world of meeting planes, severely maintained axes of alignment?

One thinks of Eliot and the ways in which he acknowledges the world of sources; Marianne Moore, Louis Untermeyer notes, "unlike Eliot . . . scrupulously puts her quotations between inverted commas." Paradoxically, no poet owes more to more sources than Miss Moore, and yet no author is more original.

This use of the world, incorporating the achieved angles of existence into the work, opens all the questions of taking and making. In writing about these poems, in which one hopes to be able to remove the scaffolding, one deals with the fusion of materials. With luck, in writing about Willard Gibbs, Charles Ives, the Ajanta paintings, one can—after a very short time, in a generation—take away the scaffold of information. But one's own sources—it is these that Miss Moore scrupulously and honorably retains; and this family of sources must be examined, for she goes prospecting for flavors among the description of things visible, for the pleasures of the assorting eye among the spirit's counting of syllables in a strange and telling awareness of time, not by beat but by actual procession of sounds going by. Henry James and Beatrix Potter, the actual owners of an actual cat—the range of her sources is very wide.

In his essay on Marianne Moore in the new *William Carlos Williams Reader,* edited by M. L. Rosenthal, Williams speaks of the definite place "where the matters of the day may meet if they choose or not, but if they assemble it must be there." It is for him a place of "white penetration" where the thrust goes through all colors. There, where the sources become something new, the poem exists.

Writing of novelty, which must be inspired, Wallace Stevens observed, "There is one most welcome and authentic note; it is the insistence on a reality that forces itself upon our consciousness and refuses to be managed and mastered. It is here that the affinity of art and religion is most evident today. Both have to mediate for us a reality not ourselves. This is what the poet does. The supreme virtue here is humility, for the humble are they who move about the world with the love of the real in their hearts."

That art of the supreme virtue is declared in the ways in which the world is given in the poet's voice. It can be seen in Marianne Moore.

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WHITE-FOOT HOSE for the modern man who needs the comfort of a white sock plus style—in navy, black, brown, charcoal. State size. 3 pr/$5. Zenith Medical Products, Box 85, Forest Park, Illinois 60130.

FREUD and 8 other Personality Theories. Schematic analysis integrative Study Guide. $1.00 prepaid. Ralph Segalman, ACSW, Ph.D., 249 Viking, El Paso, Texas 79912.

SHAKESPEARE DEVOTEES—Bust of the bard, four inches tall; gold, white, brown. $1.50 PP. Kizmet, Inc., P.O. Box L-1123, Flushing, New York 11354.

CARS ARE MY HOBBY and I normally have some vintage Rolls Royces, XK 150s, etc., for sale, but I am not a motor dealer. All these are always available for purchase. H. Howell Thomas, Shamley Wood House, Shamley Green, Surrey, England.

DRIFTWOOD MOBILES—Unique gifts! Write for details, including picture. Box V-443.

PERSONALS

MATURE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, heavy public relations background, desires position NYC. Box V-432.

ANNOUNCING the opening of our New York shop opposite Lincoln Center. Our traditional service, fine Concert Guitars, Lutes, Violins, etc. are available. Stop in to see us at 46 West 63rd Street, NYC. LOCKER'S-IMPORTERS, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two-week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Students may start in July, August, January or February. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

NEED a Library of Congress sleuth? Experienced research. Box V-412.

HEADMASTER WANTED. Private school property available. Large campus. Lake. Furnished. Lease $800 monthly. Sell $5,000 down. Box 56, Crown Point, New York.

ARE TEACHERS REALLY PEOPLE? Read Bitter Harvest: the Odyssey of a Teacher, by Constance Melaro.

THINK the study of general semantics and communication is only for students? You won't when you see Catherine Minteer's book, WORDS AND WHAT THEY DO TO YOU and the "Communications" issue of Kaiser News. Both for $3.00, postpaid. Order from: ISGS, 540 Powell Street, San Francisco, California 94108.

MOREY AMSTERDAM SAYS: "I discovered a great writing course for people with comedy talent." This noted comedian and writer refers to Ron Carver's university-tested course, approved by the California Superintendent of Public Instruction. Comedy and humor writing is a lucrative, wide-open market for new talent in TV, books, magazines, newspapers, advertising, etc. Carver's course teaches you all the professional secrets and techniques necessary to earn top pay in this rewarding field. Send for free brochure. Hollywood School of Comedy Writing, Dept. R-610, 922 North Vine, Hollywood, California 90038.

HARD-DRIVING MAN seeks opportunity to change the world: Experienced and dedicated writer wants difficult, demanding, meaningful work in theater or motion pictures. Box V-124.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, capable woman, fluent French, teaching, research, public relations experience, seeks relocate, work dealing with people/current events/liberal arts. Box V-120.

CHILDREN'S CAMP DIRECTOR, Elementary School Administrator, Orphange Superintendent—Husband and wife team seeks position with administrative challenge. Presently university lecturer. Box V-417.

UNENCUMBERED, RESPONSIBLE WOMAN, business background, seeks housekeeper position motherless home. Can drive, relocate. Box V-408.

PUBLIC RELATIONS/fund raising/related fields—Aggressive, energetic Frenchman, 34, U.S. citizen. Fluent English, Spanish. Broad experience international customer relations, seeks challenging position with opportunity for experience and growth of primary importance. Box V-419.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, B.A. 1964, Political Science, seeking position Manhattan 20-25 hours weekly. Box V-433.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COME NORTH, YOUNG MAN (AND WOMAN!)—Career Opportunities in Finance, Marketing, Industry. Toronto, Montreal booming! Resume please. Confidential. No fees. Canadian Recruiter, 160 Eglinton Avenue East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

SOVIET AREA SPECIALISTS—Several vacancies exist in New York City or European offices of a large international broadcaster for those individuals with writing or research ability and interests. If this is your field, and you know Russian or one of the other languages of the USSR, please send complete resume and salary history to Box SR 1713, 125 West 41st Street, NYC 10036. An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F.

NYC. Professional woman to live with adult family. No housework. Salaried. 914-0W 3-0276.

(Continued on page 84)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 83)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Acreage, farms, houses magnificent views. Harold W. Ross, Realtor. Bondville. 802-824-6000.

SERENITY ON THE ST. CROIX. Bluff-top house overlooking supreme Minnesota view. 3 bedrooms. Near Minneapolis, St. Paul, Stillwater. $50,000. Box V-414.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—Quiet seclusion on 2 acres. Completely renovated old home of 8 rooms and 1½ baths. Close to the University of Richmond. The potential value of the land far exceeds the asking price of $47,500. Write William Murphy, 1407 Hampton Street.

For Sale—Furnished

FURNISHED COTTAGE, winterized, hideaway or retirement, wooded area, 30 miles east Pittsburgh. 2 bedrooms, study, center fireplace, modern, built 1960. $19,000. Box V-445.

For Rent—Furnished

NEWLY CONDITIONED, completely equipped log house on cattle ranch in magnificent natural setting, November 15th to May 15th, weeks or months. Ideal for creative person who needs solitude. Meals available. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 2W2.

MEXICO—Lovely furnished 2 bedroom house, cook-maid, for 3 months from April 1st. Box 20463, Mexico D.F.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. Box V-444.

For Winter Rental

ARIZONA, TUCSON—3 bedroom furnished home for winter rental. $450 month. Quiet 2 acre estate. Mountain view. Heated pool. Patio, ramada, courtyard, cactus garden, carport. Owner, SR Box V-430.

VERMONT SKI SEASON. 3 minutes Mount Snow. Handsome private house, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. *Reasonable to right family.* Box V-422.

HOUSE TO SHARE

VACATIONING OR RETIRED WOMAN share air-conditioned home with Florida Atlantic University staffer, Boca Raton. SR Box V-431.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

NEW YORK CITY—Upper East Side spacious apartment. Large living room and foyer, 2 bedrooms with window dining room convertible to third, 2½ baths, fully equipped kitchen: Immediate occupancy. $345 per month. Box V-92.

For Winter Rental

3 ROOM APARTMENT, January 1st to April 1st, $1,800. Matecumbe Resort Motel, Box 287B, Islamorada, Florida 33036.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE FOR WRITER. Quiet, air-conditioned, furnished midtown office, part of small Foundation suite. Complete privacy. Reasonable. Box T-589.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MONADNOCK REGION, southern N.H. Petite village Colonial (circa 1815) facing the village green. Thoughtfully, completely and expertly restored. Paneling, wainscoting, beams, 2 fireplaces. Modern cabinet kitchen. First floor bedroom or den. Full bath. Attached barn-garage, shop. Lawns and organic garden at rear. Second floor: 3 bedrooms, full bath. Forced hot water heat—town water. A "delight" for retirement. $29,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate. Francestown, N.H. Telephone: 603-874-2268.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAILING LISTS. We have a complete list of the names and addresses of all the lawyers, physicians and real estate brokers in the United States. Approximately 200,000 in each category typed on perforated gummed labels. Sell all or part. $12.00 per thousand, Eastway Publishing, 232 Palisade Avenue, Cliffside Park, N.J.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: *Appel Farm Art* & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

MEXICO!—ONE MONTH for only $99.00 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—golf—*swimming—tennis—other sports. Only three hours from* Mexico City. Write for details or call: N.Y.—212-OX 5-9320; Chicago—312-DE 2-3838; L.A.—213-HO 2-6444; S.F.—415-YU 2-6671. (Transportation not included in rate.)

IN THE BERKSHIRES. New motel, secluded cottages, restaurant. Fales, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

DANTE'S 4th CIRCLE is now located at THE MONTPELIER, NEVIS, in the Leeward Islands. Caribbean sun (82° F.) and trade winds. Folder "S" describes all.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE BIRDS DO IT . . . Why not you? Go to Gurney's Inn. Enjoy a bird's-eye view of nine acres of tranquil seascape, windswept dunes, moorlands and wooded havens. Nestle elegantly in the luxurious hostelry or select your own oceanfront cottage with telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio and living room. Savor exceptional continental cuisine. If you think it's too good to be true, ask the swallowtails, ruddy ducks, and red-breasted mergansers. They come every year . . . and love it. You're invited too. Our bird lover's weekend outing is October 14th, 15th and 16th. Meet and get to know your fine feathered friends. Write for brochure and special weekend rates. Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Open all year. Keepers of the inn, Joyce and Nick Monte.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

CORTEZ, FLORIDA—On beautiful Sarasota Bay. Mecca for artists, writers, and educators. Excellent food. Private dock. Reasonable rates. Brochure. ALBION INN.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Foliage in unspoiled village atmosphere with resort conveniences.

VACATIONS

AH, TRANQUILITY! Mellow 1814 coaching inn . . . gourmet meals . . . in tiny, foliage-bright village. Orchestra Friday and Saturdays. Friday dinner, Saturday breakfast, luncheon, dinner, Sunday breakfast, charming room, bath, $24 person. ($20 without bath.) Vernon Stiles Inn, Thompson, Connecticut.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

SUN without wind or dust. In a veritable oasis in the desert, where the sky is wide, is one of the most respected and unique resort hotels in Arizona. 25 miles from main road. Miles of riding trails, lovely pool, tennis, golf, 60 species of birds, health-giving springs. Superb cuisine. Send for colorful folder 2. Castle Hot Springs Hotel, Castle Hot Springs, Arizona.

HEALTH REJUVENATION. Reducing. Vacationing. Fasting. Sunbathing. Pool. Boating. Beaches. Delightful natural foods. Lectures. Rates $9.00 up. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food American Plan. $13 to $16 a day. *CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN,* 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquility of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their delightful Colony Beach Club, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21WJ Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Linden Hill Hotel Weekend. Three days, two nights. $33.50 per person, double. Including meals, theater tickets, tour of Washington, *tennis, sauna, bike path. Sixteen acre resort 25 minutes* from Capitol Hill. Brochure: SR Box V-59. 303-OL 6-0300.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, *Hotel Paris, New York 10025.*

YACHT CRUISE to Fort Lauderdale: 8-10 day October and November trips. $95 and light crewing covers your share. Box V-107.

THIS AD + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 *rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double,* add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bush Negro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-4, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

THE BEST WAY IN SAN FRANCISCO? A friendly residence club. Hotel services, two meals, activities among 100 young men and women, cost less than hotel alone. By the day, week, or from $95.00 per month. Three convenient locations in pleasant residential neighborhoods. Write the Monroe, 1870 Sacramento. Or call 415-GR 4-6200.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

A Trip to New Delhi

Black-and-white winner:

A Trip to Madrid

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.
Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*
Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.
Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR'S 1965 CONTEST WINNERS

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1966 Saturday Review **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1695

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Local U.S. for elegant, handsome, neat, etc.	100 18 61 65 173 179 122 7 148 210
B. Followed by WORD M, popular count-out (first line; 4 wds.)	127 161 3 37 82 44 26 209 54 108 28 14 172 136
C. Specifying apparatus by which all light from a source is rendered available.	177 87 204 98 81 93 42 27 124 134
D. Marc Antony's famous appellation for Brutus, in the Shakespeare play (2 wds.)	182 207 109 211 164 126 92 46 156 19 9 144
E. The plant, in *Comus*, "of sovereign use against all enchantments."	149 203 178 106 36 162 117
F. A painter who employs a burning-in technique.	163 25 120 133 62 180 197 1 155
G. Yet to be demonstrated as true.	43 146 73 208 30 2 143 157
H. Person or thing put in place of another.	17 78 45 129 23 158 103 38 171 121
I. Variety of any commodity, which may be used in a ship as ballast; as misshapen bricks, etc.	41 142 132 193 56 139 128
J. Affects with great pleasure.	31 89 123 40 15 175 138 72
K. Gold coins of central Europe; modern ones worth now about an English pound.	165 187 34 181 199 125
L. Hymn still much sung, melody by Nicolai, 1599, harmonized by J. S. Bach (2 wds.)	159 80 110 185 212 153 190 102 59 67 53 94
M. See WORD B (second line; 4 wds.)	99 83 176 206 91 151 86 6 32 63 200 70 184
N. Amer. banker, lawyer, diplomat, husband and father of two famous ladies (2 wds.; 1873-1931).	196 174 76 29 49 189 140 167 95 154 198 141
O. Object "on the stern," to which Coleridge likens "the light that experience gives."	205 24 10 48 57 4 97
P. Person at whose back Black Care was perched, only to be unseated by tobacco, acc'g to Calverley.	35 147 75 188 84 8 119 195
Q. Lessens the estimated value of.	183 60 152 51 201 131 16 169 64 55 192
R. The living together of two dissimilar organisms, often in close union.	39 68 168 11 74 194 135 160 88
S. Most often, title of a list of corrections bound in with a publication.	150 22 118 104 170 79
T. Amer. term for the charwoman's "character."	85 12 114 191 66 50 116 202 107
U. Pythonomorpha.	186 130 105 115 52 145 101 111 13
V. Fish hawks.	113 112 20 71 90 5 137
W. Less advanced than that point or degree (3 wds.)	166 21 77 96 47 69 33 58

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 F	2 G	3 B	4 O	5 V		6 M	7 A	8 P	9 D	10 O		11 R	12 T	13 U	14 B								
15 J		16 Q	17 H		18 A	19 D	20 V	21 W	22 S	23 H	24 O	25 F	26 B		27 C	28 B									
29 N	30 G	31 J		32 M	33 W	34 K	35 P		36 E	37 B		38 H	39 R		40 J	41 I									
42 C	43 G	44 B		45 H	46 D	47 W	48 O	49 N	50 T	51 Q	52 U		53 L	54 B	55 Q	56 I	57 O								
58 W		59 L	60 Q		61 A	62 F	63 M	64 Q		65 A	66 T	67 L	68 R		69 W	70 M	71 V								
	72 J	73 G	74 R	75 P	76 N	77 W	78 H	79 S	80 L		81 C	82 B	83 M	84 P	85 T		86 M								
87 C		88 R	89 J	90 V		91 M	92 D	93 C	94 L	95 N	96 W		97 O	98 C	99 M		100 A								
101 U	102 L	103 H		104 S	105 U		106 E	107 T	108 B	109 D	110 L	111 U	112 V		113 V	114 T									
115 U	116 T	117 E		118 S	119 P	120 F	121 H		122 A	123 J	124 C	125 K	126 D		127 B	128 I									
129 H	130 U	131 Q	132 I	133 F	134 C		135 R	136 B	137 V	138 J	139 I	140 N		141 N	142 I	143 G	144 D								
	145 U	146 G	147 P	148 A	149 E	150 S	151 M		152 Q	153 L	154 N	155 F	156 D	157 G		158 H	159 L								
	160 R	161 B		162 E	163 F	164 D	165 K		166 W	167 N		168 R	169 Q	170 S	171 H	172 B	173 A								
	174 N	175 J	176 M		177 C	178 E		179 A	180 F		181 K	182 D	183 Q		184 M	185 L									
186 U	187 K	188 P	189 N		190 L	191 T	192 Q	193 I	194 R	195 P	196 N		197 F	198 N		199 K	200 M								
201 Q		202 T	203 E	204 C	205 O		206 M	207 D	208 G		209 B	210 A	211 D	212 L											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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